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CHURCH PSALMIST;

OR

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

FOR THE

PUBLIC, SOCIAL, AND PRIVATE USE

OF

EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANS.

FIFTH EDITION.

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At the last meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America, May 1840, "the whole subject of PSALMODY, with the procuring and furnishing an edition of Psalms and Hymns for our general use, in a way involving no pecuniary responsibility to the Assembly," having been "referred to the consulting committee, for their deliberation and action as they may deem proper and practicable," and said committee, having through successive periods attended to the weighty trust, endeavoring to perform the difficult duty assigned them according to the true intent of the Assembly, and for the edification of the church of God, did, at a regular meeting in the City of New York, Nov. 5th, 1842, unanimously agree to approve and recommend this present volume, entitled "Church Psalmist, or Psalms and Hymns, for the public, social, and private use of evangelical christians," as being in their judgment the best adapted to the worship of God in our age and country; and as such it is commended to the christian public, and especially to all the churches under the care of the Assembly, that they *may with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ*, and be profited and united in his worship and his praise.

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PREFACE.

THE object of this volume is to furnish the Churches with a complete COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS for public worship; and in presenting such a work, when so many, aiming at the same end, are already in circulation, we seem to be called upon to state some reasons which have influenced us in this undertaking, and which may have some weight with others. The least offensive mode in which this can be done, will be to give a brief exposition of the principles which have been kept in view in its execution. An *outline* is all that will be given—for more than this, however much it may be demanded, or however rich in thought or replete with practical wisdom, would be hardly ever read. A PREFACE is generally deemed a very dull and unattractive part of a Book, so much so, that if an author had some profound secrets which he wished to record, and yet preserve in deep obscurity, he might be advised, as it regards most readers, to commit them to the safe-keeping of these neglected pages. And yet some persons read a Preface, and for the benefit of such this one is written.

The subjects of LYRIC POETRY and PSALMODY are intimately and inseparably connected, and it is in vain to expect one to exist in a high state of perfection without the other; or for either to attain distinguished excellence without cultivation. It must be acknowledged, that ministers and churches have not studied this subject with that attention which it claims, nor even in relative proportion when compared with other grave matters pertaining to the worship of God. Singing often falls far below every other part of the services of the sanctuary, from the want of both sympathy and knowledge, on the part of the Church. Little is known on the subject, and little is felt in relation to it. But this is a state as unwise as it is criminal. It is a matter of vast and vital importance that all who desire that the public institutions of religion may make the best impression and secure their highest results, and especially that ministers of the gospel should understand what Sacred Songs are adapted to social worship, and what tunes will impart to them the greatest power and efficiency. Both of these subjects should form a part of christian instruction, and especially of theological training. A brief course of Lectures on Lyric Poetry, is hardly less necessary than a course on Sermonizing and Pastoral Theology; and a preacher of the gospel should read and study the best Psalms and Hymns, as an every-day business, as he does his Bible, till he is acquainted with their sentiments, familiar with their structure and imagery, and deeply imbued with their spirit. The advantages of such a course are obvious and numberless;—some of them so plain that they need not be specified, and when taken collectively, and in all their intellectual and moral relations, too many to be embraced in this rapid sketch. It is not saying too much to affirm, that such a discipline would enlarge a minister's knowledge, improve his taste, increase his piety, refine his imagination, invigorate his eloquence, and give him readiness, appropriateness and power, in the public exercises of his profession. His volume of sacred poetry should be a Text-Book by the side of the Bible, and he should be equally familiar with both. If this were the case, the sermon and singing would more generally harmonize in their object and impressions, than they now do; the minister would have to expend less time in consulting numerous indexes in order to know what to select; and in the very act of *reading* the Psalm or Hymn, he would make an impression which would instruct the hearers, and give the key-note of sentiment and expression to the choir. How deficient the ministry may be in these respects, is matter of opinion of which every person will judge for himself.

The character of Psalmody must always be affected by a great variety of circumstances which need not be adverted to in this place; but nothing has a greater influence to elevate or depress, to advance or retard its progress, than the *Lyric Poetry* which is employed in the service of God. The following defects may easily be detected in many of the Psalms and Hymns now in use. Some are composed on subjects unsuited to song—others are destitute of a lyrical spirit—another class lack simplicity of design and execution—and not a few are of an unreasonable length for a single exercise of singing. To remedy these and other defects, and to secure, if possible, certain excellencies which are attained as yet only in part, are among the objects of this publication.

That Lyric Poetry has a character of its own—that it moves in a sphere peculiar to itself—and that its subjects are *limited*, there is no room for doubt. On these points all critics agree. This poetry is made to be sung; and, when combined with appropriate music, we have a vehicle, at once natural and refined, for the expression of strong emotion. A Psalm or Hymn should be devotional, rather than didactic, because the warm inspirations of the heart, and not the cool deductions of the intellect, are its province. Ascriptions of thanksgiving and praise to God, the breathings of filial desire and confidence, the cheering influence of hope, the tremblings of self-distrust and religious fear, "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," and all the strong feelings which are called forth in a world of conflict and expectation, belong to this department of poetry. Any thing and every thing which pertains to devotion and christian experience, may furnish a subject for spiritual song.

And yet, notwithstanding these well-defined limits, which nature itself has fixed to Lyric Poetry, there are hundreds of Hymns, in our language, which can never be sung to any good effect, because their subject-matter is foreign to this kind of writing. They can, from their very nature, neither inspire religious emotion, nor become the channels of that emotion already inspired. They contribute to extinguish, rather than to kindle up, the holy flame. They are good sermons, but poor songs. This fault in the choice of subjects, is much more rarely to be met with in secular than spiritual odes; and the same may be said in relation to the music by which they are accompanied. The reasons of this may not, perhaps, be easily detected. It cannot be for a moment admitted, that revealed religion is unfruitful in themes. If nature may be sung, why not nature's God? If creation can inspire the lyric bard, why not redemption, with its brighter glories, and its more enduring interests? If earth has its raptures, why should heaven be poor, and powerless, and without a song? If great and good men who have lived and acted and died, have, by their virtues or heroism, called forth the finest and sweetest tones of the Lyre, why should the praises of the only Great and Good, who lives in his own immortality, and whose wondrous acts are recorded for the admiration of all worlds, sleep in silence and be forgotten? It may be worthy of remark in this place, that few poets of the first order have ever tried their pinions in this upper sky; but when they have, and selected an appropriate theme, they have showed that the waters of Zion can impart a purer inspiration than the fabled Castalian spring.

If the province of Lyric Poetry is to inspire and express emotion, then no Psalm nor Hymn can answer the true purpose of christian worship unless it breathes the appropriate spirit. Its execution, as well as its subject, must be lyric. It may be rhyme, and not poetry. It may be poetry, and yet not be adapted to singing. Heroics can never, with any advantage, be set to music. A Hymn, whether it respects God, our fellow-beings, or ourselves, should be the effusion of the heart, and that heart under proper influences—melted and dissolved by just such emotions as suit the condition described, or the occasion for which the song is intended. The language should be simple; the images striking, but not gaudy; the figures unincumbered; the sentences uninvolved and short; the structure free from all ambiguity; the whole style and manner chaste, and not loaded with ornament or epithet; and the stanzas, and even lines, express, as far as practicable, a complete idea. In one word, it must be poetry, and lyric poetry, or it will chill the native inspirations of song, and defeat the great end of this part of worship.

A Hymn should possess unity of design, and simplicity in execution. One great object should be aimed at, and every thought and expression should be rendered subservient to this. The piece should be one, tending to a single end, and terminating in one grand impression. One of the first poets of the present age, and one who has written many excellent Hymns too, has described this property so well, that we cannot forbear transcribing his language, as more appropriate than any thing that we can say. "The reader," he says, "should know when the strain is complete, and be satisfied, as at the close of an air in music; while defects and superfluities should be felt by him as annoyances, in whatever part they might occur. The practice of many good men, in framing Hymns, has been quite the contrary. They have begun apparently with the only idea in their mind at the time; another, with little relationship to the former, has been forced upon them by a refractory rhyme; a third became necessary to eke out a verse, a fourth to begin one; and so on, till having compiled a sufficient number of stanzas of so many lines, and lines of so many syllables, the operation has been suspended."

As every Sacred Song should have a subject of its own, and form a regular production, having a beginning, a middle and an end, so it should be adapted, in its length, to the purpose of singing. Important as this thought is, it has been greatly overlooked by the writers of Hymns, and the compilers of Books for the use of the sanctuary. The very best authors are not free from this fault. In one volume now before us of no mean pretensions, hymns may be found of eight, ten and twelve stanzas; and one occurs of eight stanzas of eight lines each, Long Metre—making sixty-four lines; and this Hymn, the author tells us in the preface, " is considerably abridged from the original." Various expedients have been resorted to both by authors and compilers, in order to remedy this evil. Here and there a stanza is included in brackets, and pauses are introduced into the middle, or other parts of the production—thus marring the beauty of the page, and often destroying the connection, and always impairing the unity of the piece. The better way, no doubt, is to reduce every Psalm or Hymn, designed for public worship, to a convenient length for this purpose, by rejecting those stanzas which are redundant, which are deficient in lyric spirit, and which destroy the unity of design. There are few long Hymns, in our language, which will not be sufficiently shortened by the application of the above rule. Some of a popular character, and, as it regards portions of them, of standard merit, may be reduced to two or three stanzas; but this is not objectionable, as we often need short Hymns of a striking character, for evening-meetings, and at the close of sermons. And it should not be forgotten, that much more is lost than gained, by singing what is neither poetical nor appropriate. Indeed it is far better to dispense with some good stanzas, and thus bring the piece at once to a suitable length for singing, than to continue these in books intended for public use, when no choir can perform them with ease and effect. The practice so extensively in use of omitting certain stanzas, as it must be done for the most part on the spur of the occasion, confuses the choir, while it often breaks the connection of thought and the unity of the subject. The author, or editor, is much more competent to do this than the leader of public worship.

From four to six stanzas of the grave and ordinary metres, may be considered a suitable length for a song of social praise. In metres of a brisker movement, the addition of one or two stanzas more, may not be improper. The same indulgence may be conceded to some Hymns of a peculiar character, and to those which are to be used only on special occasions. But it is a great practical principle which every minister, and every leader of a choir, should understand, THAT SINGING IN ORDER TO BE EFFECTIVE, MUST NOT BE TOO LONG.

Having given an exposition of the leading principles on which this work has been constructed, it may be proper to speak a little more explicitly of the materials from which it has been formed.

It is intended that this volume shall contain a complete collection of Psalms and Hymns for the Sanctuary, the Lecture-room, and all other places of social worship. In the arrangement of the Psalms, Dr. Watts is the leading author. Many other versifications of high merit have been selected from Doddridge, Steele, Kenn, Newton, Montgomery, Conder and others, which have been arranged, in their proper places, with those of Watts, so that it is believed that this part of the volume presents a greater number and a richer variety of Psalms adapted to singing, than any Book yet published in our language. Few alterations have been made in arrangement or expression, and the thought of the poet, for the most part, has been sacredly guarded. Most of the changes, which have been adopted, are those which were necessary in order to conform the work to the principles already stated. Whole Psalms of an inferior and prosaic character have been omitted; the same may be said of stanzas which are redundant, interrupt the unity of design, or lack the spirit of holy song; but it is believed, that those Psalms and stanzas, though they incumber many Books now in use, are rarely ever sung. In making this compilation, it has not been the design to throw away a single stanza of superior merit, or one which could contribute to the grand purpose of singing, except when the production was of immoderate length: but when this was the case, to dispense with some good stanzas has been prefered to the common practice of using *brackets* or *pauses*, or what is still worse, of imposing an oppressive burden upon the choir.

In relation to the Psalms, it may be said, in the language of another, "That the harp of David yet hangs upon the willow, disdaining the touch of any hand less skilful than his own." The older versions of David's Psalms are generally destitute of all poetic merit. Now and then a ray of the genius and the inspiration of the Hebrew bard, breaks through the dullness of their prosaic rhymes, but these are "like angel-visits, few and far between." If it be alleged, as it often is, that these versifiers entirely adhere to the original—it may be replied, that it is in letter, not in spirit. For the most part, their productions are nothing more nor less than the English translation of David, converted into common rhymes, while the spirit of the original has fled. It is one of the wonders of literature, that the productions of Sternhold and Hopkins, of Tate and Brady, to say nothing of earlier, and still poorer versifiers, should furnish the principal songs of enlightened and cultivated christian congregations, in the nineteenth century. It shows us how far the human mind may advance in some things, and remain stationary in others; —how far taste may be refined, and the entire powers of immortal man be enkindled and entranced by the productions of genius, and yet, under the influence of certain associations, be delighted with ancient dullness and barbarism.

The practical influence of all this upon the tone and vigor of piety—upon the higher feelings of devotion—upon those purer and holier emotions of the christian's heart, by which he often comes near to heaven and enters into intimate converse with his God and Saviour, is a problem of deep import which every minister at the altar may well propose to himself, and endeavor, as far as practicable, to solve.

Dr. Watts struck out a path for himself, and has been imitated by all the versifiers of David, and the composers of hymns, since his day. He is not without his faults, but his best productions are now sung, in every land, and among almost all denominations of christians, where the English language is spoken, and probably will continue to be through the millenium, and to the end of the world. His Psalms, taken as a whole, are superior to his Hymns; and in relation to the former it may be said, that Dr. Watts has drawn sweeter tones from the harp of David, than it has ever given to the church of God, since the hand of the old Hebrew bard swept across its strings, and enkindled the devotions of the faithful. With regard to some of his Hymns, and a large number too, they are not inferior to his best versifications of the Psalms.

The Hymns, contained in this collection, have been selected from the productions of the best writers of this species of poetry, in our language; and such alterations have been made as bring them into a proper form to be used in the worship of the "Sanctuary." In preparing this work, we have used the most approved editions of Hymns, and no changes have been made unless imperatively called for by the rules already stated and defended. The names of authors, as far as could be ascertained, are given in the Index, and it is not necessary to refer to them here. We cannot, however, forbear recording a sense of our deep indebtedness both to the living and to the dead, for those excellent labors which have furnished us with the materials for the formation of this volume, which we now present to the christian public, in the confident hope that it may increase the Knowledge and Piety of the Church, and promote, among the friends of Zion, the love of holy song.

New York, 1843.

PSALMS.

1.

FIRST PART, L. M.

The Righteous and the Wicked.

1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning-light
Among the statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crossed;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

1.

SECOND PART, L. M.

The Prospects of the Saint and the Sinner.

1 THRICE happy he, who shuns the way
That leads ungodly men astray;
Who fears to stand where sinners meet,
Nor with the scorner takes his seat.

2 The law of God is his delight;
That cloud by day, that fire by night,
Shall be his comfort in distress,
And guide him through life's wilderness.

3 His works shall prosper; he shall be
A fruitful, fair, unwithering tree,
That, planted where the river flows,
Nor drought, nor frost, nor mildew knows.

4 Not so the wicked ; they are cast
Like chaff upon the whirlwind's blast ;
In judgment they shall quake for dread,
Nor with the righteous lift their head.

1. C. M.

The End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 BLEST is the man, who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat :

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine ;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust ;
What vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff, before the storm.

6 Sinners, in judgment, shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

1 S. M.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

1 THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinners' ways ;
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place :

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amid the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee, like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints, at Christ's right hand,
In full assembly meet?

2. FIRST PART, C. M.

Christ exalted and his Enemies warned.

1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

2 The Lord, who sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through:—

3 "I call him my beloved Son,
And raise him from the dead;
I make my holy hill his throne,
And wide his kingdom spread."

4 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth!
Obey th' anointed Lord;
Adore the king of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

5 With humble love address his throne,
For if he frown, ye die;
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

2. SECOND PART, C. M.

Prayer for the Kingdom of Christ.

1 FATHER! is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That, through the nations of the earth,
Thy word of life shall run?—

2 "Ask, and I give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance,
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance."

3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own,
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Beneath th' expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
With all their millions given?

5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored;
The world, through all its nations, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

2.

FIRST PART, S. M.

Christ dying and rising.

1 MAKER and sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas!
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things, so long foretold
By David, are fulfilled,
When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
Jesus, thy holy child.

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews, with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He, who hath raised him from the dead,
Hath owned him for his Son.

2.
SECOND PART, S. M.
Christ ascending and reigning.

THE Lord ascends on high,
And asks to rule the earth ;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

2 He asks—and God bestows
A large inheritance,
Far as the world's remotest ends,
His kingdom shall advance.

3 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod ;
He'll vindicate those honors well,
Which he received from God.

4 Be wise, ye rulers ! now,
And worship at his throne ;
With trembling joy, ye people ! bow
To God's exalted Son.

5 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place :
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.

3.
FIRST PART, L. M.
A Morning-Psalm.

1 O LORD ! how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood !
My peace they daily discompose ;
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To thee I raised an evening-cry ;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thy heavenly aid,
I laid me down, and slept secure ;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustained me all the night ;
Salvation doth to God belong :
He raised my head to see the light,
And make his praise my morning-song.

3.

SECOND PART, L. M.

God, our Defence.

1 THE tempter to my soul hath said,—
"There is no help in God for thee:"
Lord! lift thou up thy servant's head;
My glory, shield and solace be.

2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry,
He heard me from his holy hill;
At his command the waves rolled by;
He beckoned,—and the winds were still

3 I laid me down and slept;—I woke;
Thou, Lord! my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke,—
Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armed throngs
Compass my steps in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His presence guards his people's path.

3.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Doubts and Fears suppressed.

1 MY God! how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread;
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

3 I cried, and from his holy hill
He bowed a listening ear;
I called my Father and my God,
And he subdued my fear.

4 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I woke, and wondered at the grace
That guarded my repose.

5 What though the host of death and hell
All armed against me stood?
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

3.

SECOND PART, C. M.

A Morning-Song.

1 LORD of my life! Oh! may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Secure and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep, I closed my eyes,
In undisturbed repose.

4 When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

5 Oh! let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

4.

FIRST PART, L. M.

God, our Portion and Hope.

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness!
Hear and attend, when I complain;
Thou hast enlarged me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside:
He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of Christ who died.

3 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

4 Let the unthinking many say,—
"Who will bestow some earthly good?"
But, Lord! thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

4.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Evening-Song.

1 GLORY to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, Oh! keep me, King of kings!
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord! for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
My soul, this night, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious, at the judgment-day.

4 Oh! may my faith on thee repose;
May gentle sleep my eyelids close,
That shall my frame more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Lord! let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy parental care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

4.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Evening-Devotion.

1 LORD! thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'T is sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening-sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I 'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

4.

SECOND PART, C. M.

God, the chief Good.

1 IN vain the erring world inquire
For some substantial good;
While earth confines their low desire,
They live on airy food.

2 Illusive dreams of happiness
Their eager thoughts employ;
They wake, convinced their boasted bliss
Was visionary joy.

3 Not all the good which earth bestows
Can fill th' immortal mind;
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.

4 Begone, ye gilded vanities!
I seek the only good;
To real bliss my wishes rise—
The favor of my God.

5 Immortal joy thy smiles impart;
Heaven dawns in every ray;
One glimpse of thee can cheer my heart,
And turn my night to day.

6 Grant, O my God! this one request,—
Oh! be thy love alone
My ample portion!—here I rest,
For heaven is in the boon.

5.

L. M.

A Morning-Invocation.

1 AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning-sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart!
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord! I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning-dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5.

FIRST PART, C. M.

For the Lord's Day-Morning.

1 LORD! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh! may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

5.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Morning-Devotion.

1 SOON as the morning-rays appear,
I 'll lift mine eyes above;
My voice shall reach thy listening ear,
And supplicate thy love.

2 Within thy house my voice shall rise
Before thy mercy-seat;
There will I fix my steadfast eyes,
And worship at thy feet.

3 Thy righteousness, thy strength display,
And my protection be;
Teach me to know that only way
Which leads to heaven and thee.

6.

L. M.

Temptation in Sickness overcome.

1 LORD! I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise,
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear;
Oh! let it not against me rise.

2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
Oh! let thy gentle touches heal.

3 See, how in sighs I pass my days,
And waste in groans the weary night!
My bed is watered with my tears;
My grief consumes, and dims my sight.

4 Look, how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, almighty God! how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

6.

C. M.

Prayer under Rebukes.

1 IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, my God!
My spirit dreads thine angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.

2 Have mercy, Lord! for I am weak;
Regard my heavy groans;
Oh! let thy voice of comfort speak,
And heal my broken bones.

3 Oh! come, and show thy power to save,
And spare my fainting breath;
For who can praise thee in the grave,
Or sing thy name in death?

6.

7s.

Prayer in Affliction.

1 GENTLY, gently, lay thy rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink beneath its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak ;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek ;
This my only plea I make,—
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.

3 Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim thy power to save ?
Lord ! my sinking soul reprieve ;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4 Lo ! he comes—he heeds my plea ;
Lo ! he comes—the shadows flee ;
Glory round me dawns once more ;
Rise, my spirit ! and adore.

7.

C. M.

God's Care of his People in Persecution.

1 MY trust is in my heavenly friend,
My hope in thee, my God !
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those who seek my blood.

2 If I have e'er provoked them first,
Or once abused my foe ;
Then let them tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honor low.

3 If there were malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing eyes ;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

4 Arise, my God ! lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power control ;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance for my soul.

8.

FIRST PART, L. M.

The Hosanna of the Children.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies !
Through the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honor raise ;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng,
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

8.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Christ's Condescension and Glorification.

1 O LORD, our Lord! in power divine,
How great is thy illustrious name!
Through all the earth thy glories shine,
Placed high above the heavenly frame.

2 Down from his throne thy Son descends,
A little time our form to wear;
Beneath th' angelic hosts he bends,
Our sufferings and our sins to bear.

3 But, lo! thy power exalts him high,
In glorious dignity enthroned:
He bears our nature to the sky,
O'er all thy works the ruler crowned.

4 Jesus, our Lord! in power divine,
How great is thy illustrious name!
Through all the earth thy glories shine;—
Let all the earth resound thy fame.

8.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Creation and Redemption.

1 O LORD, our Lord! how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;—

3 Lord! what is man or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm?

5 Yet, while he lived on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Behold obedient nature own
His Godhead and his power!

6 Let him be crowned with majesty,
Who bowed his head in death;
And be his honors sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

8.

SECOND PART, C. M.

God's Condescension.

1 O LORD, my King! how excellent
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament,
How wonderfully shown!

2 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land;—

3 Lord! what is man, that thou shouldst deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him awhile on earth to reign,
Then fill a throne above?

4 O Lord! how excellent thy name,
How manifold thy ways!
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,—
Eternity thy praise.

8.

S. M.

God's Grace to Men.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King!
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies;—

3 When I survey the stars,
In all their shining forms,
Lord! what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord! what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways;
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

8.

7s.

The Praises of Children.

1 GLORY to the Father give;—
God, in whom we move and live:
Children's prayers he deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,—
Christ, our prophet, priest and king!
Children! raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a pentecost:
Children's minds may he inspire;
Touch their lips with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that "God is love."

9.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment-Seat.

1 WITH my whole heart, I 'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I 'll proclaim;
Thou sovereign judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I 'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all who are oppressed,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men who know thy name will trust
In thine abundant grace;
For thou didst ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly sought thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill;
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfill.

9.

SECOND PART, C. M.

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

1 WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the fearful gates of death
Does his own children raise:
On Zion's hill, with tuneful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

4 Rise, great Redeemer! from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

10.

L. M.

Jehovah, the Avenger of the Oppressed.

1 JEHOVAH reigns—your tribute bring;
Proclaim the Lord, th' eternal King:
Crown him, ye saints! with holy joy,
His arm shall all your foes destroy.

2 Thou, Lord! ere yet the humble mind
Had formed to prayer the wish designed,
Hast heard the secret sigh arise,
While, swift to aid, thy mercy flies.

3 Thy Spirit shall our hearts prepare;
Thine ear shall listen to our prayer:
Thou righteous Judge! thou Power divine!
On thee the fatherless recline.

4 The Lord shall save th' afflicted breast,
His arm shall vindicate th' oppressed,
Earth's mightiest tyrant feel his power,
Nor sin, nor Satan grieve them more.

10.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Prayer heard, and Saints saved.

1 WHY does the Lord stand off so far?
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord! shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

3 Arise, O Lord! lift up thy hand;
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.

4 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear:
Hearken to what thy children say,
And put the world in fear.

10.

SECOND PART, C. M.

The God of the Fatherless.

1 HEAR, Lord! the song of praise and prayer,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place,
From children, made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face.

2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day;
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste, in sinful play
Thy holy Sabbaths more.

3 Thanks that we hear—but Oh! impart,
To each, desires sincere,
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

4 Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows—
A sun which ne'er declines:
Oh! be thy mercy showered on those
Who placed us where it shines.

11.

L. M.

God, the Refuge of the Saints.

1 MY refuge is the God of love:
Why do my foes insult, and cry—
"Fly, like a tim'rous trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly!"

2 The Lord in heaven has fixed his throne;
His eye surveys the world below;
To him all mortal things are known;
His eye-lids search our spirits through.

3 If he afflicts his saints so far
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His soul abhors their wicked ways.

4 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

12.

C. M.

Prayer in Times of Wickedness.

1 HELP, Lord! for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part:
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 Lord! when iniquities abound,
And impious men grow bold,
When faith is rarely to be found,
And love is waxing cold,—

4 Is not thy chariot rolling on?
Hast thou not given the sign;
May we not rest and live upon
A promise so divine?

5 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee;
I will appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free."

6 Like silver in the furnace tried,
Thy word shall still endure;
The men, that in thy truth confide,
Shall find the promise sure.

13.

L. M.

Help in God alone.

1 HOW long, O Lord! shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
How long my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?

2 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppressed?
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

3 Hear, Lord! and grant me quick relief,
Thy mercy now shall end my grief;
For I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

4 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

13.

C. M.

Hope in Darkness.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face,
My God! how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

3 Be thou my sun and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste, before mine eyes are sealed
In death's eternal sleep.

4 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Whence all my comforts spring;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And thy salvation sing.

13.

7s.

Pleading for Mercy.

1 LORD of mercy, just and kind!
Wilt thou ne'er my guilt forgive?
Never shall my troubled mind
In thy kind remembrance live?

2 Lord! how long shall Satan's art
Tempt my harrassed soul to sin,
Triumph o'er my humbled heart,
Fears without and guilt within?

3 Lord, my God! thine ear incline,
Bending to the prayer of faith;
Cheer my eyes with light divine,
Lest I sleep the sleep of death.

14.

C. M.

All Men, Sinners.

1 FOOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,
That all religion's vain;
There is no God who reigns on high,
Or minds th' affairs of men.

2 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Looked down on things below,
To find the man who sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

3 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

4 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease:
How swift to mischief are their feet?
Nor know the paths of peace.

5 Such seeds of sin—that bitter root—
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

14.

7s and 6s.

The Salvation of Israel.

1 OH! that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home.
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord! in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart;
Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

15.

L. M.

The Citizen of Zion.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God! and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

3 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

4 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord! with thee.

15.

7s.

The Heir of Heaven.

1 WHO, O Lord! when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He, whose heart thy love has warmed;
He, whose will to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He, whose words and thoughts are one:—

3 He, who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by thee ordained:—

4 He, who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done:—
He, great God! shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessings share.

16.

L. M.

Death and the Resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart! rejoice, my tongue!
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God! thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

16.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Support and Counsel from God.

1 LET heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

2 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleased with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

3 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

4 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;
Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

16.

SECOND PART, C. M.

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 "I SET the Lord before my face,
He bears my courage up;
My heart and tongue their joys express,
My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 "My spirit, Lord! thou wilt not leave,
Where souls departed are;
Nor quit my body in the grave,
To see corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne;
Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
Thy presence joys unknown."

4 Thus in the name of Christ, the Lord,
The holy David sung,
And Providence fulfills the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucified and slain:
Behold! the tomb its prey restores,
Behold! he lives again.

6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.

17.

L. M.

Prospect of the Righteous.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 't is enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 Oh! glorious hour!—Oh! blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

17.

S. M.

The Prospects of the Saint and Sinner.

1 ARISE, my gracious God!
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold! the sinner dies,—
His haughty words are vain;
Here, in this life, his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Washed in my Saviour's blood.

5 There 's a new heaven begun,
When I awake from death—
Dressed in the likeness of thy Son,—
And draw immortal breath.

18.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Deliverance from Despair.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord! my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptation rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none, but they that feel, can tell,
While I was hurried to despair.

4 In my distress, I called my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bowed his ear to my complaint;
Then did his grace appear divine.

5 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his power.

18.

SECOND PART, L. M.

The Reward of Sincerity.

1 LORD! thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast owned my righteous cause.

2 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But, through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.

3 The sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will—
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

4 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

18.

THIRD PART, L. M.

Rejoicing in God.

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode!
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where 's a refuge like our God?

2 'T is he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, and blessed be my Rock,
The God of my salvation lives:
The dark designs of hell are broke:
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

18.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Victory over temporal Enemies.

1 WE love thee, Lord! and we adore:
Now is thine arm revealed;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower
Our bulwark and our shield.

2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,—
The lightning of his spear?

4 He rides upon the winged wind;
And angels in array,
In millions, wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks—and, at his fierce rebuke,
Whole armies are dismayed;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strike all their courage dead.

6 Oft has the Lord whole nations blessed
For his own children's sake;
The powers, that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.

18.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Jehovah coming to reign.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

18.

8s and 7s.

Christ triumphant.

1 LO! the Lord Jehovah liveth;
He 's my rock, I bless his name;
He, my God, salvation giveth;
All ye lands! exalt his fame.

2 God, Messiah's cause maintaining,
Shall his righteous throne extend;
O'er the world the Saviour reigning,
Earth shall at his footstool bend.

3 O'er his enemies exalted,
Great Redeemer!—see him rise;
Though by powers of hell assaulted,
God exalts him to the skies.

4 Jesus! hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

19.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Nature and Revelation.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun. the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise,
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven

19.

SECOND PART, L. M.

The Language of the Heavens.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening-shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:—

4 While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs is found?—

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

19.

L. M. 6 Lines.

Starry Heavens.

1 THY glory, Lord! the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm, thy word fulfill;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

3 Waked by thy touch, the morning-sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power,—
Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of nature's heart.

4 While these transporting visions shine,
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

19.

C. M.

Divine Revelation.

1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light!
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

2 Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne;
Thy judgments, chastening, or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

3 Let these, O God! my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

4 By these, may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?

Lord! save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

5 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord! my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

19.

FIRST PART, S. M.

The Books of Nature and Scripture.

1 BEHOLD! the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God;
And all his starry worlds on high,
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye christian lands! rejoice;
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

6 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim;
Accept the praise, my God, my King!
In my Redeemer's name.

19.

SECOND PART, S. M.

The Gospel; for the Sabbath.

1 BEHOLD! the morning-sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;

It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

5 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord!
And men securely trust.

6 My gracious God! how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

19.

THIRD PART, S. M.

Prayer and Praise.

1 I HEAR thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

2 Oh! who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

3 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

4 While, with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God!

19.

L. P. M.

The Excellency of the Scriptures.

1 I LOVE the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy these leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw:
These are my study and delight:

Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold, that has the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 't is thy blessed gospel, Lord!
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God! forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

20.

L. M.

God, our Defence.

1 NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

3 Now save us, Lord! from slavish fear,
Now let our hope be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

20.

C. M.

Trust in God.

1 THE Lord unto thy prayer attend,
In trouble's darksome hour:
The name of Jacob's God defend,
And shield thee by his power.

2 In thy salvation we 'll rejoice,
And triumph in the Lord;
For, when in prayer he hears thy voice,
He will relief afford.

3 In chariots and on horses some
For aid and shelter flee;

But in thy name, O Lord! we come,
And will remember thee.

4 O Lord! to us salvation bring;
In thee alone we trust;
Hear us, O God, our heavenly King!
Thou refuge of the just!

21.

C. M.

God acknowledged in national Blessings.

1 IN thee, great God! with songs of praise,
Our favored realms rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

2 In deep distress, our injured land
Implored thy power to save;
For life we prayed—thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.

3 On thee, in want, in wo, or pain,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

4 Thus, Lord! thy wondrous power declare,
And still exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

22.

L. M.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When he complained, in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laughed in scorn;—
"He rescued others from the grave;
Now let him try himself to save."

3 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

4 But God, his Father, heard his cry;
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high;

The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

22.

C. M.

Christ's Sufferings and Victories.

1 "NOW in the hour of deep distress,
My God! support thy Son,
When horrors dark my soul oppress,
Oh! leave me not alone!"

2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him, in that dreadful day,
And chased away his fears.

3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne 's exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship—or shall die.

4 The meek and humble soul shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

5 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations, yet unborn, possess
Salvation in his blood.

23.

L. M.

God, our Shepherd.

1 MY shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supplied:
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food 's divinely blest.

3 My wandering feet his ways mistake;
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are;

My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God, my shepherd,'s with me there.

5 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

23.

L. M. 6 Lines.

Jehovah, the Shepherd of his People.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day-walks he will attend,
And all my midnight-hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

23.

FIRST PART, C. M.

The watchful Shepherd.

1 MY shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;

And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh! may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

5 There would I find a settled rest,—
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

23.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Gratitude and Hope.

1 MY soul! triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad,
And march with holy vigor on,
Supported by thy God.

2 Through every winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide;
And, in his long-experienced care,
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of time
Thy courts on earth I love;
But Oh! I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.

5 There, joined with all the shining band,
My soul would thee adore;—
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

23.

FIRST PART, S. M.

The good Shepherd.

1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:

Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd 's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my foll'wing days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

23.

SECOND PART, S. M.

The Presence of Christ.

1 WHILE my Redeemer 's near,
My shepherd, and my guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd! if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

23.

H. M.

The faithful Shepherd.

MY Shepherd's name is Love—
Jehovah, God above;

Where tender herbage grows,
And peaceful water flows,
He gently leads, he kindly feeds,
And lulls me then to sweet repose.

2 If e'er I heedless stray,
He shows my feet the way;
Yea, though through dreary glades,
I walk in dismal shades,
No harm I fear, for thou art near,
Thy faithful staff my progress aids.

3 When raging foes surround,
My comforts still abound;
I breathe a fragrant air,
And feed on sweetest fare:
Thus in thy fold, when worn and old,
I'll dwell secure beneath thy care.

23.

11s.

The Care of the good Shepherd.

1 THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death, though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my comforter near

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh! what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

23.

7s.

The heavenly Shepherd.

1 TO thy pastures, fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd! lead thy charge;

And my couch, with tenderest care,
Midst the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams, that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

24.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Saints dwell in Heaven.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms and beasts and birds;
He raised the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

2 But there 's a brighter world on high,—
Thy palace, Lord! above the sky:
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God?

3 He who abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour, bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
Who seek the God of Jacob's face;
They shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

24.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Christ's Ascension.

1 REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high!
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?—
The mighty Lord, the Saviour, he.

2 Ye heavenly gates! your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way;
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

U. OF ILL. LIB.

3 Raised from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

24. THIRD PART, L. M.

Christ's Glorification.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"—
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
That sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."

6 "Who is the King of glory, who?"—
The Lord of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blessed.

24. C. M.

The Abode of Saints.

1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He raised its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace;

This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our souls' immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare;
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of glory 's near.

5 The King of glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

24.

H. M.

Christ exalted to the Throne.

1 GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim th' angelic joys:
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 God seen in flesh below,
For us he reigns above;
Let all the nations know
The Saviour's conquering love:
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

5 Then all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join:
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

24.

7s.

Christ and the Saints in Glory.

1 "WIDE, ye heavenly gates! unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin;
Lo! the conquering Lord behold!
Let the King of glory in."
Hark! th' angelic host inquire,—
"Who is he, th' almighty King?"
Hark again! the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing:—

2 "He, whose powerful arm alone
On his foes destruction hurled;
He, who hath the victory won,
He, who saved a ruined world:
He, who God's pure law fulfilled,
Jesus, the incarnate Word;
He, whose truth with blood was sealed;
He is heaven's all-glorious Lord."

3 "Who shall to this blest abode
Follow in the Saviour's train?"
"They, who in his cleansing blood
Wash away each guilty stain;
They, whose daily actions prove
Steadfast faith, and holy fear,
Fervent zeal, and grateful love;—
They shall dwell for ever here."

25.

FIRST PART, S. M.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord! I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,

And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

5 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

25. SECOND PART, S. M.

Divine Teaching.

1 WHERE shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises,
In their extensive grace.

25. THIRD PART, S. M.

Backsliding and Repentance.

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord,
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways,
My wandering feet have trod?

4 With every morning's light,
My sorrow new begins;

Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

5 Oh! keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

25.

FOURTH PART, S. M.

Pleading for Mercy.

1 TO God in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
Oh! let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

2 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord! recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wast ever, kind.

3 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, Oh! for thy great goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

4 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays;
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

26.

L. M.

Self-Examination.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord! and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 Among thy saints will I appear
With hands well-washed in innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

3 I love thy habitation, Lord!
The temple where thine honors dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

4 Let not my soul be joined at last
With men of treachery and blood;

Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

26.

H. M.

Opening a Place of Worship.

1 IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days;
He at his will, the world controls,
Sustains, or sinks, the distant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne—
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine;
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3 Great King of glory! come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome—
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, Oh! deign to show,
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here may thine ears attend
Thy people's humble cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All-fragrant, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

5 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

26.

7s.

The House of God.

1 SEARCH my heart, my actions prove,
Try my thoughts, as they arise;
For thy kindness and thy love
Ever are before my eyes.

2 I have loved the hallowed place,
Where thine honor doth abide;
To the temple of thy grace,
Lord! my erring footsteps guide.

3 Gather not my soul with those,
Who their deeds of blood pursue;
Who, thy justice to oppose,
Hold the tempting bribe to view.

4 Keep my soul from all offence;
All my supplications hear;
As I walk in innocence,
Let me, Lord! thy mercy share.

27.

FIRST PART. C. M.

The Church, our Delight and Safety.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength—nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires—
Oh! grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,—
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

27.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Prayer and Hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,—
"Ye children! seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,—
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life! I fly to thee,
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want, or die;
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed,
To see thy grace provide relief;—
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints!
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

27.

THIRD PART, C. M.

God's Sanctuary, a Refuge.

1 GRANT me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat;
For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet:

2 In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

3 Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God! remember me.

4 Wait on the Lord, with courage wait,
My soul! disdain to fear;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

27.

7s.

God, the Orphan's Hope.

1 WHEN my cries ascend to thee,
Hear, Jehovah! from afar;
Let thy tender mercies be
Still propitious to my prayer.

When thou badest me seek thy face,
Quickly did my heart reply,
Resting on thy word of grace,—
"Thee I 'll seek, O Lord most high!"

2 Should the world deceitful prove,
And no more its help I share;
Though decayed a mother's love,
Though withdrawn a father's care;—
Then Jehovah's guardian eye
Shall my orphan state defend,
Shall a parent's place supply,—
He, my guardian, father, friend.

27.

7s and 6s.

Confidence in God.

1 GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul! with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.

28.

L. M.

Prayer and Deliverance from Temptation.

1 TO thee, O Lord! I raise my cries,
My fervent prayer in mercy hear;
For ruin waits my trembling soul,
If thou refuse a gracious ear.

2 While suppliant toward thy holy hill,
I lift my feeble hands to pray,
Afford thy grace, nor drive me still
With impious hypocrites away.

3 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Whose mercy hears my mournful voice!
My heart, that trusted in his word,
In his salvation shall rejoice.

4 Let every saint in sore distress
By faith approach his Saviour-God;
Then grant, O Lord! thy pard'ning grace,
And feed thy church with heavenly food.

28.

C. M.

Deliverance from evil Companions.

1 THE giddy world, with flattering tongue,
Had charmed my soul astray;
And lured my heedless feet to death,
Along the flowery way.

2 For me they dug the secret pit,
And formed the hidden snare;
Thoughtless, I followed where they led,
Nor saw destruction near.

3 My heart with agonizing prayer,
Besought the Lord to save;
Unseen, he seized my trembling hand,
And brought me from the grave.

4 He broke the charm which drew my feet
To darkness and the dead;
From lips profane, and tongue impure,
With trembling steps I fled.

5 Homeward I flew to find my God,
And seek his face divine;
Restored to peace, to hope, to life,
To Zion's friends and mine.

6 My lips thy wondrous works shall sing,
My heart adore thy grace;
Thenceforth be love my sweet employ,
And all my pleasure praise.

29.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Storm and Thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame!
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;

His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks,—and tempest, hail and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart, and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo! the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood;
The Thunderer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

29.

SECOND PART, L. M.

The powerful God.

1 ETERNAL God, eternal King,
Ruler of heaven, and earth beneath!
From thee our hopes, our comforts spring;
In thee we live, and move, and breathe.

2 Thy word brought forth the flaming sun,
The changeful moon, the starry host;
In thine appointed course they run,
Till in the final ruin lost.

3 At thy command the storm is dumb:
And to the sea thy power hath said,—
"No further shalt thou dare to come,
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'

4 Thy sway is known below, above,
And full of majesty thy voice;
And as it speaks in wrath or love,
The nations tremble or rejoice.

5 The final, awful hour is near,
Time paces on with ceaseless tread,
When opening graves thy voice shall hear,
And render up the sleeping dead.

6 Oh! in that great decisive day,
May we be found in Christ, and stand,
While flaming worlds shall melt away,
Owned and approved at thy right hand.

29.

11s.

Ascriptions of Glory to God.

1 GIVE glory to God in the highest; give praise,
Ye noble! ye mighty! with joyful accord;
All-wise are his counsels, all-perfect his ways;
In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord.

2 The voice of the Lord on the ocean is known,
The God of eternity thunders abroad;
The voice of the Lord, from the depth of his throne,
Is terror and power;—all nature is awed.

3 At the voice of the Lord, the tall cedars are bowed,
And towers from their base into ruin are hurled;
The voice of the Lord, from the dark-bosomed cloud,
Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.

4 The voice of the Lord, thro' the calm of the wood,
Awakens its echoes, strikes light thro' its caves;
The Lord sitteth King on the turbulent flood;
The winds are his servants,—his servants the waves.

5 The Lord is the strength of his people; the Lord
Gives health to his chosen, and peace evermore;
Then throng to his temple, his glory record;
But Oh! when he speaketh—in silence adore.

30.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Divine Compassion acknowledged.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord! on high;
At thy command diseases fly;
Who, but a God, can speak, and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints! and prove
How large his grace—how kind his love;
Let all your powers rejoice, and trace
The wondrous records of his grace.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life, and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning-star restores the joy.

30.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Divine Compassion acknowledged.

1 FIRM was my health; my day was bright;
And I presumed 't would ne'er be night;

Fondly I said within my heart,—
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cried aloud to thee, my God!—
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

4 "Hear me, O God of grace!" I said,
"And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love removed my guilt.

5 My groans and tears, and forms of wo,
Are turned to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,
For sickness healed, and sins forgiven.

31.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Deliverance from Death.

1 INTO thy hand, O God of truth!
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
And saved me from the pit.

2 "My times are in thy hand," I cried,
"Though I draw near the dust;"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

3 Oh! make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine;
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

4 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace,
To those who fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises!

5 Oh! love the Lord, all ye his saints!
And sing his praises loud;
He 'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

31. SECOND PART, C. M.

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust!
Thou hast preserved my face from shame,
Mine honor from the dust.

2 How great deliverance thou hast wrought,
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boasting vain!

3 Thy children, from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavilion hide;
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

4 Within thy secret presence, Lord!
Let me forever dwell;
No fenced city, walled and barred,
Secures a saint so well.

31. THIRD PART, C. M.

Trust in God as a Father.

1 MY God! my Father! blissful name!
Oh! may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good, and just, and wise;
Oh! bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear;
Let me but know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,

Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 My God! my Father! be thy name
My solace and my stay;
Oh! wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away.

31.

7s.

God, a Rock and Fortress.

1 LORD! I look for all to thee;
Thou hast been a rock to me:
Still thy wonted aid afford;
Still be near, my shield, my sword!
I my soul commit to thee,
Lord! thy blood has ransomed me.

2 Faint and sinking on my road,
Still I cling to thee, my God!
Bending 'neath a weight of woes,
Harassed by a thousand foes,
Hope still chides my rising fears;
Joys still mingle with my tears.

3 On thy word I take my stand;
All my times are in thy hand;
Make thy face upon me shine;
Take me 'neath thy wings divine:
Lord! thy grace is all my trust;
Save, Oh! save thy trembling dust.

4 Oh! what mercies still attend
Those who make the Lord their friend!
Sweetly, safely shall they 'bide
'Neath his eye, and at his side:
Lord! may this my station be:
Seek it, all ye saints! with me.

32.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Pardon and Obedience.

1 BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God;
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
And covered with his Saviour's blood.

2 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,

With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

3 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace,
Through his whole life, appears and shines.

32.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Confession and Pardon.

1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat;
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark and storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

32.

S. M.

Forgiveness of Sins.

1 OH! blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;—
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;

Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

33.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous! in the Lord;
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word;
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And, by the Spirit of the Lord,
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth!
With fear before him stand:
He spake—and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

33.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1 BLEST is the nation, where the Lord
Has fixed his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls the tribes his own.

2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold,
He formed us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 God is our fear, and God our trust,
When plagues or famine spread;

His watchful eye secures the just,
Among ten thousand dead.

4 Lord! let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne:
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

33.

L. P. M.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 YE holy souls! in God rejoice;
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace;
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves;
And the whole earth his goodness proves;
His word the heavenly arches spread;
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas,—
Those watery treasures know their place,—
In the vast store-house of the deep:
He spake—and gave all nature birth;
And fires and seas, and heaven and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are their thoughts, and weak their hands;
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

34.

FIRST PART, L. M.

God's Care of his Saints.

1 LORD! I will bless thee all my days;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name;

I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groanings reached his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heavenly joy their faces shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord:
Oh! fear and love him, all his saints!
Taste of his grace and trust his word.

34.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Religious Education.

1 CHILDREN!—in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,—
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,—
They in his praise employ their breath.

34.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Praise for eminent Deliverance.

1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!

Ye humble souls, who love to pray!
Come, help my lips to praise.

2 Sing, to the honor of his name,
How a poor sinner cried;
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

3 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenced all my fears.

4 O sinners! come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

5 He bids his angels pitch their tents,
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heavenly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.

6 Oh! love the Lord, ye saints of his!
His eye regards the just;
How richly blest their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust!

34.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Praise for Mercies received.

1 THEE will I bless, O Lord, my God!
To thee my voice I'll raise,
For ever spread thy name abroad,
And daily sing thy praise.

2 My soul shall glory in the Lord,
His wondrous acts proclaim;
Oh! let us now his love record,
And magnify his name.

3 Mine eyes beheld his heavenly light,
When I implored his grace;
I saw his glory with delight,
And joy beamed o'er my face.

4 Oh! taste and see that God is good,
Ye, who on him rely!
He shall your souls, with heavenly food
And grace and strength, supply.

34.

THIRD PART, C. M.

Trusting and Praising God.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all, who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 Oh! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.

5 Oh! make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide—
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints! and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make ye his service your delight,—
He 'll make your wants his care.

34.

8s.

Evening.

1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine!
My all to thy covenant-care,
I, sleeping and waking, resign:
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep:

Bright seraphs, dispatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the redeemed of mankind.

3 Thy worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

35.

8s, 7s, and 4s.

Christ exalted over his Foes.

1 LO! the Lord, the mighty Saviour,
Quits the grave the throne to claim;
Object of his endless favor,
God o'er all exalts his name;
Those who hate him—
Clothed with everlasting shame.

2 Shout for joy—with songs of praises,
Ye, who in his name delight!
Shout—for God our Saviour raises
To his throne in endless might;
'T is Jehovah—
Crowns our Lord, in realms of light.

3 God his servant lifts to glory,
Bids him all his honors share:
Now, Jehovah! we adore thee,
And thy righteousness declare:
Endless praises
Shall thy ransomed church prepare.

36.

L. M.

Perfections and Providence of God.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils or darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;

Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope, our comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast:
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And, in thy light, our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

36.

C. M.

The Presence and Protection of God.

1 ABOVE these heavens' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord! extend;
Thy truth out-lives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

2 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathomed sea.

3 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes;
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

4 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

36.

S. M.

Man sinful, God just.

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,—
"He hath no faith of God within,
Nor fear before his eyes."

2 He walks awhile concealed,
In a self-flattering dream;

Till his dark crimes, at once revealed,
Expose his hateful name.

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair ;
Wisdom is banished from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

4 But there 's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear ;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

5 His truth transcends the sky,
In heaven his mercies dwell ;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

6 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs !
Oh ! never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

37.

FIRST PART, C. M.

God, the Guardian of the Pious.

1 NOW let me make the Lord my trust,
And practice all that 's good ;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he 'll provide me food.

2 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will ;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfill.

3 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

4 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven ;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

37.

SECOND PART, C. M.

The Safety of the Righteous.

1 MY God ! the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will ;

Though they should fall, they rise again;
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways;
Their virtue he approves;
He 'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

37.

THIRD PART, C. M.

The Sinner and the Saint.

1 THE haughty sinner I have seen,
Not fearing man, nor God;
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

2 And, lo! he vanished from the ground,
Destroyed by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found,
Where all that pride had been.

3 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

4 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserved from every snare;
They shall possess the promised land,
And dwell for ever there.

38.

C. M.

Severe Chastisement deprecated.

1 AMIDST thy wrath, remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord!
Nor let a father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
The burden, Lord! I cannot bear,
Nor e'er the guilt atone.

3 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear;

And every sigh, and every groan,
Is noticed by thine ear.

4 But I 'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin;
I 'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.

5 My God! forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation! haste,
Before thy servant die.

39.

L. M.

Brevity of human Life.

1 OH! let me, gracious Lord! extend
My view, to life's approaching end:
What are my days?—a span their line;
And what my age, compared with thine?

2 Our life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift, through an empty shade, we run,
And vanity and man are one.

3 God of my fathers! here, as they,
I walk, the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.

4 Oh! spare me, Lord! in mercy, spare,
And nature's failing strength repair;
Ere, life's short circuit wandered o'er,
I perish, and am seen no more.

39.

FIRST PART, C. M.

The Vanity of Man.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain!

They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

39.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Sick-bed Devotion.

1 GOD of my life! look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel!
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord!
They come at thy command;
I 'll not attempt a murm' ring word,
Against thy chastening hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,—
"Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes."

4 Crushed as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty 's lost.

5 I 'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well-prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.

6 But if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I 'll declare thy love.

39.

S. M.

The Brevity of Life.

1 LORD! let me know mine end,—
My days, how brief their date;
That I may timely comprehend,
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span,
Mine age is naught with thee;
What is the highest boast of man
But dust and vanity?

3 Dumb at thy feet I lie,
For thou hast brought me low;
Remove thy judgments, lest I die;
I faint beneath thy blow.

4 At thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

5 Have pity on my fears;
Hearken to my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

6 Oh! spare me yet, I pray,
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

39.

7s and 6s.

Human Frailty.

1 OH! what is earthly pleasure,
Compared with thy rich grace?
Lord! teach us how to measure
The remnant of our days,—
How brief is our existence,
How frail a thing is man;
And grant us thine assistance,
This feeble life to scan.

2 How soon the hours of gladness,
That cheer us on our way,
Are changed to gloom and sadness,
Or filled with deep dismay!

Man, in his best condition,
Is vanity and dust;
Soon past the fleeting vision;
He then gives up the ghost.

3 Earth's treasures quickly leave us,
Its honors ne'er endure;
Its pleasures but deceive us,
Its hopes are insecure:
But, Lord! while time so fleeting
Is filled with many a snare,
My soul on thee is waiting,
I 'll trust thy guardian care.

40. FIRST PART, C. M.

Deliverance from deep Distress.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,—
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where, mourning, long I lay;
And from my bonds released my feet—
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear;
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord! how great!
We have not words, nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

40. SECOND PART, C. M.

Incarnation and Atonement of Christ.

1 BEHOLD! the blest Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

2 Much he revealed his Father's grace,
And much his truth he showed,

He preached the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.

3 His Father's honor touched his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries;
And to fulfill a Saviour's part
Was made a sacrifice.

4 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

40.

THIRD PART, C. M.

God's infinite Love.

1 O LORD! how infinite thy love!
How wondrous are thy ways!
Let earth beneath, and heaven above,
Combine to sing thy praise.

2 Man in immortal beauty shone,
Thy noblest work below;
Too soon by sin made heir alone
To death and endless woe.

3 Then—"Lo! I come," the Saviour said;
Oh! be his name adored,
Who, with his blood, our ransom paid,
And life and bliss restored.

41.

L. M.

Blessedness of the Merciful.

1 BLEST is the man, whose heart doth move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathising love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives, for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

42.

L. M.

Trusting in God in Times of Despondency.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord!
But I will call thy name to mind;
And times of past distress record,
When I have found that God was kind.

2 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove;—
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

3 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say—"My God, my heavenly Rock!
Why doth thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

4 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low:
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

5 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy!

42.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Desertion and Hope.

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God! to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 'T is with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

4 But why, my soul! sunk down so far,
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

5 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove,

For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

42.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Thirsting after God.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God! for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God!
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blessed than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

42.

7s.

Prayer and Hope in Affliction.

1 HEARKEN, Lord! to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

2 Tempest-tossed my failing bark
Founders on the ocean dark;
Deep to deep around me calls,
With the rush of water-falls;
While I plunge to lower caves,
Overwhelmed by all thy waves.

3 Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening-bird;
Hast thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost thou scorn, or hear them not?

4 Why, my soul! art thou perplexed?
Why with faithless troubles vexed?

Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

43.

C. M.

Prayer in Affliction.

1 JUDGE me, O God! and plead my cause
Against a sinful race;
From vile oppression and deceit
Secure me by thy grace.

2 On thee my steadfast hope depends;
And am I left to mourn?
To sink in sorrows, and in vain
Implore thy kind return?

3 Oh! send thy light to guide my feet,
And bid thy truth appear;
Conduct me to thy holy hill,
To taste thy mercies there.

4 Then to thine altar, O my God!
My joyful feet shall rise,
And my triumphant songs shall praise
The God who rules the skies.

43.

H. M.

Commencement of public Worship.

1 NOW, to thy sacred house
I turn my willing feet,
Where saints, with morning-vows,
In full assembly meet:
Thy power divine
Shall there be shown,
And from thy throne
Thy mercy shine.

2 Oh! send thy light abroad;
Thy truth with heavenly ray
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way;
I 'll hear thy word
With faith sincere,
And learn to fear
And praise the Lord.

3 Here reach thy gracious hand,
And all my sorrows heal,
Here health and strength divine,
Oh! make my bosom feel;
Like balmy dew,
Shall Jesus' voice
My heart rejoice
And strength renew.

4 Now in thy holy hill,
Before thine altar, Lord!
My harp and song shall sound
The glories of thy word:
O God of grace!
Henceforth to thee
My life shall be
A hymn of praise.

43.

7s.

Prayer in Distress.

1 JUDGE me, Lord! in righteousness;
Plead for me in my distress;
Good and merciful thou art;
Bind this bleeding, broken heart;
Cast me not despairing hence;
Be thy love my confidence.

2 Send thy light and truth, to guide
Me, too prone to turn aside,
On thy holy hill to rest,
In thy courts for ever blest;
There to God, my hope, my joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

3 Why, my soul! art thou dismayed?
Why of earth or hell afraid?
Trust in God; disdain to yield,
While o'er thee he casts his shield;
While his countenance divine
Sheds the light of heaven on thine.

44.

C. M.

Complaint in Declension.

1 LORD! we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days:

2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known:
Among them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day;
And in a cheerful throng,
Did thousands meet to praise and pray;
And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seized with shame;
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God!
We plead the honors of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

45.

FIRST PART, L. M.

The Glory of Christ.

1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour-King;
Jesus, the Lord,—how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord!
Gird on the terror of thy sword;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thy throne, O God! for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.

5 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

45.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Christ and his Church.

1 THE King of saints,—how fair his face!
Adorned with majesty and grace,
He comes, with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen, arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 Oh! happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies;
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

4 Let endless honors crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we, with cheerful songs, approve
The condescensions of his love.

45.

C. M.

Christ and his glorious Reign.

1 I 'LL speak the honors of my King,—
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince!
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God! for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

45.

S. M.

The Glory of Christ.

1 MY Saviour and my King!
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride, in majesty, to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey;
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God! are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand,
And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.

45.

H. M.

Christ, the triumphant King.

1 GIRD on thy conquering sword,
Ascend thy shining car;
And march, Almighty Lord!
To wage thy holy war:
Before his wheels,
In glad surprise,
Ye vallies! rise,
And sink, ye hills!

2 Before thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace,—
That grace which conquers all:
The world shall know,
Great King of kings!
What wondrous things
Thine arm can do.

3 Here to my waiting soul,
Bend thy triumphant way;
Here every fear control,
And all thy power display:

My heart, thy throne,
Blest Jesus! see,
Submits to thee,—
To thee alone.

46.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Church's Safety amidst Desolations.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled,
Down to the deep and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream,—thy holy word,—
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

46.

SECOND PART, L. M.

God reigns in Zion.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,—
The nations melt,—the tumult dies.

2 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

3 "Be still—and learn that I am God;
I'll be exalted o'er the lands;
I will be known and feared abroad,
But still my throne in Zion stands."

4 O Lord of hosts, almighty King!
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

46.

THIRD PART, L. M.

The Refuge and Defence of the Saints.

1 GOD is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?

2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurled,
His people smile amid the shock;
They look beyond this transient world.

3 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains,
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

4 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

5 Thither let fervent faith aspire;
Our treasure and our heart be there;
Oh! for a seraph's wing of fire!
No;—for the mightier wings of prayer.

6 We reach at once that last retreat,
And ranged among the ransomed throng,
Fall with the elders at his feet,
Whose name alone inspires their song.

46.

C. M.

God an unfailing Refuge.

1 GOD is our refuge, tried and proved,
Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease;
The Lord his saints will not forsake;
The Lord will give us peace.

3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow;
It issues from his throne above;
It cheers his church below.

4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quelled their powers:
The Lord of hosts is still the same;
The God of grace is ours.

46.

7s and 6s. Irregular.

The River and the City of God.

1 FROM the throne of God there springs
A pure, a crystal stream;
Life and peace and joy it brings
To his Jerusalem:
Rivers of refreshing grace
Through the sacred city flow,
Watering all the hallowed place,
Where God resides below.

2 God, most merciful, most high,
Doth in his Zion dwell:
Kept by him, her towers defy
The strength of earth and hell:
Guardian of the chosen race,
Jesus doth his church defend;
Saves them by his kindly grace,
And saves them to the end.

47.

L. M.

Praise to Christ, the King.

1 JESUS, the Lord, ascends on high;
He reigns in glory o'er the sky:
Let all the earth its offerings bring,
Exalt his name, proclaim him King.

2 Wide, through the world, he spreads his sway
And bids the heathen lands obey;
His church, with willing offerings, greet,
And bend submissive at her feet.

3 His reign the heathen lands shall own;
His holiness secures his throne;
And earthly princes gather round,
Where Christ, the mighty God, is found.

4 Princes by him their power extend,
Earth's mightiest kings to Jesus bend;

He bids them rule, he bids them die,—
Himself o'er all exalted high.

47. FIRST PART, C. M.

The Ascension and Reign of Christ.

1 OH! for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King;
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne:—
He loved that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own;
The heathen taste his grace.

47. SECOND PART, C. M.

Christ, the King.

1 EXTOL the Lord, the Lord most high,
King over all the earth;
Exalt his triumph to the sky,
In songs of sacred mirth.

2 God is gone up with loud acclaim,
And trumpets' tuneful voice;
Sing praise, sing praises to his name,
Sing praises, and rejoice.

3 Sing praises to our God: sing praise
To every creature's King:
His wondrous works, his glorious ways,
All tongues! all kindred! sing.

4 God sits upon his holy throne,
God o'er the heathen reigns;

His truth through all the world is known,—
That truth his throne sustains.

5 Princes around his footstool throng,
Kings in the dust adore;
Earth and her shields to God belong;—
Sing praises evermore.

47.

THIRD PART, C. M.

Christ triumphant.

1 ARISE, ye people! and adore,—
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess th' almighty Lord.

2 Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round,
Th' ascending God proclaim;
Th' angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.

3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour;
And God exalts his conquering Son
To his right hand of power.

4 Oh! shout, ye people! and adore,—
Exulting strike the chord:
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess th' almighty Lord.

48.

FIRST PART, S. M.

Safety of the Church.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,—
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there;
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,

How well our God secures the fold,
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We 'll to his house repair;
We 'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

48.

SECOND PART, S. M.

Gospel-Worship and Order.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord! before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well;—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

48.

11s and 8s.

The Beauty and Strength of Zion.

1 OH! great is Jehovah, and great be his praise,
In the city of God he is King;
Proclaim ye his triumphs in jubilant lays;
On the mount of his holiness sing.

2 The joy of the earth, from her beautiful height,
Is Zion's impregnable hill;

The Lord in her temple still taketh delight,
God reigns in her palaces still.

3 Let the daughters of Judah be glad for thy love,
The mountain of Zion rejoice;
For thou wilt establish her seat from above,
Wilt make her the throne of thy choice.

4 Go, walk about Zion, and measure the length,
Her walks and her bulwarks, mark well;
Contemplate her palaces, glorious in strength,
Her towers and her pinnacles tell.

5 Then say to your children—"Our refuge is tried,
This God is our God to the end;
His people for ever his counsels shall guide,
His arm shall for ever defend.

49.

C. M.

Death and the Resurrection.

1 YE sons of pride! that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive and reign
O'er all that scorned them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
Called from the world away,
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my mouldering clay.

4 Heaven is my everlasting home;
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

50.

C. M.

The last Judgment.

1 THE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,—
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3 Throned on a cloud, our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know, and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"Who made their peace with God,
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And sealed it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess,
My sentence of reward is right;
And heaven adore my grace."

50.

8s, 7s and 4.

God, the final Judge.

1 LO! the mighty God appearing,
From on high Jehovah speaks!
Eastern lands the summons hearing,
O'er the west his thunder breaks:
Earth beholds him:
Universal nature shakes.

2 Zion, all its light unfolding,
God in glory shall display:
Lo! he comes,—nor silence holding,
Fire and clouds prepare his way.
Tempests round him
Hasten on the dreadful day.

3 To the heavens his voice ascending,
To the earth beneath he cries:—
"Souls immortal now descending,
Let the sleeping dust arise!
Rise to judgment;
Let my throne adorn the skies.

4 "Gather first my saints around me,
Those who to my covenant stood;
Those who humbly sought and found me,
Through the dying Saviour's blood:
Blest Redeemer!
Dearest sacrifice to God!"

5 Now the heavens on high adore him,
And his righteousness declare:
Sinners perish from before him,
But his saints his mercies share:
Just his judgment!
God, himself the judge, is there.

51. FIRST PART, L. M.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1 SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord! should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

51. SECOND PART, L. M.

The Backslider's Supplication.

1 O THOU, that hearest when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God! restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord!
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

51. THIRD PART, L. M.

Returning to God.

1 A BROKEN heart, my God! my King!
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord! with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace,
I 'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise the pard'ning God.

4 Oh! may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness

51. FIRST PART, C. M.

Sin confessed and Pardoned.

1 LORD! I would spread my sore distress,
And guilt, before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

2 Cleanse me, O Lord! and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
Oh! make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

3 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

4 Then will I make thy mercy known,
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

51. SECOND PART, C. M.

Repentance and Faith in Christ.

1 O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul, oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

51. THIRD PART, C. M.

The Backslider restored.

1 OH! speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my broken heart;
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

2 And canst thou still vouchsafe to own
A wretch so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And—"Abba, Father!"—cry?

3 Oh! then, let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that healed this heart of mine,
And put my foes to shame.

4 My Saviour, by his powerful word,
Has turned my night to day,
And his salvation's joy restored,
Which I had sinned away.

5 Dear Lord! I wonder and adore;
Thy grace is all divine;
Oh! keep me that I sin no more
Against such love as thine.

51.

S. M.

The acceptable Sacrifice.

1 NO offering God requires,
Nor victims please his eye;
Else should his altars blaze with fires,
And flocks and herds should die.

2 The humble, contrite breast,
The spirit's broken sighs,
Are gifts on which his love can rest,
Nor will the Lord despise.

3 Thy mercies from above,
To Zion, Lord! extend;
Built by thy power, and watched by love,
Now let her walls ascend.

4 Well pleased, thou then shalt see
Her prayers and praise arise;
Presented at the throne to thee,
Through Christ, our sacrifice.

52.

C. M.

The Righteous and the Wicked.

1 WHY should the mighty make their boast,
And heavenly grace despise?
In their own arm they put their trust,
And fill their mouth with lies.

2 Our God in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive them from his face;
No more shall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.

3 But like a cultured olive-grove,
Dressed in immortal green,
Thy children, blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are seen.

4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord!
Thy saints shall rest secure,
And all who trust thy holy word,
Shall find salvation sure.

53.

C. M.

The Foes of Zion.

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?

Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first despised their host,
They fall an easy prey.

3 Oh! for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore:
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

54.

S. P. M.

Prayer for Deliverance from Enemies.

1 MY God! preserve my soul;
Oh! make my spirit whole;
To save me, let thy strength appear;
Strangers my path surround;
Their pride and rage confound;
And bring thy great salvation near.

2 Those who against me rise
Are aliens from the skies;
They hate thy church and kingdom, Lord!
They mock thy fearful name;
They glory in their shame;
Nor heed the wonders of thy word.

3 But, O thou King divine!
My chosen friends are thine;
The men that still my soul sustain:
Wilt thou my foes subdue;
Create their hearts anew,
And snatch them from eternal pain?

4 Escaped from every wo,
Oh! grant me, here below,
To praise thy name with those I love;
And when, beyond the skies,
Our souls unbodied rise,
Unite us in the realms above.

55.

C. M.

God, our Refuge.

1 O GOD, my refuge! hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;

For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Oh! were I like a feathered dove,
And innocence had wings,
I 'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

3 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

4 By morning-light I 'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

5 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear
If he command their aid.

6 I cast my burdens on the Lord,—
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,—
That saints shall never fall.

55.

S. M.

Daily Devotion.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God,
I 'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I 'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love:
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

55.

7s.

Encouragement for the Weak.

1 CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His unchanging faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock:
Make us by thy powerful hand,
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.

56.

C. M.

Trusting God in the midst of Enemies.

1 O THOU! whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace!

2 In God, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

3 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord!
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I 'll sing,—"How faithful is thy word!
How righteous all thy ways!"

4 Thou hast secured my soul from death,
Oh! set thy servant free,
That heart and hand and life and breath
May be employed for thee.

57.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Praise for Protection, Grace and Truth.

1 MY God! in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud be over-blown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue! to sound his praise,—
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

4 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

5 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

57.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Praise to the eternal King.

1 ETERNAL God, celestial King!
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God!
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I 'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind thy love make known.

3 Awake, my tongue! awake, my lyre!
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

4 With those, who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
While every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

58.

L. M. P.

Warning to Magistrates.

1 JUDGES! who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When one oppressed before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

2 Have ye forgot or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heavens his justice reigns:
Yet ye invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 When once he thunders from the sky,
Your grandeur melts, your titles die,
Your power is crumbled to the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
Your hopes shall be for ever lost.

4 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,—
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
A God that hears his children cry,
And will their sufferings well repay."

59.

S. P. M.

Miserable End of the Wicked.

1 WHEN God in wrath shall come
To tell the sinner's doom,
What anguish shall the wicked tear!
The men that slight his name,
That boast of sin and shame,
No more shall ask—"What God can hear?"

2 Thou hearest, omniscient Lord!
Each curse and idle word
Of men who scoff with lips profane;

And when the hand of death
Shall stop their impious breath,
Their souls shall seek for peace in vain.

3 Oh! how will sinners need
An advocate to plead,
Accepted at thine awful throne!
How, in that solemn hour,
Would faith's transcendent power
Outweigh all things beneath the sun!

4 Yet save their souls, O Lord!
Subdue them by thy word,
Though all their powers oppose thy reign,
Now may thy foes submit,
And bow beneath thy feet,
Nor let them read thy wrath in vain.

60.

7s.

Judgments deprecated.

1 WHY, O God! thy people spurn?
Why permit thy wrath to burn?
God of mercy! turn once more,
All our broken hearts restore.

2 Thou hast made our land to quake,—
Heal the breaches thou dost make;
Bitter is the cup we drink,—
Suffer not our souls to sink.

3 Be thy banner now unfurled,
Show thy truth to all the world;
Save us, Lord! we cry to thee,
Lift thine arm—thy chosen free.

4 Give us now relief from pain,—
Human aid is all in vain:
We, through God, shall yet prevail,
He will help, when foes assail.

61.

C. M.

God, a Refuge in Trouble.

1 HAIL! gracious source of every good
Our Saviour and defence!
Thou art our glory, and our shield,
Our help and confidence.

2 When anxious fears disturb the breast,
When threatening foes are nigh,
To thee we pour our deep complaint,
To thee for succor fly.

3 Jesus! our Lord, our only hope,
Before thy throne we bow;
Thou art our strength, and thou the rock
Whence living waters flow.

61.

S. M.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh! lead me to the rock,
That 's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord!
For ever I 'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

62.

L. M.

God alone worthy of Confidence.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints! in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high-degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,—
"All power is his eternal due;
He must be feared and trusted too."

6 For sovereign power reigns not alone;
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord!
Shall well divide our last reward.

63.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Adoption.

1 GREAT God! indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories, that compose thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise!
Thou art my Father, and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,—
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

4 I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

63.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Seeking God.

1 O GOD! thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry;—
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 Oh! that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace.

3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God!
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself thy love;
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared with thee?

63. FIRST PART, C. M.

The Morning of the Lord's Day.

1 EARLY, my God! without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God! repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

63. SECOND PART, C. M.

Meditations by Night.

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night,
I thought upon thy power;
I kept thy lovely face in sight,
Amid the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
"My God, my life, my hope," I said,
"Bring thy salvation nigh."

3 My spirit labors up thy hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid;
My tongue awakes and sings.

63.

S. M.

Rejoicing in God.

1 MY God! permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,—
To serve and please the Lord.

4 In wakeful hours at night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

64.

L. M.

Protection against Enemies.

1 GREAT God! attend to my complaint,
Nor let my drooping spirit faint;

When foes in secret spread the snare,
Let my salvation be thy care.

2 Thy justice and thy power display,
And scatter far thy foes away;
While listening nations learn thy word,
And saints triumphant bless the Lord.

3 Then shall thy church exalt her voice,
And all that love thy name rejoice;
By faith approach thine awful throne,
And plead the merits of thy Son.

65.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Public Prayer and Praise.

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God! and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O Thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray!
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.

3 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

4 With dreadful glory God fulfills
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.

5 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

65.

SECOND PART, L. M.

The Seasons of the Year.

1 ON God the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends;
At his command the morning-ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day

2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice,

To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

3 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the vallies yield;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

4 Thy works pronounce thy power divine,
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

65. FIRST PART, C. M.

Worship of God in his Temple.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord! for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 O Lord! our guilt and fears prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men, whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfill thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see,
The Lord is good and just;
The distant isles shall fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

65. SECOND PART, C. M.

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out, at his command,

Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring,
The vallies rich provision yield,
And cheerful lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills, on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

65.

THIRD PART, C. M.

Goodness of God in the Seasons.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning-light and evening-shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distill in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

65.

7s.

Praise to God in Zion.

1 PRAISE on thee, in Zion's gates,
Daily, O Jehovah! waits:
Unto thee, who hearest prayer,
Shall the tribes of men repair.

2 Though with conscious guilt oppressed,
On thy mercy still we rest:
Thy forgiving love display!
Take, O Lord! our sins away.

3 Oh! how blessed their reward,
Chosen servants of the Lord,
Who within thy courts abide,
With thy goodness satisfied.

4 But how dire thy judgments fell,—
Saviour of thine Israel!
When thy people's cry arose,—
On their proud and impious foes!

5 By thy boundless might set fast,
Rise the mountains firm and vast:
Thou canst with a word assuage
Ocean's wild and deafening rage.

6 When thy signs in heaven appear,
Earth's remotest regions fear;
And the bounties of thy hand
Fill with gladness every land.

66.

L. M.

Praises to Christ, the Saviour.

1 JESUS demands the voice of joy,—
Loud through the land let triumph ring;
His honors should your songs employ,—
Let grateful praises hail the King.

2 Shout to the Lord—adoring own,
Thy works thy wondrous might disclose,
Thine arm victorious power has shown;
Thus did thy cross confound thy foes.

3 Low, at that cross, the world shall bow,
All nations shall its blessings prove;
While grateful strains in concert flow,
To sing thy power, and praise thy love.

4 Oh! bless our God, ye nations round!
People and lands! rehearse his name;
Let shouts of joy through earth resound,
Let every tongue his praise proclaim.

66.

FIRST PART, C. M.

The God of Providence.

1 SING, all ye nations! to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honors and your joys.

2 Say to the Power that shakes the sky,—
"How terrible art thou!
Sinners before thy presence fly,
Or at thy feet they bow."

3 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel passed the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.

4 Through watery deeps and fiery ways,
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promised place,
By thine unerring hand.

5 Oh! bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints! fulfill his praise:
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

66.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty Power,
Who heard the long requests I made,
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye who fear my God! and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay covered in my heart,
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God—his name be ever blessed—
Has set my spirit free;
Nor turned from him my poor request,
Nor turned his heart from me.

66.

THIRD PART, C. M.

Praises to God.

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

67.

C. M.

Prayer for the Enlargement of the Church.

1 SHINE on our land, Jehovah! shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our courts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land.
With fruitfulness and peace.

5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

67.

S. M.

The Conquest of all Nations.

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord! incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;—

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Oh! let them shout and sing,
Dissolved in pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous judge and king,
Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord! combine
To praise thy glorious name.

67.

7s.

Praise from all Nations.

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace!
Show the brightness of thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour! shine;
Fill thy church with light divine;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour-King;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man his blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below and all above,
One in joy, in light, in love.

68.

FIRST PART, L. M.

The majesty of God.

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations! in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He rides, and thunders through the sky,
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace!
Ye saints! rejoice before his face.

3 He breaks the captives' heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels, who dispute his will.
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

4 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He 's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

68.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Christ's Ascension.

1 LORD! when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel-men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

69.

L. M.

The Sufferings of Christ.

1 DEEP in our hearts, let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul!

2 Yet, gracious God! thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins that we had done.

3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

4 Oh! for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

69.

C. M.

Sufferings of Christ for Sinners.

1 FATHER! I sing thy wondrous grace,
  I bless my Saviour's name;
He brought salvation for the poor,
  And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress hath raised us high;
  His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law, which mortals broke,
  And finished all thy will.

3 Zion is thine, most holy God!
  Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchased by his blood,
  For thine own Israel waits.

4 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
  To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
  And join t' advance his praise.

70.

L. M.

Prayer for Christ's Presence.

1 OH! haste, with every gift inspired,
With glory, truth, and grace attired

Thou star of heaven's eternal morn!
Thou sun, whom beams divine adorn!

2 Assert the honor of thy name,
And fill thy foes with fear and shame;
To help thy chosen sons appear,
And show thy power and glory here.

3 Let saints be glad before thy face,
And grow in love, and truth, and grace;
Thy church shall blossom in thy sight,
Yield fruits of peace and pure delight.

4 Oh! hither, then, thy footsteps bend;
Swift as a roe, from hills descend;
Shine like the Sabbath's cheerful ray,
Till life unfolds eternal day.

70.

7s.

Prayer in Darkness.

1 HASTEN, Lord! to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like armed bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.

2 Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

3 Those that seek thee shall rejoice;
I am bound with misery;
Yet I make thy law my choice;
Turn, my God! and look on me.

4 Thou mine only helper art,
My redeemer from the grave,
Strength of my desiring heart;
Do not tarry, haste to save.

71.

FIRST PART, C. M.

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

1 MY God! my everlasting hope!
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;

Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

4 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They 'll read thy love in every page,
In every line—thy praise.

71.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 MY Saviour! my almighty friend!
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father-God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I 'll plead thy perfect righteousness;
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
With this delightful song,
I 'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

71.

THIRD PART, C. M.

Sustaining Grace implored.

1 GOD of my chilhood and my youth!
The guide of all my days,

I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savor of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
Oh! may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love.

71.

S. M.

Early Instruction.

1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learned so young,
To read his holy word.

2 Dear Lord! this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

3 Oh! may thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

4 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learned in vain.

72.

FIRST PART, L. M.

The Kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;

His grace, on fainting souls, distills
Like heavenly dew, on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light;
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

72.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning-sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

'72.

7s and 6s.

The Blessings of Christ's Kingdom.

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.

72.

7s.

The Reign of Christ.

1 HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway;
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel-call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord:
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record;
All his wondrous love proclaim.

73.

L. M.

Awful Result of the Sinner's Prosperity.

1 LORD! what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur and repine;
To see the wicked, placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor, shine!

2 But, Oh! their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Their fancied joys,—how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues.

4 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord! 't is enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

73.

FIRST PART, C. M.

God, our Portion, here and hereafter.

1 GOD! my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness:
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 But to draw near to thee, my God?
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

73.

SECOND PART, C. M.

The End of the Wicked.

1 NOW I'm convinced, the Lord is kind
To men of hearts sincere;
Yet once my foolish thoughts repined,
And bordered on despair.

2 I grieved to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,—
"How pleasant and profane they live!
How peaceful is their death!"

3 Yet, while my tongue indulged complaints,
I felt my heart reprove;—
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
And grieve the men I love."

4 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retired to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

5 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner sit,
High mounted on a slippery place,
Beside a fiery pit.

6 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honors in a dream were lost,
And he awoke in hell.

73.

S. M.

The Mystery of Providence.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honor shine.

3 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

4 Thy word with light and power,
Did my mistake amend;
I viewed the sinners' life before,
But here I learned their end.

5 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And Oh! that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!

6 Lord! at thy feet I bow;
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

74.

C. M.

The Church in Affliction.

1 WILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,—
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes, so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Oh! come to our relief in haste;
Aloud our ruin calls;
See, what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

4 And still, to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace—
Thy power and grace are gone.

5 No prophet speaks to calm our grief,
But all in silence mourn;
Nor know the times of our relief,—
The hour of thy return.

75.

L. M.

Power and Government from God.

1 TO thee, most Holy and most High!
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,—
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 Let haughty sinners sink their pride;
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the powers that God hath made.

3 Such honors never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'T is God, the judge, doth one advance;
'T is God that lays another low.

4 Now shall the Lord exalt the just,
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
Our lips shall sing his praise aloud.

76.

C. M.

God's Destruction of his ancient Foes.

1 IN Judah, God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he received their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

3 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God!
What haughty monarchs fell;
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

4 What power can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears?
When heaven shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.

5 When God, in his own sovereign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppressed,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he 'll restrain the rest.

77.

C. M.

Despondency overcome.

1 TO God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear;
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And filled my heart with fear.

2 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

3 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Remembering what thy hand hath wrought,
Thy hand is still the same.

4 I 'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,—
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could help no more.

5 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men who love thy word
Have, in thy sanctuary, known
The counsels of the Lord.

77.

7s and 6s.

Seeking God in Affliction.

1 IN time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord! my feeble cries;
With humble supplication
To thee my spirit flies;
My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 The days of old, in vision,
Bring banished bliss to view;
The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew;
Remembered songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thoughts.

3 Hath God cast off for ever?
Can time his truth impair?
His tender mercy never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath he his loving-kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
No; this is my own blindness,
That cannot see his path.

4 Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known:
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in thee alone:
Thy deeds, O Lord! are wonder;
Holy are all thy ways:
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth thy praise.

78.

C. M.

The Works of God recounted to Posterity.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,—
His works of power and grace;
And we 'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

79.

L. M.

Prayer for Israel.

1 ARISE, great God! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Israel's race;
Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
Recall them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal;
Their tresspass hide, their pardon seal;
O God of Israel! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart;
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

80.

L. M.

Prayer in Declension.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel!
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep;

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Hast thou not planted, with thy hand,
A lovely vine in this our land?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

4 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, O Lord! look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

5 Return, almighty God! return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

81.

S. M.

Warning to God's People.

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a cheerful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour-God;
Let Israel hear his voice:—

2 "From vile idolatry
Preserve my worship clean;
I am the Lord who set thee free
From slavery and from sin.

3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,
And I'll supply them well;
But if ye will refuse your God,
If Israel will rebel;—

4 "I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
To their own lusts a prey,
And let them run the dangerous road;—
'T is their own chosen way.

5 "Yet, Oh! that all my saints
Would hearken to my voice;
Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 "While I destroyed their foes,
I 'd richly feed my flock,
And they should taste the stream that flows
From their eternal rock."

82.

L. M.

God, the Supreme Ruler.

1 AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater ruler takes his seat;
The God of heaven, as judge, surveys
Those gods on earth and all their ways.

2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

3 They know not, Lord! nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord! and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our judge, and he our God.

83.

S. M.

God arising to subdue Opposers.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Awake, almighty God!
Assume thy sovereign sway;
Before thy throne bid sinners bow,
And yield their hearts to thee.

3 Then shall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word—
JEHOVAH—is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

84. FIRST PART, L. M.

The Pleasure of public Worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls, who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

84. SECOND PART, L. M.

Public Worship; or Grace and Glory.

1 GREAT God! attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

84.
FIRST PART, C. M.
The House of God.

1 MY soul! how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends, and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God! thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

84.
SECOND PART, C. M.
Absence from the Sanctuary.

1 O LORD! my heart cries out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

2 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity,
Employed in carnal joys.

3 Lord! at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

4 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

84.
FIRST PART, H. M.
Longing for the House of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant, and how fair,

The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 Oh! happy souls who pray
Where God appoints to hear;
Oh! happy men who pay
Their constant service there;
They praise thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh! glorious seat,
When God, our King,
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

84.

SECOND PART, H. M.

The Sabbath in the House of God.

1 TO spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy,
Than thousand days beside;
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence;
He shall bestow,
On Jacob's race,
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good witholds

From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts!
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

84.

THIRD PART, H. M.

Longing for God's House.

1 HOW lovely and how fair,
O Lord of hosts! to me
Thy tabernacles are!
My flesh cries out for thee;
My heart and soul, with heaven-ward fire,
To thee, the living God, aspire.

2 Lord God of hosts! give ear,
A gracious answer yield;
O God of Jacob! hear:
Behold! O God, our shield!
Look on thine own anointed One,
And save through thy beloved Son.

3 Lord! I would rather stand
A keeper at thy gate,
Than at the king's right hand,
In tents of worldly state;
One day within thy courts—one day
Is worth a thousand cast away.

4 God is a sun of light,
Glory and grace to shed;
God is a shield of might,
To guard the faithful head;
O Lord of hosts! how happy he,—
The man who puts his trust in thee.

84.

5s and 6s.

The Delights of God's House.

1 HOW honored, how dear,
That sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God!
'Mid worldly commotion,
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,—
The house of thy saints.

2 Oh! happy the choirs
Who praise thee above:
What joy tunes their lyres!
Their worship is love:
Yet, safe in thy keeping,
And happy they be,
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in thee.

3 Though rugged their way,
They drink, as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow:
The God they rely on
Their strength shall renew,
Till each, brought to Zion,
His glory shall view.

4 Thou Hearer of prayer!
Still grant me a place,
Where Christians repair
To the courts of thy grace:
More blest, beyond measure,
One day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure
By worldlings enjoyed.

5 The Lord is a sun;
The Lord is a shield:
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed:
He hears the distressed,
He succors the just;
And they shall be blessed,
Who make him their trust.

85.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Deliverance begun and completed.

1 LORD! thou hast called thy grace to mind,
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom;
So God forgave, when Israel sinned,
And brought his wandering captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turned to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord!
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfill thy word:
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He 'll speak, and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

85.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ, the Lord, came down from heaven;
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

86.

C. M.

A general Song of Praise to God.

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There 's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord!
Nor are their works, like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wondrous things;
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord! I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thy heavenly ways;
And my poor scattered thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

87.

L. M.

The Birth-Place of the Saints.

1 GOD, in his earthly temple, lays
Foundation for his heavenly praise;

He likes the tents of Jacob well;
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning-vows,
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below!
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'T will be an honor to appear,
As one new-born, or nourished there.

87.

8s and 7s.

Glory of the Church.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
To supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove!
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows his thirst t' assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation, hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

88.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Death, not the End of our Being.

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life!
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make her children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake,
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring;
Through heaven, with joy, their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

88.

SECOND PART, L. M.

The Day of Grace.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon,—ah! soon,—approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners! haste, Oh! haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God he 's found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

88.

S. M.

The last Account.

1 I SAW, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepared to scan, with strict account,
The blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath, like flaming fire,
In hell for ever burns;
And, from that hopeless world of wo,
No fugitive returns.

3 Ye sinners! fear the Lord,
While yet 't is called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

4 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
O sinners! then your injured God
Will heed your cries no more.

88.

7s and 6s.

Continual Prayer.

1 LORD God of my salvation!
To thee, to thee I cry:
Oh! let my supplication
Arrest thine ear on high:
Distresses round me thicken;
My life draws nigh the grave:
Descend, O Lord! to quicken;
Descend, my soul to save.

2 Thy wrath lies hard upon me,
Thy billows o'er me roll;
My friends all seem to shun me,
And foes beset my soul;
Where'er on earth I turn me,
No comforter is near;
Wilt thou, too, Father! spurn me?
Wilt thou refuse to hear?

3 No;—banished and heart-broken,
My soul still clings to thee;
The promise thou hast spoken
Shall still my refuge be:
To present ills and terrors
May future joy increase,
And scourge me from my errors
To duty, hope, and peace.

89.

L. M.

Covenant with Christ, the true David.

1 FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord:
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heaven, established by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,—
"With thee my covenant first is made;
In thee shall dying sinners live;
Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 "Be thou my prophet, thou my priest;
Thy children shall be ever blest:
Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
Shall stand eternal, like my own."

4 Now let the church rejoice, and sing
Jesus, her Saviour, and her King;
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

89.

FIRST PART, C. M.

The Faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speaks a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there 's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies:

The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts! thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thine unchanging love.

89.

SECOND PART, C. M.

A blessed Gospel.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

89.

THIRD PART, C. M.

Humble Worship.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth, compared with thine?

3 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou makest the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thin
And the dark world of hell;

How did thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

89.

FOURTH PART, C. M.

The Mercies of God.

1 THE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue;
Oh! happy they who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too.

2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age thy word shall run,
And chance and change defy.

3 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.

4 Thine is the earth, and thine the skies,
Created at thy will;
The waves at thy command arise,
At thy command are still.

5 In earth below, in heaven above,
Who—who is Lord like thee?
Oh! spread the gospel of thy love,
Till all thy glory see.

89.

L. P. M.

Death and the Resurrection.

1 THINK, mighty God! on feeble man,—
How few his hours! how short his span!—
Short from the cradle to the grave;
Who can secure his vital breath,
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?

2 Lord! shall it be for ever said,—
"The race of man was ever made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"

Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?
Lord! where's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach, and pain:
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat his loud—Amen.

90.

L. M.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God!
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne, ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned to a man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord! was just,—
"Return, ye sinners! to your dust."

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning-flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

90.

FIRST PART, C M.

God, the Help of the Saints.

1 O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;

Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting thou art God,—
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust—
"Return, ye sons of men!"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

90.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Breathing after Heaven.

1 RETURN, O God of love! return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
In all thy beauty, Lord!
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

90.

THIRD PART, C. M.

Preparation for Death.

1 LORD! if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Almighty God! reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;

Oh! let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

3 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

90.

S. M.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

1 LORD! what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life—how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas the brittle clay,
That built our body first!
And every month, and every day,
'T is mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We 'll keep their end in sight;
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

90.

7s.

New-Year's Day.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little,—none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;

As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord! our spirits raise,—
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew:
From this moment may we live
With eternity in view:
Bless the word to young and old;
Shed abroad a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

91.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Divine Protection amid Dangers.

1 HE that hath made his refuge, God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there, at night, shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say,—"My God! thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I, who am formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;—
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire;
God is thy life,—his wings are spread,
To shield thee with a healthful shade.

5 If vapors, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight-death,
Israel is safe: the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

91.

SECOND PART, L. M.

The Security of the Saints.

1 WHAT though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand, ten thousand died?

Thy God his chosen people saves,
Among the dead, amid the graves.

2 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons,—his careful eye
Passed all the doors of Jacob by.

3 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

4 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfill their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord! to thee.

91.

C. M.

Exhortation to trust in God.

1 YE sons of men! a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care.

2 He 'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

3 "Because on me they set their love,
I 'll save them," saith the Lord;
"I 'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.

4 "My grace shall answer when they call,
In trouble I 'll be nigh:
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.

5 "Those who on earth my name have known,
I 'll honor them in heaven;
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be given."

91.

FIRST PART, 8s and 7s.

The Divine Protection.

1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;

In his secret habitation,
Dwell, and never be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief, reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

91..

SECOND PART, 8s and 7s.

An Evening-Psalm.

1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening-blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

92.

FIRST PART, L. M.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God! my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace,—how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord! I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

92.

SECOND PART, L. M.

The Church, the Garden of God.

1 LORD! 't is a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 Laden with fruits of age, they show,
The Lord is holy, just and true:
None who attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful, or unkind.

92.

S. M.

Public Worship.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord!
Thy glorious name to sing,

To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those, who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

92.

7s.

Praise to God in the Sanctuary.

1 THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou by whom we live and move!
Oh! how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song!
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All thy favors to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows;
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.

3 From thy works our joys arise,
O thou only good and wise!
Who thy wonders can declare?
How profound thy counsels are!
Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
Grateful fervors still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

93.

FIRST PART L. M.

The eternal and sovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,—
Thyself, the ever-living God.

3 Like floods, the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies:
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!—
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure,
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

93.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Dominion and Power of God.

1 THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty arrayed;
His rule omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were stretched abroad,
Thine awful throne was fixed above:
From everlasting thou art God.

3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise—
Aloud the angry tempests roar,
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam and lash the trembling shore.

4 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas;
He speaks!—and noise and tempest fly;
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure;
Eternal holiness is thine;
And, Lord! thy people should be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

93.

S. P. M.

The Majesty of God.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord!

3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

4 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

93.

5s and 6s.

God's Servants should praise Him.

1 YE servants of God!
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name, all-victorious,
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,

Ascribing salvation
To Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne!"—
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son:
Immanuel's praises
The angels proclaim;
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing,—
With angels above,—
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

94.

C. M.

Help in God.

1 HAD not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustained my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul among the dead.

2 "Alas! my sliding feet," I cried;
Thy promise was my hope;
Thy grace stood constant at my side,
Thy spirit bore me up.

3 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

95.

L. M.

Warning against Delay.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign King;—rehearse
His honors in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word;

He is our Shepherd ;—we the sheep,
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day ;
The counsels of his love obey ;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew

4 Look back, my soul ! with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead :
Attend the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

5 Seize the kind promise, while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates ;
Believe,—and take the promised rest ;
Obey,—and be for ever blest.

95.

C. M.

Preparation for Prayer.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks, approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing ;
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,—
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls, adore ;
Come, kneel before his face :
Oh ! may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

4 Now is the time ;—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request ;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

95.

S. M.

Immediate Obedience.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;

The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;—

6 The Lord, in vengeance dressed,
Will lift his hand and swear,—
"You, that despise my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

95.

H. M.

Seeking God to-day.

1 COME, let us gladly sing
To God, our Saviour-King;
With thanks his presence seek,
In psalms his praises speak;
He 's God most high; let all draw nigh,
And crown him—Lord of earth and sky.

2 He gave the mountains birth,
He made this spacious earth;
His are the sea and land—
They rose at his command:
With reverence all before him fall,
And on his name devoutly call.

3 Come, kneel before his throne,
For he is God alone;
We are the flock he leads—
The sheep his bounty feeds:
To-day,—to-day,—his voice obey;—
Grieve not the Holy Ghost away.

95.

8s.

Public Worship.

1 OH! come, let us sing to the Lord,
In God, our salvation, rejoice;

In psalms of thanksgiving, record
His praise, with one spirit, one voice:
Jehovah is King, and he reigns—
The God of all gods, on his throne;
The strength of the hills he maintains;
The ends of the earth are his own.

2 The sea is Jehovah's—he made
The tide its dominion to know;
The land is Jehovah's—he laid
Its solid foundation below:
Oh! come, let us worship and kneel
Before our Creator, our God;
The people who serve him with zeal,
The flock whom he guides with his rod.

96.

C. M.

Christ's first and second Coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Ye tribes of every tongue!
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations,—"Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne."

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains! sink, ye vallies! rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes,—he comes to bless
The nations, as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread,
To see their Judge appear!

96.

S. M.

Praise due to God alone.

1 NOW let our songs arise,
In new exalted strains;
Let earth repeat it to the skies;—
The Lord, the Saviour, reigns!

2 Sing to the Lord, our God,
And bless his sacred name;
His great salvation, all abroad,
From day to day proclaim.

3 Mid heathen nations place
The glories of his throne;
And let the wonders of his grace
Through all the earth be known.

4 Great is th' eternal Lord,
And great must be his praise:
O'er all the gods, on high adored,
His mightier arm he 'll raise.

5 Through earth, let every tribe,
Let every nation, sing:
Glory, and grace, and might ascribe
To our eternal King.

96.

L. P. M.

The God of the Gentiles.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise;
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathen know;
His wonders to the nations show;
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties,—how divinely bright!
His temple,—how divinely fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barb'rous nations fear his name!
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And, in his courts, his grace proclaim.

97.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 HE reigns! the Lord, the Saviour, reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes;
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire;—
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints! on high,
And sing, for your redemption 's nigh.

97.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Christ's Incarnation.

1 THE Lord is come;—the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name:
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages, to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies!
Go worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Judah shout, and Zion sing.
And earth confess her sovereign King.

97.

THIRD PART, L. M.

Grace and Glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky:
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;

Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

3 Rejoice, ye righteous! and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None, but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

97.

C. M.

The Reign of Christ.

1 YE isles and shores of every sea!
Rejoice—the Saviour reigns:
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

4 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their upward flight,
And leave the world on fire.

5 The seeds of joy and glory, sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

98.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Praise for the Gospel.

1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honors be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blessed.

2 He spake the word to Abraham first;
His truth fulfills his grace:
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her different tongues;

And spread the honor of his name,
In melody and songs.

98.

SECOND PART, C. M.

The joyful Reign of Christ.

1 JOY to the world,—the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth,—the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace.
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

98.

THIRD PART, C. M.

Christ's first and second Coming.

1 TO God address the joyful psalm,
Who wondrous things hath done;
Whose own right hand, and holy arm,
The victory have won.

2 He, to the Gentile nations round,
Hath made his mercy known;
And to the world's remotest bound
His justice shall be shown.

3 The promised Saviour meekly came,
And man's full ransom paid;
Again he comes, his own to claim,
In awful pomp arrayed.

4 He comes with power,—he quits the skies,
To punish and reward;
Oh! let one general chorus rise
To praise the sovereign Lord.

99.

FIRST PART, S. M.

The Majesty and Grace of Jehovah.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns!—
Let all the nations fear;

Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns!—
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfill his word.

3 In Zion is his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth, and judgment join,
In all his works of grace.

99. SECOND PART, S. M.

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

1 EXALT the Lord, our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, and Samuel prayed,—
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same:
Still he 's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

100. FIRST PART, L. M.

Praise to our Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth! rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 't is he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;

We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

100.

SECOND PART. L. M.

The sovereign Jehovah.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations! bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

100.

C. M.

The Creator adored.

1 SING, all ye lands!—with rapture sing,
And bless Jehovah's name;
With loud hosannas hail your King,—
Bow down—your God proclaim.

2 Know that the Lord is God alone,—
'T is he who made us all;
His people—we his sceptre own,
His sheep—we hear his call.

3 Enter his gates, with shouts of joy,
And in his courts bow down;
Let heart-felt thanks your tongues employ,
And him your sovereign crown.

4 For he is good beyond all praise,
No bounds his mercy knows;
His truth endures through endless days,
His grace for ever flows.

100.

H. M.

God's Goodness and Truth.

1 SING to the Lord most high:
Let every land adore;
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and his power:
With cheerful songs
Declare his ways,
And let his praise
Inspire your tongues.

2 Enter his courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
He formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word;
With wide command,
He spreads his sway
O 'er every sea
And every land.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We feed upon his care,
And in his pastures live:
With cheerful songs
Declare his ways,
And let his praise
Inspire your tongues.

4 Good is the Lord our God,
His truth and mercy sure;
While earth and heaven shall last,
His promises endure
With wide command,
He spreads his sway
O'er every sea
And every land.

100.

7s.

Praise from all Lands.

1 OH! be joyful in the Lord,
Every land beneath the sun!
In his praise with glad accord,
Let all tongues and hearts be one:
For our God is God alone,
Whose we are, and not our own;
We his people are—the sheep
He will ever rule and keep.

2 Come, and join the joyous throng
Who Jehovah's praise proclaim:
In his courts, with grateful song,
Speak the honors of his name:
Rich his bounty to our race;
Inexhaustible his grace;
Ready to forgive and bless;
Ever sure his faithfulness.

100.

11s and 8s.

Thanksgiving and Praise in the Sanctuary.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth!
Oh! serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all:
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 Oh! enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

101.

L. M.

The Magistrate's Song.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God! my righteous King!
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2 If I am raised to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside:
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honor, wealth, and trust;
The men, that work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.

102.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Men mortal—the Church safe.

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race·
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord! aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow should assuage;—
"Our Father and our Saviour live:
Christ is the same through every age."

4 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm and high,
Thy church for ever must abide.

5 Before thy face, thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be raised again.

102.

SECOND PART, L. M.

The unchanging God.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame!
Our souls adore thine awful name,
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Before thine infinite survey,
Creation rose as yesterday;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond the highest angel's sight.
Thou dwellest in eternal light,
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and systems waste away.

4 Our days a transient period run
And change with every circling sun;
And while to lengthened years we trust,
Before the moth we sink to dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies;—

6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see;
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

102.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes:
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death;
And, when his saints complain,

It shan't be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known, when we are dead,
And left on long record;
That ages, yet unborn, may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

102.

SECOND PART, C. M.

A Prayer for the Afflicted.

1 HEAR me, O God! nor hide thy face;
But answer, lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

2 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

3 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

4 Thou wilt arise and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long-expected day.

5 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And, by mysterious ways,
Redeems the pris'ners doomed to die;
And fills their tongues with praise.

102.

THIRD PART, C M.

God unchangeable amid Changes of Creation.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same.
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth,
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee, the beauteous arch of heaven,
With matchless skill, was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,

Be, like a vesture laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

102.

7s.

Prayer in Affliction.

1 HEAR my prayer, Jehovah! hear;
Listen to my humble cries;
See the day of trouble near;
Heavy on my soul it lies.

2 Hide not, then, thy gracious face,
When the storm around me falls;
Hear me, O thou God of grace!
In the time thy servant calls.

3 Earth and hell their censures pour,
Madly rage against my soul:
When my God appears no more,
Who their fury can control?

4 Hide not, then, thy gracious face,
When the storm around me falls;
Hear me, O thou God of grace!
Hear me when thy servant calls.

103.

FIRST PART, L. M.

The Goodness and Mercy of God celebrated.

1 BLESS, O my soul! the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers, within me, join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'T is he, my soul! who sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:

The Gentile with the Jew shall join,
In work and worship so divine.

103.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Forgiveness—gentle Chastisement.

1 THE Lord,—how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth, how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne;
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens, above our head;
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature placed,
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 But his eternal love is sure;
To all the saints it shall endure:
From age to age, his truth shall reign;
Nor children's children hope in vain.

103.

FIRST PART, S. M.

The Mercies of God.

1 OH! bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness
And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins,
'T is he relieves thy pain,
'T is he who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;

He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

103.

SECOND PART, S. M.

Praise to God for his Mercies.

1 OH! bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim:
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!

103.

THIRD PART, S. M.

Mercy in the midst of Judgment.

1 MY soul! repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread;

So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning-flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord!
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

103. FOURTH PART, S. M.

God's Dominion; or, angelic Praise.

1 THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fixed his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels! great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfill.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom, show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul!
Shalt sing his graces too.

104. L. M.

God's Majesty as the Creator and sovereign King.

1 MY soul! thy great Creator praise;
When clothed in his celestial rays,

He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

2 The heavens are for his curtains spread;
Th' unfathomed deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies,
On winged storms, across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word;
And the whole race of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

5 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

6 In thee, my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

105.

C. M.

Covenant with Abraham remembered.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His covenant, which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind,
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessings sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 Like pilgrims through the countries round,
Securely they removed;
And haughty kings, who on them frowned,
Severely he reproved.

5 Thus guarded by th' almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possessed
Canaan, the rich, the promised land,
And there enjoyed their rest.

6 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

105.

7s.

Encouragement to seek God.

1 OH! give thanks unto the Lord;
All his wondrous deeds proclaim:
Every tongue his praise record;
Every heart adore his name.

2 Seek the Lord, his grace implore,
On his love your trust repose;
Seek his presence evermore;
There lay down your cares and woes.

3 Ye, who make the Lord your choice,
Call to mind his works of love;
Tell his wonders, and rejoice
In your King who reigns above.

4 Thou, O Lord! art true and just;
Thou wilt crown, with sure success,
All the waiting souls that trust
In thy love and faithfulness.

106.

FIRST PART, L. M.

God praised for his Goodness and Mercy.

1 OH! render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord!
Thou to thy chosen doth afford;
When thou returnest to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 Oh! render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

106.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Praise to God for his Greatness and Mercy.

1 TO God, the great, the ever-blessed,
Let songs of honor be addressed;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfill thy boundless praise?—
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And, with the same salvation, bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 Oh! may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice:
This is my glory, Lord! to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

106.

S. M.

Israel punished and pardoned.

1 GOD of eternal love!
How fickle are our ways!
And yet, how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung:
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmured with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow,
Now with their sins provoke the Lord,
Till he reduced them low.

4 Yet when they mourned their faults,
He hearkened to their groans;
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts
And called them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book;
He saved them from their foes;
Oft he chastised, but ne'er forsook,
The people whom he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who loved their ancient race;
And christians join the solemn word,—
Amen,—to all the praise.

107. FIRST PART, L. M.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God—he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 So when our first release we gain
From sin's own yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,—
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

4 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

5 Oh! let us, then, with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord;
How great his works—how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

107. SECOND PART, L. M.

The Seaman's Song.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind:
Till God commands,—and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 When land is far and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

4 Oh! may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord.
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

107.

C. M.

Servants of God safe.

1 HOW are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When, by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past;
And humbly hope for more.

107.

FIRST PART, 7s.

Divine Guidance.

1 THANK and praise Jehovah's name,
For his mercies firm and sure,
From eternity, the same,
To eternity, endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where, from flowery hills, the springs
Through luxuriant vallies flow.

4 Oh! that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

107.

SECOND PART, 7s.

The Dangers of the Ocean.

1 THEY who toil upon the deep,
And in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep,
With the billow and the gale,
Mark what wonders God performs,—
When he speaks, and, unconfined,
Rush to battle all his storms,
In the chariots of the wind.

2 Up to heaven their bark is whirled,
On the mountain of the wave;
Down as suddenly 't is hurled
To th' abysses of the grave;
To and fro they reel—they roll,
As intoxicate with wine;
Terrors paralize their soul,
Helm they quit, and hope resign.

3 Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear:
Oh! that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

108.

C. M.

A Morning-Song.

1 AWAKE, my soul! to sound his praise,
Awake, my harp! to sing;
Join, all my powers! the song to raise,
And morning-incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,

Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the starry frame;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy name.

4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above;
While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

109.

C. M.

The Example of Christ.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise!
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When, in the form of mortal man,
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compassed him around.

3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursued;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice raged without a cause;
Yet, with his dying breath,
He prayed for murderers on his cross,
And blessed his foes in death.

5 Lord! shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul a-kin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And, in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

110.

L. M.

Christ exalted as a King and Saviour.

1 THUS God, th' eternal Father, spake
To Christ, the Son—"Ascend and sit

At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
Where holiness, in beauty, shines."

4 Oh! blessed power—Oh! glorious day—
How large a vict'ry shall ensue;—
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning-dew.

110.

C. M.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord! ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning-dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;—
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more."

4 Jesus, our priest, for ever lives,
To plead for us above:
Jesus, our king, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

5 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

111.

FIRST PART, C. M.

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;

He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme,
That his first thoughts designed.

4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure;
The orders, that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he 's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will.

111.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Perfections of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord;—his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure;
Holy and reverend is his name;
His ways are just and pure.

4 Great is the Lord;—his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Oh! let th' assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

112.

L. M.

Blessings of the Charitable.

1 THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word;
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 His soul, well-fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amid the darkness, light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

4 He hath dispersed his alms abroad;
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
Nor shall his hope of heaven be vain.

112.

C. M.

Liberality rewarded.

1 HAPPY is he who fears the Lord,
  And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
  Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast,
  To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request,
  With blessings on his seed.

3 In times of danger and distress,
  Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
  And give him peace divine.

4 His works of piety and love
  Remain before the Lord;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
  Shall be his sure reward.

112.

L. P. M.

Blessings of the liberal Man.

1 THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
  His seed on earth shall be renowned;

His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honors crowned.

2 His liberal favors he extends;
To some he gives, to others lends;
A generous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he 's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestowed,
His glory's future harvest sowed:
The sweet remembrance of the just
Like a green root revives, and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;
His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul, that 's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

113.

FIRST PART, L. M.

God, sovereign and gracious.

1 YE servants of th' almighty King!
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty:
Nor time nor place his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories—how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love! he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends, yet more, to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust, and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honor of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

113.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Praise for God's Condescension.

1 SERVANTS of God! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest:
Above the heavens his power is known;
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God?—so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan,
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in him who trust.

5 Servants of God! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

113.

7s.

The Condescension of God.

1 HALLELUJAH! raise, Oh! raise
To our God the song of praise:
All his servants! join to sing
God, our Saviour, and our King.

2 Blessed be for evermore
That dread name which we adore!
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

3 O'er all nations God alone,—
Higher than the heavens his throne;
Who is like our God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

4 Yet to view the heavens he bends;—
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

5 He the broken spirit cheers,
Turns to joy the mourner's tears:
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name,—for ever praise.

113.

L. P. M.

Majesty and Condescension of God.

1 YE who delight to serve the Lord!
The honors of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Armed with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things:
His sovereign hand exalts the poor;
He takes the needy from the door,
And fits them for the thrones of kings.

114.

L. M.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes, with cheerful homage, own
Their King,—and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march, and fled,
With backward current, to his head.

3 What power could make the deep divide—
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

4 Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching **God**!
The King of Israel—see him here!
Tremble, thou earth! adore, and fear.

115.

L. M.

The true God; our hope and trust.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
Eternal God! thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true!

2 The God we serve maintains his throne,
Above the clouds, beyond the skies:
Through all the earth his will is done;
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

3 O Israel! make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the ~~priest~~. Minister.

4 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence in the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

116.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Grateful Recollections.

1 I LOVE the Lord;—his gracious ear
Was opened to my mournful prayer;
He heard my supplicating voice,
And bade my fainting heart rejoice.

2 Return, my soul! and sweetly rest
On thy almighty Father's breast;
The riches of his grace adore,
And tell his wondrous mercies o'er.

3 What shall I render to the Lord?
Or how his matchless grace record?
To him my grateful voice I'll raise,
And pour libations to his praise.

4 His crowded courts shall see me pay
The vows of my distressful day;
In life and death, the saints shall find
Their guardian God for ever kind.

116.

SECOND PART, L. M.

The Saint's Rest.

1 RETURN, my soul! unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares,
From hourly woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements—Satan's snares.

2 Return unto thy rest, my soul!
From all the wanderings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death, made whole—
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

3 Then to thy rest, my soul! return,
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn—
Lay hold upon eternal life.

4 God is thy rest;—with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest;—with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

116.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Thanks for restoring Mercy.

1 I LOVE the Lord;—he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord;—he bowed his ear,
And chased my griefs away;
Oh! let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray.

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplexed my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cried, "thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just!
Thy power can rescue from the grave—
Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul! to God thy rest
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

116. SECOND PART, C. M.

Vows made in Trouble, paid in the Church.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight—
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are—
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord! I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine—for ever thine;
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints! who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

116. 7s.

Help from God in Time of Trouble.

1 O THOU God who hearest prayer,
Every hour and every where!
Listen to my feeble breath,
Now I touch the gates of death;
For his sake whose blood I plead,
Hear me in the hour of need.

2 Hear and save me, gracious Lord!
For my trust is in thy word;

Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within;
May I know myself thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

3 Thou art merciful to save—
Thou hast snatched me from the grave;
I would kiss the chastening rod,
O my Father and my God!
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace!

4 Leave me not, my strength, my trust!
Oh! remember I am dust:
Leave me not again to stray;
Leave me not the tempter's prey:
Fix my heart on things above;
Make me happy in thy love.

117.

L. M.

Exhortation to Universal Praise.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

117.

C. M.

Praise to God from all Nations.

1 O ALL ye nations! praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land,—
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand,—
Praise ye the faithful God.

117.

S. M.

Praise to God for his Truth and Grace.

1 THY name, almighty Lord!
Shall sound through distant lands;

Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning-light, and evening-shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

117.

H. M.

Universal Praise.

1 JEHOVAH'S praise sublime
Through the wide earth be sung ;
Ye realms of every clime !
Ye tribes of every tongue !
His infinite compassion bless—
His ever-during faithfulness.

117.

7s.

Praise from all Lands.

1 ALL ye nations ! praise the Lord ;
All ye lands ! your voices raise ;
Heaven and earth ! with loud accord,
Praise the Lord—for ever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love !
Praise him, from the depths beneath ;
Praise him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker,—all that breathe !

118.

L. M.

A new Song of Salvation by Christ.

1 LO ! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse !
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy, and the Jews.

2 Great God ! the work is all divine,—
The joy and wonder of our eyes !
This is the day that proves it thine—
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners ! rejoice, and, saints ! be glad ;
Hosanna ! let his name be blest :

A thousand honors, on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!

4 In God's own name, he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King,
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

118. FIRST PART, C. M.

Deliverance from a Tumult.

1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heaven affords its aid.

2 'T is safer, Lord! to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 'T is through the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

4 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days;
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

118. SECOND PART, C. M.

Public Praise for Deliverance.

1 LORD! thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescued from the grave;—
Now shall he live—for none can die,
Whom God resolves to save.

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chastised him sore,
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we will worship there;
The house where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints,
Our thankful voice we raise;

Here we have told thee our complaints,
And here we speak thy praise.

118.

THIRD PART, C. M.

Christ, the Foundation of his Church.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone,
Which God, in Zion, lays
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear;
And saints adore his name:
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood?
Yet must the building rise:
'T is thine own work, almighty God!
And wondrous in our eyes.

118.

FOURTH PART, C. M.

The Lord's Day.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord! descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise;

The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

118.

S. M.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SEE, what a living stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord! is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine;
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made:
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints!—he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord!
Our sacrifice of praise.

119.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Afflictions sanctified.

1 FATHER! I bless thy gentle hand,—
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God.

2 'T is good for me to bear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'T is good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

3 The law, that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more

Than all the treasures of the south,
Or richest hills of golden ore.

4 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit formed my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

5 Then all, who love and fear the Lord,
In my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have trusted in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

119.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Afflictions sanctified by the Word.

1 OH! how I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way;
I think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health?
What are all joys, compared with those,
Thine everlasting word bestows?

3 Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed:
Thou madest me feel thy chastening rod,
And straight I turned unto my God.

4 What though it pierced my fainting heart?
I bless the hand that caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal wo.

119.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Blessedness of Saints.

1 BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practice thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law,
How firm their souls abide!

Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name.

119. SECOND PART, C. M.

Constant Converse with God.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God! I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace;
Thy promise bears me up:
And, while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

4 When midnight-darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

119. THIRD PART, C. M.

Sincerity and Obedience.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God!
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path
I think upon my ways;

Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now I am thine,—for ever thine;—
Oh! save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

119.

FOURTH PART, C. M.

Instruction from the Scriptures.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad;
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

119.

FIFTH PART, C. M.

Delight in the Law.

1 OH! how I love thy holy law!
'T is daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word:
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord!

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!

And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home?
'T is my perpetual feast;
Not honey, dropping from the comb,
So much delights my taste.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well-refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,—
And there I write thy praise.

119. SIXTH PART, C. M.

Conflict with Sin, and Comfort from the Word.

1 LORD! I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just:
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day
To form my actions right.

3 My heart in midnight-silence cries,—
"How sweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compared with mine.

119. SEVENTH PART, C. M.

Excellency of the Scriptures.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God! if once compared with thine.
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,

Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go!

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

119.

EIGHTH PART, C. M.

Comfort from the Bible.

1 LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.

3 'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies:—

4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest:—
Our fairest hope, beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

119.

NINTH PART C. M.

Teaching of the Spirit with the Word.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord!
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

3 When I confessed my wandering ways,
Thou heardest my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

4 When I have learned my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways:
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.

119.

TENTH PART, C. M.

Pleading with God.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord!
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Does not my heart address thy throne?—
And yet thy love delays.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
Oh! bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
That dare reproach my hope.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust, as well as fear.

119.

ELEVENTH PART, C. M.

Breathing after Holiness.

1 OH! that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still;
Oh! that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 Oh! send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Or act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord!
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I 've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands—
'T is a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

119.

TWELFTH PART, C. M.

Confession and Prayer.

1 MY God! consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinned against thy grace,
I can 't forget thy laws.

2 Forbid,—forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord! for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

4 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord!
And show thy grace the same;
Thy tender mercies still afford
To those that love thy name.

119.

THIRTEENTH PART, C. M.

Holy Fear, and Tenderness of Conscience.

1 WITH my whole heart I 've sought thy face;
Oh! let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace!
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I 've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I 'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;

My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men trangress thy word.

4 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh, with holy trembling, fears
The judgments of the Lord.

5 My God! I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

119.

FOURTEENTH PART, C. M.

Benefit of Affliction.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord!
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 't is good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

4 I know thy judgments, Lord! are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

5 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

119.

FIFTEENTH PART, C. M.

Pious Resolutions.

1 OH! that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind:
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord!
Shall be my sweet employ;

My soul shall ne'er forget thy word ;—
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large !

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name ;
I 'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

119.

SIXTEENTH PART, C. M.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
Lord ! give me life divine ;
From vain desires and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road ?

4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face ?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace !

5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word ;
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

119.

SEVENTEENTH PART, C. M.

The Bible, our Light.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;

Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of heaven's eternal day.

119. EIGHTEENTH PART, C. M.

The Spirit and the Word.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

119. S. M.

The Bible, the Guide of the Young.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God! to thee I pray:
Oh! bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;

Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 Oh! let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my foll'wing days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclined;
Come, Saviour! dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

120.

C. M.

Complaint of Strife, and Desire for Peace.

1 THOU God of love, thou ever-blest!
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
From lips that love deceit?

2 Oh! might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

3 Peace is the blessing that I seek;
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace,—but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

4 Should burning arrows smite them through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

121.

L. M.

God's guardian Care.

1 HE lives—the everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood;
The heavens, with all their host, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

2 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning-smiles adorn the day;
He spreads the evening-veil, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

3 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;

Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

4 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch;—no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord;—his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

6 On thee foul spirits have no power:
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, who trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

121.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Confidence in God.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

3 Israel! rejoice, and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

4 No scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

5 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

121.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Help in God.

1 ENCOMPASSED with ten thousand ills,
Pressed by pursuing foes,

I lift mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence salvation flows.

2 My help is from the Lord, who made
And governs earth and sky;
I look to his almighty aid,
And ever-watching eye.

3 He, who thy soul in safety keeps,
Shall drive destruction hence;
The Lord, thy keeper, never sleeps,
The Lord is thy defence.

4 The sun, with his afflictive light,
Shall harm thee not by day;
Nor thee the moon molest by night,
Along thy tranquil way.

5 Thee shall the Lord preserve from sin,
And comfort in distress;
Thy going-out and coming-in
The Lord, thy God, shall bless.

121.

H. M.

God, our Protector.

1 TO God I lift mine eyes,
From him is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made.
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide
And fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening-air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:

Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head,
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I 'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

121.

7s.

Israel's Keeper.

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade!
Welcome to my wearied head:
Welcome, slumber! to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities.

2 That kind eye, which cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep:
By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest.

3 What if death my sleep invade,
Should I be of death afraid?
While encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

4 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest:
Welcome, sleep or death, to me,—
Still secure, if still with thee.

122.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Going to Church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,—
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

122.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Public Worship on the Sabbath.

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord! how fair!
Where willing vot'ries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! Oh! deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel—
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread, with grateful zeal, around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God! we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

122.

C. P. M.

The Sabbath and the Sanctuary.

1 THE festal morn, my God! is come,
That calls me to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

2 With holy joy I hail the day,
That warns my thirsting soul away;
What transports fill my breast!
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest.

3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions that contain
Th' angelic forms,—an awful train,—
And shine with cloudless day.

4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

122.

S. P. M.

Going to Church.

1 HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,—
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion! thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase—
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows;—
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

123.

C. M.

Pleading with Submission.

1 O THOU! whose grace and justice reign,
Enthroned above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain;
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look;—

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God!
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,—
That God will not despise.

123.

7s.

Waiting on God.

1 LORD! before thy throne we bend;
Now to thee our prayers ascend:

Servants, to our Master true,
Lo! we yield thee homage due:
Children, to thy throne we fly,
Abba—Father! hear our cry.

2 Low before thee, Lord! we bow,
We are weak—but mighty thou:
Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
Here we wait thy holy will,
Bound to earth and rooted here,
Till our Saviour-God appear.

3 Leave us not beneath the power
Of temptation's darkest hour:
Swift to seal their captives' doom,
See our foes exulting come!
Jesus, Saviour! yet be nigh,
Lord of life and victory.

124.

L. M.

Song for Deliverance.

1 HAD not the Lord,—may Israel say,—
Had not the Lord maintained our side,
When men to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide;—

2 The swelling tide had stopped our breath;
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallowed deep in death,—
Proud waters had o'erwhelmed our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escaped the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird, with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who formed the earth, and built the skies:
He, who upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

125.

FIRST PART, C. M.

The Saint's Safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand,
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
That trusts th' almighty hand.

2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord! with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, the Lord, is gone.

25.

SECOND PART, C. M.

The Safety of the Saints.

1 WHO make the Lord of hosts their tower,
Shall like Mount Zion be,
Immoveable by mortal power,—
Built on eternity.

2 As round about Jerusalem,
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them
Who hold by his right hand.

3 The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Against the just prevail,
Lest innocence should find a snare,
And tempted virtue fail.

4 Do good, O Lord! do good to those
Who cleave to thee in heart,
Who on thy truth alone repose,
Nor from thy law depart.

5 While rebel-souls, who turn aside,
Thine anger shall destroy,
Do thou in peace thy people guide
To thine eternal joy.

125.

S. M.

The Saint's Safety in Trial.

1 FIRM and unmoved are they,
Who rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God, and his almighty love,
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke?
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord! with those
Whose faith and pious fear,—
Whose hope and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their heart sincere.

125.

8s, 7s and 4.

The God of Zion.

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded,—
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:—
Happy Zion!
What a favored lot is thine.

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee:—
God, thine everlasting light.

126.

L. M.

Joyful Change.

1 WHEN God, from sin's captivity,
Sets his afflicted people free,—
Lost in amaze, their mercies seem
The transient raptures of a dream.

2 But soon their ransomed souls rejoice,
And mirth and music swell their voice,
Till foes confess, nor dare condemn,
"The Lord hath done great things for them."

3 They catch the strain and answer thus—
"The Lord hath done great things for us,
Whence gladness fills our hearts, and songs
Sweet and spontaneous, wake our tongues."

4 Who sow in tears shall reap in joy:
Nought shall the precious seed destroy;
Not long the weeping exiles roam,
But bring their sheaves rejoicing home.

26. FIRST PART, C. M.

The Change effected by Grace.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work!"—my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work!"—my heart replied,—
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those, who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come:
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

26. SECOND PART, C. M.

The mercy of God to his People.

1 YE servants of the living God!
Let praise your hearts employ;
And, as you tread the heavenly road,
Lift up the voice of joy.

2 Have they not reason to rejoice,
Whose sins have been forgiven;
Called by a gracious Father's voice
To be the heirs of heaven?

3 How do the captive's transports flow,
When rescued from his chains!
And how must sinners joy to know
Their great deliverer reigns!

4 Oh! grant us, Lord! to feel and own
The power of love divine;

The blood that doth for sin atone,
The grace which makes us thine.

5 The spirit of adoption give:
Teach us, with every breath,
To sing thy praises while we live,
And bless thy name in death.

127. L. M.

The Blessing of God neccessary to Success.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread:

3 'T is all in vain, till God hath blessed;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sovereign make them so.

4 Happy the man, to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends;
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are seasoned with his love.

127. C. M.

Effort in vain without God.——

1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
A useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning-beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare,
In vain, till God has blessed;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Not children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

127.

8s and 7s.

Protection aud Success are from God.

1 VAINLY through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm ;—
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless ;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies ;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed,
He will grant us peace and rest ;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

128.

C. M.

Happiness of the Pious.

1 OH ! happy man, whose soul is filled,
With zeal and reverend awe ;
His lips to God their honors yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head ;
Shall on the labors of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfill
For months and years to come :
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

4 This is the man, whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase ;
Shall see the sinking church arise,—
Then leave the world in peace.

129.

C. M.

Persecutors punished.

1 UP from my youth,—may Israel say,
Have I been nursed in tears ;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth, I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assailed my riper age,
But not destroyed my life.

3 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And, with impartial eye,
Measured the mischiefs they had done,
And let his arrows fly.

4 How was their insolence surprised
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seized
With horror to the soul.

5 Thus shall the men, who hate the saints,
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their prospects die.

130.

L. M.

Pardoning Grace.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God! I raise my cries:
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;—
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

130.

C. M.

Trust in a pardoning God.

1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,

I sent my cries to seek thy grace,—
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord!
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

5 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good, as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

130.

FIRST PART, S. M.

Waiting on a gracious God.

1 FROM lowest depths of wo,
To God I send my cry;
Lord! hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

2 Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who could the trial bear?
Forgive, O Lord! lest we despond
And quite renounce thy fear.

3 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,—
Thy never-failing word.

4 My longing eyes look out
For thine enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning-watch
To hail the dawning day

5 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and fountain whence
Eternal succor flows.

130. SECOND PART, S. M.

Mourning in spiritual Darkness.

1 OUT of the depths of wo,
To thee. O Lord ! I cry :
Darkness surrounds me, but I know,
That thou art ever nigh.

2 Then hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint ;
Thou bidst the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

3 I cast my hope on thee ;
Thou canst, thou wilt forgive :
Wert thou to mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live ?

4 Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin ;
Lord ! I am knocking at thy gate,
Open and let me in.

5 Though storms thy face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,—
His bow is in the cloud.

130. 7s.

The Child-like Temper.

1 QUIET, Lord ! my froward heart ;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art ;
Make me as a weaned child ;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
'T is enough that thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to move one step alone ;—
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, guard, and guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears;
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

131.

C. M.

Humility and Submission.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God! and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord! I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father! with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

131.

7s.

An acquiescent Temper.

1 LORD! for ever at thy side,
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken,—I believe,
Though the prophecy were sealed.

3 Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Saints! rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust:
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

132. FIRST PART, L. M.

The Church, the Dwelling-Place of God.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God?—
A dwelling for th' eternal mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blest.

3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever," saith the Lord;
"Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 "Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners, who wait before my door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 "The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joy, shall shout and sing;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King."

132. SECOND PART, L. M.

Promise of the Reign of Christ as the Son of David.

1 LORD! for thy servant David's sake,
Perform thine oath to David's Son:
Thy truth thou never wilt forsake;
Look on thine own anointed One.

2 The Lord in faithfulness hath sworn
His throne for ever to maintain;
From realm to realm, the sceptre borne
Shall stretch, o'er earth, Messiah's reign.

3 Zion, my chosen hill of old,
My rest, my dwelling, my delight,
With loving-kindness I uphold;
Her walls are ever in my sight.

4 There David's horn shall bud and bloom,
The branch of glory and renown;
His foes my vengeance shall consume;
Him with eternal years I crown.

132.

C. M.

Prayer for the Reign of Christ.

1 ARISE, O King of grace! arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter, with all thy glorious train,—
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

133.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Brotherly Love.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren who agree;—
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite,
In bands of piety.

2 When streams of love, from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:—

3 'T is like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'T is pleasant as the morning-dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distill.

133.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Excellence of Christian Unanimity.

1 SPIRIT of peace, celestial Dove!
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.

2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distills,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills:—

3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

133.

S. M.

Union and Peace.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning-dew, distills,
And all the air is love.

133.

H. M.

Christian Friendship.

1 HOW beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree,
In friendship, to unite,
And bands of charity!
'T is like the precious ointment shed,
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'T is like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers:
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers:
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands—
E'en life for ever more:
Thrice happy they who meet above,
To spend eternity in love.

133.

S. P. M.

The Blessings of Friendship.

1 HOW pleasant 't is to see
Kindred and friends agree!
Each in their proper station move;
And each fulfill their part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'T is like the ointment, shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet!
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distills.

133.

6s and 4s.

Unity of Love.

1 BEHOLD! how good and sweet
For brethren thus to meet,
With one accord!
Sweet as the fragrance spread,
When, over Aaron's head,
The rich perfume was shed,
That pleased the Lord.

2 As Hermon's dew distills,
Or that on Zion's hills,
To swell their store,—
So God doth shed his grace
On every dwelling-place,
Where love illumes the face,—
Life evermore.

134.

FIRST PART, C. M.

Daily and nightly Devotion.

1 YE who obey th' immortal King!
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning-light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night,
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts,
With rays of quickening grace;
The God who spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

134.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Constant Devotion.

1 BLESS ye the Lord with solemn rite,—
In hymns extol his name;
Ye who, within his house, by night,
Watch round the altar's flame!

2 Lift up your hands amid the place,
Where burns the sacred sign,
And pray, that thus Jehovah's face
O'er all the earth may shine.

3 From Zion, from his holy hill,
The Lord, our Maker, send
The perfect knowledge of his will,—
Salvation without end.

135.

L. M.

General Praise.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord,—exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts we wait,
Ye saints! who to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord,—the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Bless him, all ye who taste his love!
People and priests! exalt his name;
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

135.

C. M.

Praise due to God alone.

1 AWAKE, ye saints! to praise your King
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord,—and works unknown
Are his divine employ:
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth and sea confess his hand;
He bids the vapors rise;
Lightning and storms, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 Ye saints! adore the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honors there.

136.

L. M.

Thanks for Creation and Redemption.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;—
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong;—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:

Wonders of grace to God belong;—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning-light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent his Son, with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

136.

C. M.

Wondrous Works of God.

1 GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord;—
His mercies still endure;
And be the King of kings adored;—
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth and sea, he framed alone:
How wide is his command!

3 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move;
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!

4 He sent to save us from our woe—
His goodness never fails—
From death and hell, and every foe,—
And still his grace prevails.

5 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King;
His mercies still endure:
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

136.

H. M.

The Wonders of Creation and Grace.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,—
The universal Lord,—
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his name adored:

Thy mercy, Lord!
Shall still endure;
And ever sure,
Abides thy word.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders he hath done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone:
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

3 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in:
Thy mercy, Lord!
Shall still endure;
And ever sure,
Abides thy word.

4 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe:
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

5 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing:
Thy mercy, Lord!
Shall still endure;
And ever sure,
Abides thy word.

136.

FIRST PART, 7s.

God's Mercies sure.

1 LET us, with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

136.

SECOND PART, 7s.

God's enduring Mercy.

1 TO our God loud praises give,—
Source of good to all who live:
Praise his name, whose mercy sure
Shall eternally endure.

2 To the Lord your homage bring,—
God of gods—of kings the King:
For his mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.

3 Praise him for his deeds of might,
For his greatness infinite,
For his mercy, free and sure,
Which doth evermore endure.

4 He, by wisdom, built the skies,
And bade earth from ocean rise;
Filled the sun with glorious light,
Gave the moon to rule the night.

5 He beheld us when brought low,
And redeemed us from the foe:

He doth every blessing give;
By his bounty all things live.

6 Oh! give thanks—your voices raise
To the God of heaven, in praise;
For his mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.

137. FIRST PART, L. M.

The Desolations of Zion lamented.

1 WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept—with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Zion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings, neglected hung,
On willow-trees that withered there.

3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

4 O Salem, our once-happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.

5 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.

137. SECOND PART, L. M.

The Remembrance of Zion.

1 O ZION! when I think on thee,
I wish for pinions like the dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.

2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh:
Thither the ransomed nations come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.

3 While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few, that I can call my friends,
Are like myself with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

4 But we shall yet behold the day
When Zion's children shall return:
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

5 The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captives' portion sweet:
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

137.

L. M. 6 Lines.

Zion in Captivity.

1 WHERE Babylon's broad rivers roll,
In exile we sat down to weep,
For thoughts of Zion o'er our soul
Came, like departed joys, in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though fled for ever from our eyes.

2 Our harps upon the willows hung,
Where, worn with toil, our limbs reclined;
The chords, untuned, and trembling, rung
With mournful music, on the wind,
While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried,—"Sing us one of Zion's songs."

3 How can we sing the songs we love,
Far from our own delightful land?—
If I prefer thee not above
My chiefest joy, may this right hand,
Jerusalem!—forget its skill,
My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still.

137.

S. M.

Love to the Church.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,

These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toil be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

5 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

137.

10s.

The captive Tribes.

1 ALONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
The captive bands in deep despondence strayed;
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

2 The tuneful harp that once with joy they strung,
When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay,
Was now in silence on the willows hung,
While growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

3 Their proud oppressors to increase their wo,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

4 But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's bands the sacred anthems raise?
' O hapless Salem! God's terrestial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!—

5 "If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame,
My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease."

138.

L. M.

Praise for Divine Protection.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;

Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 I 'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I 'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

139.

FIRST PART, L. M.

The Omniscience of God.

1 LORD! thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Oh! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

139.

SECOND PART, L. M.

The ever-present God.

1 COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord! could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

2 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'T is there thou dwellest enthroned in light;

Or plunge to hell, there justice reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

3 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

4 Or, should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

5 Oh ! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

139.

THIRD PART, L. M.

The wonderful Formation of Man.

1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God ! I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaim thy skill divine.

2 Great God ! my feeble nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise;
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

3 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

4 These on my heart are still impressed;
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

139.

L. M. 6 Lines.

God, good and omniscient.

1 HOW precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God ! to me—how great the sum !
New every morn, they never cease;
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number and in compass more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

2 Search me, O God! and know my heart,
Try me, my secret soul survey:
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way:
So shall thy truth my guidance be,
In life and immortality.

139.

FIRST PART, C. M.

God every-where.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord! or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they 're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh! wondrous knowledge, deep and high
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

139.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Omniscience of God.

1 LORD! where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire—
In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 Should I suppress my vital breath
To shun the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death
And make the grave resign.

3 If, winged with beams of morning-light,
I fly beyond the west,

Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

4 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight-hour,
Are both alike to thee :
Oh ! may I ne'er provoke that power,
From which I cannot flee.

139. THIRD PART, C M.

The Mercies of God.

1 LORD ! when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise ;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh, with fear and wonder, stands,
The product of thy skill ;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep ;
How kind, how dear to me !
Oh ! may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

139. C. M. 6 Lines.

God spiritually present.

1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high ;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God ! art nigh ;—

2 Art nigh, and yet my lab'ring mind
Feels after thee in vain,—
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to thy seat attain ;—
Thy messenger—the stormy wind ;
Thy path—the trackless main.

3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim ;
They thunder forth thy praise—

The glorious honor of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways:
But thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in the solar blaze.

4 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wild fields of air:
The waves obey thy dread control;
Yet still thou art not there:
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
Who yet is every where?

5 Oh! not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his spirit rest:
Oh! come, thou Presence infinite,
And make thy creature blest.

140.

S. M.

A Complaint against personal Enemies.

1 MY God! while impious men,
With malice in their heart,
My peace destroy, my life defame,
Thy guardian grace impart.

2 Oh! hear my humble cry;
Their fondest hope destroy;
Their arts confound; their plots disclose,
And blast their envious joy.

3 Thou wilt sustain the poor,
And bid th' afflicted sing:
Before thee shall thy children dwell,—
Their Father, and their King.

141.

L. M.

Christian Watchfulness.—A morning-Psalm.

1 MY God! accept my early vows,
Like morning-incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening-sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord!
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path, where sinners lead.

3 Oh! may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite, and reprove my wandering way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I 'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And, by my warm petitions, prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

142.

C. M.

Looking to God in Trouble.

1 TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints, before his throne,
I poured out all my grief.

2 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone;
While friends and strangers passed me by,
Neglected and unknown.

3 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And called thy mercy near;—
"Thou art my portion when I die;
Be thou my refuge here."

4 Lord! I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes, who vex me, know,
I 've an almighty Friend.

5 From my sad prison set me free;
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

43.

FIRST PART, L. M.

Prayer in Affliction.

1 MY righteous Judge! my gracious God!
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succor from thy throne;
Oh! make thy truth and mercy known.

2 Look down in pity, Lord! and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long-buried and forgot.

3 My thoughts, in musing silence, trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace:
Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up.

4 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?—
And God for ever hide his love?

143.

SECOND PART, L. M.

Mental Afflictions and Trials.

1 HEAR me, O Lord! in my distress,
Hear me, in truth and righteousness;
For at thy bar of judgment tried,
None living can be justified.

2 Lord! I have foes—without, within,—
The world, the flesh, in-dwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
And Satan, roaring to devour.

3 Oh! let me not thus hopeless lie,
Like one condemned at morn to die;
But, with the morning, may I see
Thy loving-kindness visit me.

4 Teach me thy will, subdue my own;
Thou art my God, and thou alone;
By thy good Spirit, guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.

5 Release my soul from trouble, Lord!
Quicken and keep me by thy word;
May all its promises be mine;
Be thou my portion,—I am thine.

144.

L. M.

The Goodness of God.

1 THE Lord is gracious to forgive,
And slow to let his anger move;
The Lord is good to all that live,
And all his tender mercy prove.

2 Glorious in majesty art thou;
Thy throne for ever shall endure;
And angels at thy footstool bow;—
Yet dost thou not despise the poor.

3 The Lord upholdeth them that fall;
He raiseth men of low degree:
O God, our health! the eyes of all,—
Of all the living, wait on thee.

4 Thou openest thine exhaustless store,
And rainest food on every land;
The dumb creation thee adore,
And eat their portion from thy hand.

5 Man, most indebted, most ingrate,
Man only, is a rebel here:
Teach him to know thee, ere too late;—
Teach him to love thee, and to fear.

144.

FIRST PART, C. M.

The spiritual Victory.

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield:
He sends his Spirit, with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise:
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

144.

SECOND PART, C. M.

The Frailty of Man.

1 LORD! what is man—poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust!

2 Oh! what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace?

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown—
How wondrous is his love!

145. FIRST PART, L. M.

The Greatness of God.

1 MY God! my King! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for thee.

3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm, with joy, proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,—
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

145. SECOND PART, L. M.

God s Goodness.

1 YE sons of men! with joy, record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound,
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,—
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing, earth! in verdant robes arrayed,
With herbs and flowers, with fruits and shade,
View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide thy Maker reigns.

4 But Oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love:—
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.

5 Thither, my soul! with rapture soar;
There, in the land of praise, adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay—
Demands an everlasting day.

145.

FIRST PART, C. M.

The Greatness of God.

1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King! my God of love!
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord—his power unknown;
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men, who hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 The world is managed by thy hands;
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

145.

SECOND PART, C. M.

Goodness of God.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God! my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness,
In sounds of glory, sing.

2 God reigns on high,—but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food:
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

145.

THIRD PART, C. M.

Goodness of Providence.

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all!
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor who fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou givest the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And, their best wishes to fulfill,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

6 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

146.

L. M.

Praise for divine Goodness and Truth.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord!—my heart shall join,
In work so pleasant, so divine:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God;—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

4 He loves his saints,—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

146.

L. P. M.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God;—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 He loves his saints,—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

147.

L. M.

Praise for divine Grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord!—'t is good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;

His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He formed the stars—those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,—
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned!

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

5 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

147.

C. M.

The Seasons.

1 WITH songs and honors, sounding loud,
   Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
   And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
   To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
   And corn in vallies grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
   Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
   And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
   Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
   In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word, and melts the snow
   The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
   And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors, sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

148.

L. M.

Universal Praise to God.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell!
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known:
Loud as his thunder, shout his praise,
And sound it lofty, as his throne.

3 Jehovah—'t is a glorious word;
Oh! may it dwell on every tongue;
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

148.

S. M.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 LET every creature join,
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts! the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams!
And moon, with paler rays!
Ye starry lights! ye twinkling flames!
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors! when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,—
Ye thunders! murm'ring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flaming fire!
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above,
His honors be expressed;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

148.

H. M.

Praise from all Creatures.

1 YE tribes of Adam! join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright!
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays!
And moon that rules the night!
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare,
Ye floods on high!
And clouds that fly
In empty air!

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command:
He spake the word,
And all their frame,
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4 Let all the nations fear
The God who rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honors high.

148.

C. P. M.

Praise from all Creatures.

1 BEGIN, my soul! th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name;
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens!—his vast abode,
Ye clouds! proclaim your Maker, God,—
Ye thunders! speak his power:
Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,
In triumph, walks th' eternal King;—
Th' astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps! with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies;—
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air!
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs! and sing;—
Ye feathered warblers of the spring!
Harmonious anthems raise
To him, who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,—
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath, in praise, employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

148.

8s and 7s.

Praise to God.

1 PRAISE the Lord;—ye heavens! adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon! rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light:

2 Praise the Lord,—for he has spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord,—for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high! his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation!
Praise and magnify his name.

148.

7s.

Praise for the Works of Creation.

1 HERALDS of creation! cry—
"Praise the Lord—the Lord most high!"
Heaven and earth! obey the call,
Praise the Lord—the Lord of all:

2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light:
He commanded—nature heard,
And stood fast, upon his word.

3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,—
Spirits perfected in love!
Sun and moon! your anthems raise,
Sing, ye stars! your Maker's praise.

149.

C. M.

The Saints judging the World.

1 ALL ye who love the Lord! rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amid the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, who lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
Ev'n on a dying bed;
And, like the souls in glory, sing;—
For God shall raise the dead.

5 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,

Thrones are prepared for all his friends
Who humbly loved him here.

150.

C. M.

Public and universal Praise.

1 IN God's own house, pronounce his praise
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life and breath!
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

150.

H. M.

Praise on Earth and in Heaven.

1 IN Zion's sacred gates,
Let hymns of praise begin,
Where acts of faith and love,
In ceaseless beauty shine:
In mercy there,
While God is known,
Before his throne,
With songs appear.

2 The trumpet's martial voice,
The timbrel's softer sound,
The organ's solemn peal,
His praises shall resound:
To swell the song,
With highest joy,
Let man employ
His tuneful tongue.

3 In heaven, his house on high,
Ye angels! lift your voice;
Let heavenly harps resound,
And happy saints rejoice:
The glories sing,
That ever shine,
With pomp divine,
Around your King.

150.

7s.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 PRAISE the Lord—his power confess;
Praise him in his holiness;
Praise him as the theme inspires;
Praise him as his fame requires.

2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around;
Let the harp unite, in praise,
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3 Let the organ join to bless
God—the Lord of righteousness;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.

4 All who dwell beneath his light!
In his praise, your hearts unite;
While the stream of song is poured,—
Praise and magnify the Lord.

150.

7s and 6s. Peculiar.

Praise from all living.

1 PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show;
Praise him for his noble deeds;
Praise him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around,
The great Immanuel's name;
Let the gospel-trumpet sound;
Him the Prince of peace proclaim:
Praise him, every tuneful string!
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring—
The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
And homage to our King;
Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven, on earth adored;

Praise the Lord in every breath ;—
Let all things praise the Lord.

150.

7s, 6s and 7s.

The universal Chorus.

1 HALLELUJAH !—Praise the Lord,
In the heights of glory ;
Hosts of heaven ! with one accord,
Shout the joyful story ;
Praise him for his mighty deeds,
Praise ye him, whose grace exceeds
All that heaven in songs concedes ;
Worlds of bliss ! his praise record.

2 Praise him with the trumpet's tongue,
Far and wide resounding ;
Praise him with the harp well-strung,
While your hearts are bounding ;
Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre ;
Let his praise the lute inspire ;
Praise him in a mighty choir ;—
Let his praise be loudly sung.

3 Praise him with the viol's strings,
Waking joyous feeling ;
While the vault of glory rings
With the organ's pealing :
Let the cymbals ring his praise,
Wake the clarion's grandest lays,
Praise the Lord through endless days :—
Lo ! his praise creation sings.

150.

6s and 4s.

Praise in the Courts of God.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,
Praise through his courts proclaim,—
Rise and adore :
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove—
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame :

There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound!
Roll your deep notes around—
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string;—
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose;—
Praise ye the Lord.

HYMNS

ADAPTED TO

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMNS.

THE SCRIPTURES.

1.

C. M.

The Bible suited to our Wants.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh! may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

2.

L. M.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

3.

C. M.

The Holy Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord!
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

3 Here, consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows;—
No danger dwells therein.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;—
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

5 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

4.

L. M.

A Saviour seen in the Scriptures.

1 NOW let my soul, eternal King!
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee, with humble homage, bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But, in thy blessed word, I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, Oh! let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

5.

C. M.

Revelation welcomed.

1 HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing, o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.

2 Jesus! thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 Oh! send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

6.

L. M.

The Blessings of the new Covenant.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power and grace of God.

3 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes,
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here, shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh! grant us grace, almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

5 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near mine eye,—
Till life's last hour, my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

7.

L. M.

A written Revelation.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord!
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises—how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith, with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

8.

L. M.

The Power of Truth.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;—
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive,—
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me doth engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

GOD.

9.

L. M.

Existence of God.

1 THERE is a God!—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See!—from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise!

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er!
Confess the footsteps of your God;
Bow down before him and adore.

10.

C. M.

Creation and Providence.

1 LORD! when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence hath shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
Oh! let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord! thy grace impart;
Oh! teach me to improve
Thy gifts, with ever-grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

11.

H. M.

Perfections of God's Government.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law:
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his perfect work,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs:
Strong is his arm—and shall fulfill
His great decrees—his sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name,—I love his word:
Join, all my powers! and praise the **Lord.**

12.

C. M.

God, the Creator.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 How wide thy hand hath spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;

Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—GOD.

5 But still, the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

3.

C. M.

God's eternal Dominion.

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears—
Great God! there 's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

4.

H. M.

Praise from all Creation.

1 ANGELS! assist to sing
The honors of your God;
Touch every tuneful string,
And sound his name abroad:
Come, pour the trembling notes along,
And swell the grand immortal song.

2 And, ye of meaner birth!
Your joyful voices raise;
Inhabitants of earth!
Your great Creator praise:
Let your hosannas joyful rise,
And shake the earth and pierce the skies.

3 Let day and dusky night,
In solemn order, join
His praises to recite,
And speak his power divine:
Let every hill and every vale
Re-echo with the sacred tale.

4 Let every creature sing
The honors of our God;
Touch every tuneful string,
And spread his praise abroad:
Come, pour the trembling notes along;
And swell the universal song.

15.

L. M.

Majesty of God.

1 COME, O my soul! in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But Oh! what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory, like a garment, wears;
To form a robe of light divine
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, through all his wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul! his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds repeat the song.

16.

7s.

Praise for temporal Mercies.

1 PRAISE to God!—immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous scource of every joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;—
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;—

3 These to that dear source we owe,
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4 Lord! to thee my soul should raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And, when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

17.

C. M.

Praise to the Creator.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories, how diffused abroad,
Through all creation's frame!

2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays;
And does, a thousand ways, express
Her undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
Her great Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.

4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And oft to God my soul ascend,
In grateful songs of praise.

18.

H. M.

Rejoicing in God.

1 TO your Creator, God,
Your great preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand!
Your highest notes of praise:
Let every voice
Proclaim his power,
His name adore,
And loud rejoice.

2 Let every creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme:

Let nature raise,
From every tongue,
A general song
Of grateful praise.

3 But Oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise
Above the rest;
Ye highly blest!
Declare his praise.

4 Assist me, gracious God!
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir:
Thy grace can raise
My heart, my tongue,
And tune my song
To lively praise.

19.

C. M.

Wonders of God's Love.

1 YE humble souls! approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, supremely good;
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel-worms;
'T is here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord! we come,
'T is here our hope relies;—
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls that trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God! to thine almighty love,
What honors shall we raise?
Not all th' angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.

20.

C. M.

The glory of God in Creation.

1 THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned!
'T was he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye;
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

4 How excellent, O Lord! thy name,
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, thy fame
With rising lustre shines.

5 These lower works that swell thy praise,
High as our thoughts can tower,
Are but a portion of thy ways,—
The hiding of thy power.

6 Millions before thy presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy, at thy right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

21.

11s.

The Mercy of God.

1 THY mercy my God! is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Free grace hath alone, from the first to the last,
Secured my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Thy mercy, has vanquished my obdurate heart,
That wonders to feel its own hardness depart:

Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I 've found.

3 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way
No sinner shall ever a place be denied,
Who comes seeking mercy through Jesus that died.

4 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I 'll sing, and its wonders I 'll tell:
'T was Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who opened the fountain of mercy for me.

22.

S. M.

God, all and in all.

1 MY God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord!

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle, where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

23.

C. M.

Confiding in God.

1 TO thee, my God! my heart shall bring
The lively, grateful song;
Attending kings shall hear me sing,
With rapture on my tongue.

2 Amid the glories of thy name,
Thy truth exalted shines;

A faithful God thy words proclaim,
In everlasting lines.

3 When, in the day of deep distress,
To thee, my God! I cried,
With strength divine, thy powerful grace
My fainting soul supplied.

4 Thou, Lord! wilt all my hopes fulfill,
To thee the work belongs;
Let endless mercy guide me still,
And tune my grateful songs.

24.

C. M.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 DEAR Father! to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'T is here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God! art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

25.

C. M.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

1 PERMIT me, Lord! to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call;
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all!

2 All I can wish is thine to give:
My God! I ask thy love,—
That greatest boon I can receive,—
The bliss of heaven above.

3 To heaven my restless heart aspires;
Oh! for a quickening ray,

To wake and warm my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.

4 The path to thy divine abode
Through a wild desert lies;
A thousand snares beset the road,—
A thousand terrors rise.

5 Satan and sin unite their art
To keep me from my Lord:
Dear Saviour! guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

6 My Guardian, my almighty Friend!
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend;
Be near, and I am blest.

26.

H. M.

Perpetual Praise.

1 TO thee, great Source of light!
My thankful voice I'll raise;
And all my powers unite
To celebrate thy praise;
And, till my voice is lost in death,
May praise employ my every breath.

2 And when this feeble tongue
Lies silent in the dust,
My soul shall dwell among
The spirits of the just;
Then, with the shining hosts above,
In nobler strains I'll sing thy love.

27.

C. M.

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,

While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I 'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

28.

S. M.

God, my Creator and Benefactor.

1 MY Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 The creature of thy hand,—
On thee alone I live;
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

3 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord! form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

4 Oh! let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

29.

C. M.

Thanks for Providence and Grace.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care;
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 Yet I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favors more divine;—

That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

4 When blest with that transporting view
That Jesus died for me,
For this sweet hope, what praise is due,
O God of grace! to thee?

5 Now shall my joyful powers unite,
In more exalted lays,
Till I shall join the sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

30.

L. M.

Imploring divine Influence.

1 MY God! whene'er my longing heart
Its grateful tribute would impart,
In vain my boldest thoughts arise,—
I sink to earth, and lose the skies.

2 Thy name inspires the harps above,
With harmony, and praise, and love;
That grace, which tunes th' immortal strings,
Looks kindly down on mortal things.

3 Oh! let thy grace guide every song,
And fill my heart and tune my tongue;
Then shall the strain harmonious flow,
And heaven's sweet work begin below.

31.

C. M.

Thanks for providential Favors.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts, on my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;

Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I 'll raise:
But Oh! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

32.

L. M.

Song of Gratitude and Praise.

1 GOD of my life! through all my days,
I 'll tune the grateful notes of praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
The notes of praise, ascending high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But Oh! when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,—
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies.

5 Then shall I learn th' exalted strains
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

33.

8s and 7s.

Praise to Jehovah.

1 SAINTS! with pious zeal attending,
Now a grateful tribute raise;
Joyful songs, to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

2 Round Jehovah's footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;

Here his milder grace revealing,
Here his wrath no thunder rolls.

3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unholy—thought of sin,—
Seize, Oh! seize the proffered blessing,—
Grace from God, and peace within.

4 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal, dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

34.

L. M.

Retirement and Devotion.

1 MY God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven—and there my God, I find.

35.

C. M.

God, our Refuge.

1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul!
On thee, when sorrows rise,—
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

3 But Oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;

The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

5 No,—still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
Oh! may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

6 Thy mercy-seat is open still:
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

36.

C. M.

Thirsting after God.

1 WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parched with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool refreshing stream:—

2 So longs the weary, fainting mind,
Oppressed with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.

3 Oh! may I thirst for thee, my God!
With ardent, strong desire;
And still, through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace aspire.

4 Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice;
My mourning voice wilt thou attend,
And grant me full supplies.

37.

C. M.

God, as seen in Nature.

1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;

The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There 's not a plant nor flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures that borrow life from thee,
Are subject to thy care;
There 's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

38.

C. M.

Rejoicing in God, our Father.

1 COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

3 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

4 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

39.

L. M.

Perfections of God in his Government.

1 JEHOVAH reigns—his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;

His glory shines, with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join:
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

40.

C. M.

God, all in all.

1 MY God, my portion and my love,
My everlasting all!
I 've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There 's nothing here deserves my joys:
There 's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light:
'T is thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw,—'t is night.

4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared with thee!
Or what 's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,—
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

41.

L. M.

God's Condescension.

1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs:
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

4 Oh! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace—
To the third heaven our songs should rise
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

42.

S. M.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice!
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh! for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,—
The Lord, your God, adore,
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

43.

L. M.

Men not comparable with God.

1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he?

2 Behold! he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they,
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint, and vanish like the moth.

4 Almighty Power! to thee we bow;
How frail are we—how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare,
With an eternal God, compare.

44.

L. M.

Praise to God.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him, who earth's foundation laid:
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation, as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 Whence, then, should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

4 Oh! for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith;
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

5 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more,
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

45.

C. M.

Goodness of God seen in his Works.

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever-new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn,
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill—the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove—the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see;
Oh! may our hearts, great God! be led
Through all thy works to thee.

46.

L. M.

Wisdom and Knowledge of God.

1 AWAKE, my tongue! thy tribute bring
To him, who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,—
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge—how profound!
A depth, where all our thoughts are drowned
The stars he numbers;—and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, Oh! what grace!—
Its wonders, Oh! what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines for ever bright;—
Praise him, my soul! with sweet delight.

47.

C M.

Sovereignty and Dominion of God.

1 KEEP silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chained to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds his book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

5 My God! I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes,—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

6 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh! may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

48.

H. M.

Faithfulness of God.

1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure
And steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears;
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;

But still the same,
In radiant lines,
The promise shines
Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres;
Mid all the shock
Of that dread scene,
I stand serene;—
Thy word, my rock.

49.

C. M

The glories of Redemption.

1 FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,-
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—

4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess,—
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 Oh! may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song:
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

50.

S. M.

The God of Mercy and Justice.

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;—

"Mercy and justice are the names,
By which I will be known.

2 "Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress!
Look from the borders of the pit,
To my recovering grace."

3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,—
Our righteousness and strength is found
In thee, the Lord, alone.

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

51.

C. M.

Almighty Power and Majesty of God.

1 THE Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks,—and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations! bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs! wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

52.

C. M.

God, holy, just, and sovereign.

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?

If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;
What vain presumers dare,
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war ?

3 Mountains, by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn ;
He shakes the earth, from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn

4 He bids the sun forbear to rise—
Th' obedient sun forbears :
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

5 He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on the stormy wind :
There 's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

53.

C. M.

The divine Purpose and Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep, in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

4.

C. M.

Love of God.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord!
And raise your soul above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that—God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show that—God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits,
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.

4 The work begun is carried on,
By power from heaven above;
And every step, from first to last,
Proclaims that—God is love.

5 Oh! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that—God is love.

5.

C. M.

The Sovereignty of God.

1 THY way, O God! is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My inward thoughts confound.

3 As, through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love,
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 Though but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the whole reveal
In glory's clearer light?

5 In rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

56.

7s.

Universal Praise to God.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,—
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,—
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious morning come?
No!—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

57.

C. M.

A faithful God.

1 BEGIN, my tongue! some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,—
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim—"Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines,
Nor can the powers of darkness raze,
Those everlasting lines.

5 His word of grace is sure and strong,
As that which built the skies:
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 Oh! might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper,—"Thou art mine;"
Those gentle words should raise my song,
To notes almost divine.

8.

7s.

Thanksgiving.

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong:
Saints and angels! join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Guarded by his watchful eye,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

9.

C. M.

Endless Praise.

1 YES—I will bless thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days,

And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes:
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

60.

L. M.

God acknowledged in national Blessings.

1 GREAT God of nations! now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God!
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here, Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;—
Here, thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety, through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light,
Through all our land, its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God! preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
Oh! spread thy truth's bright precepts here,—
Let all the people worship thee.

61.

L. P. M.

National Praise and Prayer.

1 WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim:

Through every age, Oh ! may we own,
Jehovah here has fixed his throne,—
And triumph in his mighty name.

2 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
Lord ! in our land, support thy reign ;
Crown her just counsels with success,
With truth and peace her borders bless,
And all thy sacred rights maintain.

CHRIST.

62.

C. M.

Christ's Nativity.

1 MORTALS ! awake ; with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay :
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,
And loud the echo rolled ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we repeat—
"Glory to God on high !"
Good-will and peace are now complete ;
Jesus is born to die.

63.

8s and 7s.

Christ, the Saviour, born.

1 HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art;
Long-desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver,—
Born a child, yet God our King,—
Born to reign in us for ever,—
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

64.

C. M

The Redeemer's Message.

1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,—
The Saviour, promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes,—the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst—
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes,–the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

65.

S M.

The Nativity of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the grace appear—
The blessing promised long!
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In their triumphant song:—

2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.

3 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:—

4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."

66.

7s.

Songs of the Angels.

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing,—
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,—
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations! rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host, proclaim,—
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Let us then with angels sing,—
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,—
God and sinners reconciled."

67.

H. M.

Joy at Immanuel's Birth

1 HARK! hark!—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark!—the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend;
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show;
Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll!
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men!
And all his grace proclaim;
Angels and men! wake every string,
'T is God the Saviour's praise we sing.

68.

8s and 7s.

The Songs of Angels.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices—
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;—
"Glory in the highest, glory—
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth! his praises sing:
Oh! receive whom God appointed,
For your prophet, priest, and king.

5 "Hasten, mortals! to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!"

69.

H. M.

The Birth of Christ.

1 HARK! what celestial notes,
What melody we hear!
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravished ear:
The tuneful shell,
The golden lyre,
And vocal choir
The concert swell.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine;
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join!
"Fear not," say they,
"Great joy we bring;—
Jesus, your King,
Is born to-day.

3 "He comes, from error's night,
Your wandering feet to save;
To realms of bliss and light,
He lifts you from the grave:
This glorious morn,
Let all attend;
Your matchless friend,
Your Saviour 's born.

4 "Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals! spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly,
To earth's remotest bound:
For peace on earth,
From God in heaven,
To man is given,
At Jesus' birth."

70.

8s and 7s.

The Incarnation.

1 SHEPHERDS ! hail the wondrous stranger,
Now to Bethle'm speed your way ;
Lo ! in yonder humble manger,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day :—

2 Christ, by prophets long-predicted,
Joy of Israel's chosen race ;
Light to Gentiles long-afflicted,
Lost in error's darkest maze.

3 Bright the star of your salvation,
Pointing to his rude abode !
Rapturous news for every nation :—
Mortals ! now behold your God !

4 Glad, we trace th' amazing story,
Angels leave their bliss to tell ;
Theme sublime, replete with glory—
Sinners saved from death and hell.

5 Love eternal moved the Saviour,
Thus to lay his radiance by ;
Blessings on the Lamb for ever—
Glory be to God on high !

71.

7s.

The Star in the East.

1 SONS of men ! behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star ;—
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

2 Never fear, that hence should flow
Wars or pestilence below :
Wars it bids, and tumults, cease,
Ushering in the Prince of peace.

3 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,—
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

4 Nations all ! far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear ;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

72.

C. M.

Joy of Angels at the Saviour's Birth.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin, and never cease!"

73.

8s, 7s and 4s.

Good Tidings of great Joy.

1 ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,—
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages! leave your contemplations—
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King

5 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains.
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

74.

11s and 10s.

Star of the East.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East!—the horizon adorning—
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold, would his favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,—
Dearer to God, are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star of the east!—the horizon adorning—
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

75.

C. M.

The Incarnation.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart, and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power
By whom the worlds were made,—
Oh! happy morn—illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed.

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

5 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let human tongues
Their grateful homage pay.

76.

C. M.

The Song of Angels.

1 ANGELS rejoiced and sweetly sung,
At our Redeemer's birth:
Mortals! awake; let every tongue
Proclaim his matchless worth.

2 Glory to God who dwells on high,
And sent his only Son
To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!

3 Good-will to men:—ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes with rich, abounding grace
To save, and not destroy.

4 Lord! send the gracious tidings forth,
And fill the world with light,
That Jew and Gentile, through the earth,
May know thy saving might.

5 Ye poor! who tremble at the word,
Distressed, and helpless too,—
Oh! come and welcome to the Lord,
For he was born for you.

77.

L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark!—to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,—
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;—
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

78.

C. M.

Christ's Commission.

1 COME, happy souls! approach your God,
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tributes of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love,
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus! were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ, on the kind errand, came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners! you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord! our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

79.

C. M.

Christ's Compassion to the Weak.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

80.

C. M.

God glorified in the Gospel.

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;

While power, and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,—
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,—
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

81.

L. M.

Peace and Hope through Christ's Intercession.

1 HE lives—the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father-God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But, in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On thee our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

82.

C. M.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 OH! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!

The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'T is music to my ravished ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own, that love is heaven.

83.

L. M.

Hosannas to Christ.

1 WHAT are those soul-reviving strains
That echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
Sweetly resound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 't is an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise:
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord, their righteousness.

4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear:
See David's son and Lord appear!
Glory and praise on earth be given,—
Hosanna in the highest heaven.

84.

C. M.

Jesus, my Trust.

1 JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'T is music to mine ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes,—thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;—
The healing balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath ;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,—
The antidote of death.

85.

C. M.

God reconciled in Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God!
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'T is by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again;
'T is by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But, if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast ;—
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

C. P. M.

86.

The Excellency of Christ.

1 OH! could I speak the matchless worth,—
Oh! could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I 'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I 'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

3 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I 'll spend—
Triumphant in his grace.

C. M.

87.

Christ, the living Fountain.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

88.

C. M.

Sun of Righteousness.

1 RISE, glorious Sun! supremely bright,
Diffuse thy rays abroad;
Scatter the shades of gloomy night,
And show the heavenly road.

2 With healing in thy wings, arise
On this dark soul of mine;
Oh! pour thy glories from the skies,
And give me life divine.

3 Though thorns and briers, pits and snares,
Beset the path I go,
One ray of thine dispels my fears,
And guides me safely through.

89.

S. M.

Christ, suffering for our Sins.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head,
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

5 "I 'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

90.

L. M.

The Teaching of Jesus.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,

While listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his foll'wers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wanderers! to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones! and rest;—
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey, and be for ever blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride! decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

91.

S. M.

Preserving Grace.

1 TO God, the only-wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints, below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer-God,
Wisdom, with power, belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

92.

L. M.

Love of Christ.

1 I WAS a traitor doomed to die,
Bound to endure eternal pains;

When Jesus saw me from on high,
Was moved by love, and broke my chains.

2 Did melting pity stoop so low,
The Lord from heaven pour out his blood,
To save our rebel-race from wo,
And be our advocate with God?

3 Infinite mercy! boundless love!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
The Son of God, his grace to prove,
Hangs on a tree, and groans, and dies!

93.

S. M.

The Light of the World.

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven:
But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain:
He sets the sons of bondage free
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord! we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace
And thine atoning blood.

94.

7s.

Sun of Righteousness.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,—
Christ, the true, the only light,—
Sun of Righteousness! arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high! be near,
Day-star! in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,—
Peace and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

95.

C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—Oh! amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

96.

C. M.

Pearl of great Price.

1 YE glittering toys of earth! adieu;—
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,—
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye flattering baits of sense!
Inestimable worth appears,—
The pearl of price immense.

3 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I 'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever blessed.

5 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires!
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the praise that grace inspires,
Since I can call thee mine.

97.

C. M.

Christ, our Support in Death.

1 JESUS! the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms:
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
While in the Saviour's arms.

2 And while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet the minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

98.

L. M.

Christ, our Wisdom and our Righteousness.

1 BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie, till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord, our righteousness.

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains:
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

4 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness:
Thou art our mighty All—and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord! to thee.

)9.

S. M.

All Things in Christ.

1 THOU very-present Aid
In suffering and distress!
The mind, which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me;
It makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Will all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in one:
And peace, and joy which never ends,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

100.

L. M.

The Mercy of God in Christ.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son, to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners! believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

101.

L. M.

Love of Christ in the Heart.

1 COME, dearest Lord! descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ, the Son.

102.

S. M.

Vital Union to Christ.

1 DEAR Saviour! we are thine
By everlasting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
Our hearts are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh! let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our head;
Shall form us to thine image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt and fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He 'll fix his members there.

103.

C. M.

God's Love in Christ.

1 THE Saviour!—Oh! what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless wo.

3 Oh! the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour! let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all!

104.

H. M.

Mission of Christ.

1 COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name!
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love, came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose,—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour-God.

4 From thence he'll quickly come,—
His chariot will not stay,—

And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

105.

C. M.

King of Saints.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known!
The sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before the throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all-divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays;
Ye that have e'er beheld his face!
Can ye forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord! teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

106.

C. M.

A new Song to the Lamb.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne!
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs, before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever, on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

107.

C. M.

Asking the Presence of Christ.

1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour! let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,—
Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

108.

L. M.

Divinity of Christ proved by his Miracles.

1 BEHOLD! the blind their sight receive;
Behold! the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders—and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies—the heavens in mourning stood !—
He rises, and appears a God ;
Behold the Lord ascending high,—
No more to bleed—no more to die !

4 Hence, and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

109.

L. M.

Christ, our Righteousness.

1 JESUS ! thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is,—my glorious dress :
Mid flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,—
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue ;—
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 Oh ! let the dead now hear thy voice ;
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this—their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

110.

L. M.

The example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord !
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,—
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight-air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern ;—make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the judge, shall own my name,
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

111.

6s and 4s.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 GLORY to God on high !
Let heaven and earth reply—
"Praise ye his name !"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
And sing for ever more—
"Worthy the Lamb !"

2 Ye who surround the throne !
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name :
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God !
Sound his dear name abroad,—
"Worthy the Lamb !"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race !
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye his name :
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice—
"Worthy the Lamb !"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name :
To him our songs we 'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing—
"Worthy the Lamb !"

112.

C. M.

Praise from Saints and Angels.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus !"

"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us!"

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord! for ever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

113.

L. M.

Blessing and Honor to the Lamb.

1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb!
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he who once was slain,—
The Prince of peace, who groaned and died,—
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say,—Amen.

114.

C. M.

Love to Christ desired.

1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;—
But in thy sacred word,

I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'T is here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love:
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

115.

L. M.

Christ, our High Priest and King.

1 NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'T was he that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood;
'T is he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning priest,
To Jesus, our superior king,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold! on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move:
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Then he displays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord! nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

116.

8s and 7s. Peculiar.

Christ, the Lamb, enthroned and worshiped.

1 HARK!—ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above,
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;—
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See! he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus! hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life! thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord! we own it love divine.

3 King of glory! reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;—
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring—Oh! bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps, we 'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King."

117.

8s and 7s.

Praise to God, the Saviour.

1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and lawful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;—
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;—
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,

Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;—
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long ;—
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who can sing that wondrous song ?
Brightness of the Father's glory !
Shall thy praise unuttered lie ?
Break, my tongue ! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die :—

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest wo,
Came to ransom guilty captives !—
Flow, my praise ! for ever flow :
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour !
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;
Thence return and reign for ever ;—
Be the kingdom all thine own !

118.

S. M.

Moses and Christ.

1 THE law by Moses came ;
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God,
Their different works were done ;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The sovereign and the head.

4 The man, who durst despise
The law that Moses brought—
Behold ! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

119.

C. M.

Various Success of the Gospel.

1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls, enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

120.

8s and 7s.

The Light of the World.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Come, and, by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, and bring the gospel-grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;

Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

121.

H. M.

Christ, our King.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King!—
Your God and King adore;
Mortals! give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart,—lift up the voice,—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart,—lift up the voice,—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.

3 He all his foes shall quell,—
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart,—lift up the voice,—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice.

122.

L. M.

God, the Son, equal with the Father.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

3 Yet one there is, of human frame,—
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,—

Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one:
Though they are known by different names,
The Father-God, and God, the Son.

5 Then let the name of Christ, our king,
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own him—Lord.

123.

12s.

The Voice of free Grace.

1 THE voice of free grace cries—"Escape to the mountain!"
For Adam's lost race, Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb! he hath purchased our pardon,
We 'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded! Oh! flee to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy,—'t is infinite favor
Your sins are increasing,—escape to the mountain,—
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.

3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly glorious,
O'er sin, death and hell, thou art more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and saints raise the shout of salvation.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we 'll praise him the more;
We 'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!

124.

C. M.

Christ precious.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus!—my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

125.

L. M.

Life in Christ.

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus! to thee I lift mine eyes,—
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.

3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
For ever firm the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth and hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

4 Here, O my soul! thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

126.

L. M.

Communion with Christ.

1 OH! that I could for ever dwell,
Delighted at the Saviour's feet,
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat:—

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss:—
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment, to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,—
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above.

4 When all I am, I clearly see,
And freely own, with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live, till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God, within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

127.

L. M.

Christ, the supreme God and King.

1 AROUND the Saviour's lofty throne,
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing;
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him—everlasting King.

2 Approach, ye saints! this God is yours;
'T is Jesus, fills the throne above:
Ye cannot want, while God endures;
Ye cannot fail, while God is love.

3 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
To thee the praise of heaven belongs;
Yet, smile on us who fain would bring
The tribute of our humble songs.

4 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope ere-long thy face to view;
And, when our souls in heaven appear,
We 'll praise thy name as angels do.

128.

7s.

Jesus, the Refuge.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh! receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

129.

L. M.

Christ, the only Refuge.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile—one blissful smile of thine,—
My dearest Lord! outweighs them all.

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,—
Here safety dwells and peace divine;

Still let me live beneath thine eye
For life—eternal life—is thine.

130.

C. M.

Jesus, seen of Angels.

1 BEYOND the glittering, starry skies
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of angels round his throne,
In countless armies shine;
And swell his praise with golden harps,
Attuned to songs divine.

3 "Hail, glorious Prince of peace!" they cry
"Whose unexampled love
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms,
And royalties above."

4 Through all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend;
Oft wondering how, or where, at last,
The mystic scene would end.

5 They saw his heart transfixed with wounds,
And viewed the crimson gore;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.

6 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapped their triumphant wings, and cried,—
"The glorious work is done!"

131.

7s and 6s.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 TO thee, my God and Saviour!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I 'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn, with roses,
Bedecks the dewy east,

And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice, in supplication.
Well-pleased the Lord shall hear:
Oh! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
I 'll pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode;
Then cast my crown before thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee:—
What could an angel more?

132.

L. M.

Glory and Grace in Christ.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh! may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

133.

L. M.

The Presence of the Saviour.

1 LORD! what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord! how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say,—my God is mine,—
When I can feel thy glories shine,

I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

134.

C. M.

Christ, our Example.

1 BEHOLD! where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine:
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
He, meek and patient, stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
Who labored for their good.

4 When, in the hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,—
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear;
Oh! may we tread his holy steps,—
His joy and glory share.

135.

C. M.

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

1 OH! the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,

Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
  Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
  Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above,
  At humble distance bow.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise,
  Through every heavenly street;
And lay their heavenly honors down,
  Submissive, at his feet.

4 This is the man, th' exalted man,
  Whom we, unseen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face
  Our hearts shall love him more.

5 Lord! how our souls are all on fire,
  To see thy blest abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
  To our incarnate God.

136.

H. M.

Prophet, Priest, and King.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
  Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
  That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God!
  Our tongues would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
  Of our salvation came;—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
  Hath shed his blood and died;
My guilty conscience needs
  No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
  Our conqueror and our King!

Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing;
Thine is the power; Oh! make us sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

137.

L. M.

Loving-Kindness.

1 AWAKE, my soul! in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;—
His loving-kindness,—Oh! how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;—
His loving-kindness,—Oh! how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;—
His loving-kindness,—Oh! how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

5 Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

138.

S. M.

Christ, our Sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,—
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

139.

8s.

The Songs of Heaven.

1 YE angels! who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,—
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune—tune your soft harps to his praise:
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints! who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,—
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercies repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,—
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh! when will the moment appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I 'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong:
I 'm fettered, and chained here in clay,—
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I long to put on my attire,—
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I long to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;
I long—Oh! I long to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,—
Your joy and your friendship to share,—
To wonder, and worship with you.

140.

H. M.

The Name of Christ a sweet Savor.

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide!
While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breathed on every side;
Balmy and rich the odors rise,
And fill the earth, and reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls
Its influence feel—and live;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive:
They breathe anew, and rise and sing—
Jesus, the Lord, their conquering King.

3 But they, who scorn the grace
That brings salvation nigh,
And turn away their face,
Must faint, and fall, and die:
So sad a doom, ye saints! deplore,
For Oh! they fall to rise no more.

141.

L. M.

Christ present with his People.

1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;—
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

142.

C. M.

Excellency of Christ.

1 INFINITE loveliness is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of grace!
Thine uncreated beauties shine,
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;

To thee their prayers and songs ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And heaven can give no more.

4 Thou art their triumph and their joy,—
They find their life in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ,
Through all eternity.

43.

L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus?—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,—
No tear to wipe,—no good to crave,—
No fears to quell,—no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And Oh! may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

44.

C. M.

Christ's Mediation.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing—how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,

And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent, with pardons, down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners! dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord! we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

145.

C. M.

Chief among ten thousand.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he, than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

46.

C. M.

Love of Christ celebrated.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.

3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,—
"The Saviour died for me!"

4 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

47.

6s and 4s.

Christ, our Confidence.

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary!—
Saviour divine!
Now hear me, while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh! let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;

Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

148.

L. M.

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice! in heavenly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2 Sing—how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above,—
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

149.

7s.

The Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone:

In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

150.

C. M.

Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

1 THOU art the Way;—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord! in thee.

2 Thou art the Truth;—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life;—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Not death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;—
Grant us to know that Way,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

151.

L. M.

Christ, the Physician of the Soul.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

3 There is a great physician near;
Look up, my fainting soul! and live;
See,—in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See,—in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow:
'T is only that dear sacred flood,
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy wo.

152.

7s.

Christ, our Example in Suffering

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power!
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh! the wormwood and the gall;
Oh! the pangs his soul sustained:
Shun not suffering, shame, nor loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;
There—adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of Time—
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished"—hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken him away?—
Christ is risen—he meets our eyes;
Saviour! teach us so to rise.

153.

L. M.

Gethsemane.

1 'T IS midnight—and, on Olive's brow,
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'T is midnight—in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'T is midnight—and, from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears

3 'T is midnight—and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight—and, from ether-plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

154.

8s and 6s.

The Garden of Agony.

1 BEHOLD, where Cedron's waters flow,—
Behold the suffering Saviour go,
To sad Gethsemane!
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men,
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
"My Father! can this cup remove?"

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;—
"Behold me here, thine only Son,
And, Father! let thy will be done."

4 The Father heard,—and angels there
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We 'll look, and see the Saviour there,
Then humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

155.

C. M.

Christ, dying on the Cross.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me.

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'T is done! the precious ransom 's paid,
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See—how he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he 'll break death's iron-chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain—
Was ever love like thine?

156.

L. M.

Christ on the Cross.

1 'T IS finished!—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died;
'T is finished!—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 'T is finished!—this his dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this his last expiring breath.

3 'T is finished!—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

4 'T is finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'T is finished!—let the echo fly,
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

157.

L. M.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

1 HE dies!—the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies—
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here 's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But,—lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him—welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints! and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing,—how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant, death, in chains.

5 Say,—"Live for ever, glorious King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask,—"O death! where is thy sting?
And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

158.

8s, 7s and 4.

The expiring Saviour

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See!—it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth—and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!"—Oh! what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"—
Saints! the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven, uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

159.

L. M.

Salvation by the Cross.

1 HERE at thy cross, incarnate God!
I lay my soul beneath thy love,—
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus!—nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;

Resolved,—for that 's my last defence,—
If I must perish, here to die.

3 But speak, my Lord! and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4 Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my Saviour-God,
And my best honors to his name!

160.

L. M.

Christ's Passion.

1 THE morning dawns upon the place,
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through yielding glooms behold his face!
Nor form, nor comeliness is there.

2 Brought forth to judgment, now he stands
Arraigned, condemned, at Pilate's bar;
Here, spurned by fierce prætorian bands,
There, mocked by Herod's men of war.

3 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
Mock-homage of the lip, the knee—
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,—
The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree.

4 No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek, as a lamb for slaughter bound,—
Dumb, mid his murderers he remains.

5 But hark! he prays;—'t is for his foes;
He speaks;—'t is comfort to his friends;
Answers,—and paradise bestows:
He bows his head;—the conflict ends.

6 Truly this was the Son of God—
Though in a servant's mean disguise;
And, bruised beneath the Father's rod,
Not for himself,—for man he dies.

161.

L. M.

A dying Saviour.

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies'
Hark! his expiring groans arise:

See—from his hands, his feet, his side,
Fast flows the sacred crimson tide!

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound:
The vital stream,—how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel-foes!

3 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

162.

L. M.

Love inscribed on the Cross.

1 WE sing the praise of him who died—
Of him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters,—"God is Love:"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross!—it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward-spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terrors from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of wo,
The measure and the pledge of love;
'T is all that sinners want below,
'T is all that angels know above.

163.

L. M. Double.

Contrition at the Cross.

1 FAST flow, my tears! the cause is great;
This tribute claims an injured friend;—

One whom I long pursued with hate,
While he would love me to the end:
When justice frowned above my head,
And death its terrors round me spread,
He interposed, the wounds he bore,
And bade me live to die no more.

2 Fast flow, my tears! yet faster flow!
Streams copious as yon purple tide:
Who was it gave the deadly blow?
Who urged the hand that pierced his side
My soul! thy victim here behold,
What pangs, what agonies untold,
While justice, armed with power divine,
Pours on his head what 's due to thine!

3 Fast and yet faster flow, my tears!
Now break this heart, and drown these eyes:—
His visage marred toward heaven he rears,
And, pleading for his murderers. dies!
My grief no measure knows, nor end,
Till he appears the sinner's Friend,
And gives me, in some happy hour,
To feel the risen Saviour's power.

164. L. M.

Christ crucified, the Wisdom and Power of God.

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But, in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 't is fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where Christ, the Saviour, loved and died:
Her noblest life my spirit draws,
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

4 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

165.

L. M.

Crucifixion to the World.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See,—from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

166.

L. M.

The Hidings of the Father's Face.

1 FROM Calvary a cry was heard—
A bitter and heart-rending cry!
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,—
These thou could'st bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break!
Let pealing anthems rend the sky!
Awake, my sluggish soul! awake!
He died, that we might never die.

5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye:
If e'er I lose its strong control,
Oh! let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

167.

S. M.

Redemption completed.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed!"—
Then is his work performed;
The mighty captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
He lives to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Then hell has lost his prey:
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Attending angels! hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs!
To sing our risen Lord.

168.

8s. 7s. and 4.

Christ triumphant.

1 COME, ye saints! look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst the bands asunder—
He has borne our sins away:
Joyful tidings!—
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs!—sing ye praises;—
'T was by death he overcame:
Thus the Lord his glory raises;—
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises—
Praises to the victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs!—countless legions
Come from heaven, to meet their King,
Soon, in yonder happy regions,
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring

169.

7s.

Christ's Ascension.

1 HAIL the day which sees him rise
Glorious to his native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:—
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin.
Take the King of glory in.

3 See,—high heaven its Lord receives;—
Yet he loves the earth he leaves:
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Still for us he intercedes;
His prevailing death he pleads;
Near himself prepares our place,—
Great Forerunner of our race.

5 What though parted from our sight
Far above yon starry height?
May our warm affections rise,
Foll'wing him beyond the skies.

170.

L. M. 6 Lines.

Our risen Lord.

1 HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight-gloom!
Oh! weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints! dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place—he is not there,"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your advocate and friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'T is Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh! weep no more your comforts slain
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die:
Since he has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

171.

7s.

Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

1 ANGELS! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

3 Now, ye saints! lift up your eyes,
See him high in glory rise!
Hosts of angels, on the road,
Hail him—the incarnate God.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
See the Conqueror through them ride!
King of glory! mount thy throne,—
Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Praise him. ye celestial choirs!
Tune, and sweep your golden lyres;
Raise, O earth! your noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

172.

L. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

1 "COME, see the place where Jesus lay!'
For he hath left his gloomy bed;—
What angel rolled the stone away?
What spirit brought him from the dead?

2 By his omnipotence he rose,
By his own Spirit lived again;
To crush for ever all his foes,—
To raise for ever ruined men.

3 They, who his image here partake,—
Though long in dust their flesh consume,—
Shall sleep in Jesus, and awake
To life eternal, from the tomb.

173.

7s.

The Resurrection.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,—
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

174.

H. M.

Jesus rising and reigning.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands,
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way,
From realms of day,
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,—
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead;—
He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound,—
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe, on which you dwell;
Transported, cry,—
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die."

5 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Who sav'st us with thy blood:
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain,
Beyond the skies.

175.

8s and 7s.

Love divine.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe,—Oh! breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning,—
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before thee
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

176.

H. M.

The Cross celebrated.

1 YE saints! your music bring,
And swell the rapturous sound;
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound:
The triumphs of the cross we sing,—
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

2 The cross—the cross alone—
Subdued the powers of hell:
Like lightning from his throne,
The prince of darkness fell:
The triumphs of the cross we sing,—
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

3 The hand of wrath is stayed,
In its pursuit of blood;
The cross our debt has paid,
And made our peace with God:
The triumphs of the cross we sing,—
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

4 The cross hath power to save,
From all the foes that rise:
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies:
Angels and saints its power shall sing,
Till heaven's eternal arches ring.

177.

L. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

1 WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deigned to lie,
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
How weak the bands of conquered death:

Sweet pledge that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.

3 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes, to sleep no more:
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul! behold;
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,—
A crown of joy, when he appears.

5 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God! thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

178.

8s, 7s and 4.

Coronation of the King of kings.

1 LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious:
See the man of sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious;—
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him—crown him!—
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels! crown him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him—crown him!—
Crown the Saviour, King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,—
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim:
Saints and angels! crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him—crown him!—
Spread abroad the victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;—
Oh! what joy the sight affords!
Crown him—crown him,—
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

179.

S. M.

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue!
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing—how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims! on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, th' eternal king.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blessed children! come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

180.

C. M.

Reigning with Christ.

1 THE head. that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright:—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name,—an everlasting name;
Their joy,—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy—to know
The mystery of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health,—
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth.
Their everlasting theme.

181.

S. M.

Christ unseen, yet beloved.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord! our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

182.

C. M.

Access to God by Christ.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calmed his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace.

3 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

4 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

5 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high!
And glory to th' eternal King
Who lays his fury by.

83.

L. M.

The good Shepherd.

1 THOU! whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,—
Tell me, dear Shepherd! let me know—
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,—
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,—
Would never seek another love.

4 The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my beloved leads me home.

184.

L. M.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,—
In earth and heaven, the Lord of all!
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

2 Higher—still higher, swell the strain;
Creation's voice the note prolong!
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign:—
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

185.

6s and 4s.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 COME, all ye saints of God!
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' name;

Tell what his love has done,
Trust in his grace alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme;
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,—
"Worthy the Lamb!'

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

186.

C. M.

Coronation of Christ.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Crown him,—ye morning-stars of light!—
Who formed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Adam's race,—
Ye ransomed from the fall!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace
And crown him—Lord of all.

4 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,—
Come, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

37.

C. M.

Our High-Priest in Heaven.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great high-priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
His sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned;—

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,—
Our everlasting trust,—
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,—
To endless ages borne.

88.

L. M. 6 Lines.

Our compassionate High-Priest.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,—
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When sorr'wing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while,—

My Saviour sees the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Laz'rus dead.

4 And Oh! when I have safely past
Through every conflict, but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe my latest tear away.

189.

L. M. 6 Lines.

Hope of Heaven through Christ.

1 AND art thou, gracious Master! gone
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there for ever dwell with thee?
Then, let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 What transport, Lord! shall fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name shalt own!
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know, as I myself am known!
From sin, and fear, and sorrow flee,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

190.

7s.

Christ, our Hope.

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,—
Christ, the spring of all my joy!
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Let thy love my heart inflame;
Keep thy fear before my sight;
Be thy praise my highest aim;
Be thy smile my chief delight.

3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give:
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

4 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

5 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravished soul.

6 Thus,—Oh! thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it, "Christ to live,"
Let me know it, "gain to die."

91.

8s and 7s.

Jesus, exalted to the Throne.

1 JESUS! hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

192.

L. M.

Christ, the Lord of Angels.

1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanced the Lord, thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance, or of love.

3 Now they are sent to guide our feet,
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet,
In travelling o'er the heavenly road.

4 Lord! when we leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid us rise and come,—
Send thy beloved angels down
Safe to conduct our spirits home.

193.

L. M.

The Way to Heaven.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,—
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
"Come hither, soul! I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb!
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful self to thee I give—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

4 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—"Behold the way to God!"

194.

S. M.

Christ's Intercession.

1 YES, the Redeemer 's gone,
T' appear before our God;
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,—
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honors sing;
Jesus, the priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high:
Hosanna to the God of grace,
Who lays his thunder by.

6 On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above:
But, Lord! how weak our mortal strains,
To speak immortal love!

195.

L. M.

The Dominion of Christ.

1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The boundless world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and anguish once he died;—
But now he lives for evermore:
Bow down, ye saints! around his seat,
And, all ye angel-bands! adore.

3 Live—live for ever, glorious Lord!
To quell thy foes—and guard thy friends;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom, and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

5 For ever reign, victorious King!
Wide through the earth thy name be known!
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

196.

H. M.

Our High-Priest in Heaven

1 TH' atoning work is done,—
The victim's blood is shed;
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven, their great high-priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.

2 No temple made with hands
His place of service is:

In heaven itself he stands,—
A heavenly priesthood his:
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

3 And though awhile he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great high-priest again:
In brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

197.

C. M.

Our Great High-Priest.

1 COME, let us join our songs of praise
To our ascended Priest:
He entered heaven, with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Whom he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervors of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
And intercedes above.

5 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to bear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith—
Our lips his praise proclaim.

HOLY SPIRIT.

198.

C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,—

Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look—how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

199.

S. M

Convicting and sanctifying Influence.

1 COME, Holy Spirit! come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,—
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And, to our wondering view, reveal
The secret love of God.

3 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

4 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.

200.

7s.

Influences of the Spirit.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit! Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine:

All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! for ever thine.

201.

L. M.

The Spirit grieved.

1 THE Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

2 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ, his Son.

202.

H. M.

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our Heavenly Father, thou;—
We, children of thy grace:

Oh! let thy Spirit now
Descend, and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh! send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord!
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

203.

S. M.

The indwelling Influences of the Spirit.

1 'T IS God, the Spirit, leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,—
His be the glory too.

204.

L. M.

Teachings of the Spirit.

1 COME, blessed Spirit! source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals,
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,

To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

205.

8s and 7s.

Prayer for comforting Influences.

1 HOLY GHOST! dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness!
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 Author of our new creation!
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

206.

L. M.

Prayer for spiritual Enjoyment.

1 COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

207.

L. M.

The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove!
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;—

2 Beyond—beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 Oh! for a sight, a blissful sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits the Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 Oh! what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumph of their King!

208.

7s.

Prayer for Light and Sanctification.

1 HOLY GHOST! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme,—and reign alone.

209.

C. M.

Various Influences desired.

1 ETERNAL Spirit!—God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'T is thine to soothe the sorr'wing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'T is thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

210.

S. M.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
To guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
From every sinful way;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath,
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh! fill thou every heart
With love to all our race:
Great Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

211.

L. M.

Prayer for Light and Guidance.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blessed;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
And drink our fill of pleasure there.

212.

C. M.

The Sealing of the Spirit.

1 WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?—
Great Comforter! descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

213.

L. M.

Prayer against grieving the Spirit.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit! stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;—

3 Yet, Oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High-Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God! release,
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

214.

L. M.

The Comforter.

1 SURE, the blest Comforter is nigh;
'T is he sustains my fainting heart;

Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whene'er, to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,—
Can it be less than power divine,
That animates these strong desires?

3 And, when my cheerful hope can say,—
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray,
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

215.

C. M.

The Necessity of renewing Grace.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, eternal Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

5 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine.

216.

C. M.

The Spirit desired.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift!
Behold thy servants wait;

With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 Oh! shed abroad that choicest gift,—
Thy Spirit from above,
To cheer our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest earnest of eternal joy!
Declare our sins forgiven:
And bear, with energy divine.
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

4 Diffuse, O God! thy copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change the barren wilderness,
To Carmel's flowery field.

217.

C. M.

The Outpouring of the Spirit.

1 LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit, from on high,
According to his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He quickens sinners, from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our heart reveals:
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and, with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

218.

L. M.

The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God, the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;

Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

219.

C. M.

Prayer for the promised Spirit.

1 ENTHRONED on high, almighty Lord!
The Holy Ghost send down:
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though, on our heads, no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour! what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love!
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls—born from above—
In Christ, that we may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us, where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,—
Life's ever-springing well,—
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

220.

C. M.

Regeneration by the Spirit.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given;
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,

Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh;
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake, and rise,
From the long sleep of death:
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

TRINITY.

221.

6s and 4s.
Invocation.

1 COME, thou almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!

His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

222.

C. M.

Praise to the Godhead.

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord!
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise

2 We raise our shouts, O God! to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,—
The undivided One.

3 'T was he—and we 'll adore his name—
That formed us by a word;
'T is he restores our ruined frame;—
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

223.

C. M.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;—
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thine almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given;
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honors and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join
One general song to raise;
Let saints, in earth and heaven, combine,
In harmony and praise.

224.

L. M.

Prayer to the Trinity.

1 FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

2 Almighty Son—incarnate Word—
Our prophet, priest, redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!—
Mysterious Godhead—Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

225.

6s and 4s.

Prayer to the Triune Jehovah.

1 THOU! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,—
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,—
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou! who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,—
Oh! now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight:

Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"

4 Holy, holy, holy,
Most glorious Trinity,—
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the earth, far and wide—
"Let there be light!"

226.

L. M.

Praise to the Father, Son and Spirit.

1 BLEST be the Father and his love,
To which celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God!
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood—
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit! praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God, the Father,—God, the Son,—
And God, the Spirit, we adore;—
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a shore.

227.

7s.

Christians praising the Trinity.

1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet;
Christian fellowship, how sweet,—
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name!

2 Sing we then eternal love;
Such as did the Father move:—
He beheld the world undone;
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's unbounded love;—
How he left the realms above;

Took our nature and our place,—
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;—
With our stubborn hearts he strove;
Chased the mists of sin away,—
Turned our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same;
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

228.

7s.

Communion with the Triune God.

1 IN thy presence we appear;
Lord! we love to worship here,
When, within the veil, we meet
Thee upon thy mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Touch our lips, and loose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord, our righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
And we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through thy name,
In their voices, let us own
Jesus, speaking from the throne.

6 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That, at evening, we may say,—
"We have walked with God to-day."

229.

8s and 7s.

Praise to Father, Son and Spirit.

1 TO the source of every blessing,
Grateful anthems let us raise;

Holy joy, our souls possessing,
Swells the tribute of our praise.

2 Glory to th' almighty Father,
Fountain of eternal love,
Who, his wandering sheep to gather,
Sent a Saviour from above.

3 To the Son all praise be given,
Who, with love unknown before,
Left the bright abode of heaven,
And our sins and sorrows bore.

4 Equal strains of warm devotion
Let the Spirit's praise employ;
Author of each pure emotion,—
Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.

5 Thus—our joyful hearts ascending,—
Glorify Jehovah's name;
Heavenly songs with ours are blending,—
There, the theme is still the same.

230.

S. M.

The Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

1 WHILE all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high,
Let earth repeat the joyful song,
And echo to the sky.

2 Father! in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,—
The glory, power and praise receive
Of thine eternal love.

3 Incarnate Deity!
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

4 Spirit of holiness!
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

5 Eternal, glorious Lord!
Let all the saints above,
Let all the sons of men, record,
And celebrate thy love.

231.

8s and 6s Peculiar.

Hallelujah to the Triune God.

1 SING—Hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice:
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Till in the realms of endless light,
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity,
Shall join th' angelic lays,
And sing, in perfect harmony,
To God our Saviour's praise;
He hath redeemed us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God:
For us—for us the Lamb was slain,—
Praise ye the Lord!—Amen.

ALARMING.

232.

7s and 6s. Peculiar.

The Alarm.

1 SINNER! stop—Oh! stop and think,
Before you farther go:
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?
On the verge of ruin stop;—
Now the friendly warning take;
Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say—have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron-rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar:
Then you'll hear your awful doom,
And sink in deep despair!
All your sins will round you crowd;
You will mark their crimson die,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And then—no refuge nigh!

233.

L. M.

The Sinner exhorted.

1 SINNER! Oh! why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such fearful haste to die?
Why speed thy flight to worlds unknown,—
Regardless of thy destiny?

2 Wilt thou defy the wrath of God,
Led on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly despise the Saviour's blood,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Sinner! Oh! lift thy thoughts above,
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying love—
For ever telling, yet untold!

234.

7s.

The Sinner warned.

1 HASTE, O sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er,
Ere this evening's work is done

3 Haste, O sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn.
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Death may thy poor soul arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

11s.

35.

Danger of Delay.

DELAY not, delay not; O sinner! draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened,—how canst thou refuse
To wash, and be cleansed in his pard'ning blood?

Delay not, delay not, O sinner! to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,—
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,—
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

L. M.

236.

One Thing needful.

1 WHY will ye waste, on trifling cares,
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste, on trifling cares,
That life which thy compassion spares.

C. M.

237.

Exhortation to Repentance.

1 REPENT! the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay:

The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners! in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Soon, will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.

5 Amazing love—that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts subdued by goodness fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

238.

7s.

The Sinner meeting God.

1 SINNER! art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See,—his mighty arm is bared;
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgments stand prepared;—
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax:
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame!—
Can you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?

239.

8s, 7s and 4.

The Voice of Mercy.

1 HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;

Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Hear, O sinner!
'T is the voice of mercy calls.

2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread!
Hark! the awful thunder rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head!
Turn, O sinner!
Lest the lightning strike you dead.

3 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;—
Soon your life will pass away;
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

240.

C. P. M.

Present and future Realities.

1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
Between two boundless seas I stand,—
Yet how insensible!
A point of time—a moment's space—
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell!

2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And, deeply on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late;—
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;—
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure?
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

5 Then, Saviour! then my soul receive,
Transported from the earth, to live
And reign with thee above:
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

241.

L. M.

Life, the Day of Grace and Hope.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given,
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace,—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Then, what my thoughts design to do,
My hands! with all your might pursue:
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon past,
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

242.

C. M.

Expostulation with Sinners.

1 YE! who despise the Saviour's grace,
And scorn his gospel, here,—
How can you meet his angry face,
Or at his bar appear?

2 When every earthly hope shall fail,—
When storms of wrath are nigh,
How will your souls affrighted quail,
Beneath his burning eye!

3 Why will you madly rush on death,
And force your way to wo?

Why tempt the God, that holds your breath,
To strike the fatal blow.

4 Turn, guilty sinners! quickly turn;
Oh! come to Jesus now;—
Ere the fierce flames around you burn,
To your Redeemer bow.

243.

L. M.

Advice to Youth.

1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God;
Behold! the months come hastening on,
When you shall say—"My joys are gone."

2 Behold! the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God—not there to dwell,—
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

244.

S. M.

Grieving the Spirit.

1 AND canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God, with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But, grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,

Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

245.

C. M.

Frailty and Sin.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
Who slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
Who break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God! with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

246.

C. M.

Brevity of Life.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord! to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 't is our God supports our frame,—
The God who built us first;

Salvation to th' almighty Name
That reared us from the dust.

247.

L. M.

The Road to Life and to Death.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"—
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord! let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;—
Which false apostates never knew.

248.

S. M.

Uncertainty of Life.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord! is thine,—
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since, on this fleeting hour,
Eternity is hung,
Awaken, by thy mighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;—
Be that one thing pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning-light,

Lest life's young golden beams should die,
In sudden, endless night.

CONVICTION.

249.

S. M.

The Sinner arrested.

1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
My guilty soul, alas! is "dead
In trespasses and sins."

2 Ah! whither shall I fly?—
Where seek for mercy's door?
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And justice armed with power.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread th' impending doom;
While yet some friendly whisper says,—
"Flee from the wrath to come!"

4 Oh! that I now might see
Some glimmering from afar,—
Some beam of hope to dawn on me,
And save me from despair.

250.

7s and 6s.

The Sinner disquieted.

1 WHY sinks my soul desponding?
Why fill my eyes with tears?
While nature all-surrounding
The smile of beauty wears:
Why, burdened now with sorrow,
Is every lab'ring thought?
Each vision that I borrow,
With gloom and sadness fraught?

2 The pleasures that deceived me
My soul no more can charm;
Of rest they oft bereaved me,
And filled me with alarm;
The objects, I have cherished,
Are empty as the wind;
My earthly joys have perished;—
What comfort shall I find?

3 If inward, still inquiring,
I turn my searching eye,
Or upward, now aspiring,
I raise my feeble cry,
No heavenly light is beaming
To cheer my troubled breast,
No ray of comfort gleaming
To give my spirit rest.

4 My soul! from this dread anguish,
Is there no refuge nigh?
'T is guilt that makes thee languish,
And leaves thee thus to die:
Renounce thy sin and folly
Before the throne of grace;
And make the Lord, most holy,
Thy strength and righteousness.

251.

C. M.

Conviction by the Law.

1 LORD! how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came,
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw—
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again:—
I have provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes are slain.

5 My God! I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,—
To break the yoke of sin and death
And thus redeem the slave.

252.

L. M.

The Strivings of the Spirit.

1 SAY, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,

Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

253.

S. M.

Man condemned before God.

1 AH! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we, for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

254.

S. M.

The evil Heart.

1 ASTONISHED and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within;—
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear!

3 Almighty King of saints!
These hateful sins subdue;
Dispel the darkness from my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done,—my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,—
My lips pronounce thy praise.

INVITING.

255.

C. M.

The Saviour's Invitation.

1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3 Ye sinners! come; 't is mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

256.

L. M.

Rest for the weary Penitent.

1 COME, weary souls! with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life, and endless peace,—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

3 Lord! we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come, with trembling; yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

4 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith,—our fears remove;
Oh! sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

257.

C. M.

The Gospel-Trumpet.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind.
And vainly strive with earthly toils
To fill th' immortal mind!—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die!
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy, here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day ;—
Lord ! we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

258.

L. M.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls !
Ye heavy-laden sinners ! come ;
I 'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest, who learn of me,—
I 'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blessed is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus ! we come at thy command ;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits, to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

259.

L. M.

Living Waters.

1 HO ! every one that thirsts ! draw nigh ;—
'T is God invites the fallen race ;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

2 Ye nothing in exchange can give,—
Leave all ye have and are behind ;
Freely the gift of God receive,—
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

3 Come to the living waters, come ;
Sinners ! obey your Maker's voice ;
Return, ye weary wanderers ! home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

260.

C. M.

The Resolve.

1 COME, trembling sinner ! in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve ;

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 "I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I 'll seek his courts, and enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I 'll fall before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I 'll tell him, I 'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

261.

8s and 7s. Peculiar.

A Fountain set open.

1 COME to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you,—to me,—to all,—
In a full perpetual tide,
Opened when the Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,—
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more:—

3 He that drinks shall live for ever,—
'T is a soul-reviving flood:
God is faithful—God will never
Break his covenant in blood;—
Signed, when our Redeemer died,
Sealed, when he was glorified.

262.

8s and 7s.

False and true Pleasure.

1 TELL us, wanderer! wildly roving
From the path that leads to peace,

Pleasure's false enchantment loving,—
When will thy delusion cease?

2 Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
We could kneel at pleasure's shrine;
Then our brightest hopes were bounded,
By delights as false as thine.

3 But those visions never blessed us,—
Soon their fleeting day was o'er;
Then the world, that had caressed us,
Charmed us with its smiles no more.

4 Such is pleasure's transient story;
Lasting happiness is known
Only in the path to glory,—
In the Saviour's love alone.

263.

L. M.

The happy Choice.

1 TO-DAY—if ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say—will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest!
Say—will you be for ever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear youth! for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in his name,—
For yet his love remains the same,—
Say—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say—will you have this Christ or no?

264.

C. M.

Pardon and Sanctification in Christ.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds,
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word;—

"Ho! ye despairing sinners! come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
Oh! help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From stains of deepest die.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

265.

C. M.

The Way to Zion.

1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims! for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Oh! come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool, humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer.

3 Oh! come, and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

266.

C. M.

Invitation to the Gospel-Feast.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor!
Behold a royal feast,—
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 Here Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you, come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see! there yet is room:—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;

Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 Oh! come, and, with his children, taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

267.

C. M.

The Fountain of living Waters.

1 OH! what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found,
Suited to every sinner's case
Who hears the joyful sound!

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls! your wants disclose,
And drink, with thankful hearts.

4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

268.

7s.

Sinners urged to accept the Invitation.

1 YE! who in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,—
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View this bleeding sacrifice;
See, in him, your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;

Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

269.

7s.

Expostulation with Sinners.

1 SINNERS! turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live,—
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures! why,
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live;—
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners! why,
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?
Many a time with you he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh! ye guilty sinners! why—
Why will ye for ever die?

270.

C. M.

Expostulation with Sinners.

1 SINNERS! the voice of God regard;
'T is Mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace:
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
And will you onward go?
Can you in endless burnings dwell,
Or bear eternal wo?

4 Lo! he, who turns to God, shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.

5 Bow to the sceptre of his word—
Renouncing every sin:
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;—
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

271.

L. M.

Knocking at the Door.

1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks,—has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh! lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands:
Oh! matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 't is he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise—touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him,—or the hour 's at hand,
You 'll at his door rejected stand.

272.

8s, 7s and 4.

Invitation to Sinners.

1 COME, ye sinners! heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,—

If you wait till you are better,
You will never come at all:
Sinners only,
Christ, the Saviour, came to call.

2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;—
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him,
There he groans, and bleeds, and dies
"It is finished"—
Heaven accepts the sacrifice.

4 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him,—venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

5 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!—
Sinners here may sing the same.

273.

L. M.

The Sinner entreated.

1 RETURN, O wanderer! now return,
And seek thine injured Father's face;
Those new desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer! now return,
He hears thy deep repentant sigh;
He hears thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer! now return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer! now return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—"No longer mourn!"
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

74.

C. M.

The heavenly Guest.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Shall Jesus for admittance plead,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, for which he bled,
Remain for ever barred?

3 'T is sin, alas! with tyrant-power,
The lodging has possessed;
And crowds of traitors bar the door,
Against the heavenly guest.

4 Lord! rise in thine all-conquering grace,
Thy mighty power display;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.

5 Ye vile seducers! hence depart;
Dear Saviour! enter in;
Oh! guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

75.

8s, 7s and 4.

Glad Tidings.

1 SINNERS! will you scorn the message
Coming from the courts above?
Mercy speaks in every passage;
Every line is full of love;
Oh! believe it,—
Every line is full of love.

2 Now, the heralds of salvation
Joyful news from heaven proclaim:—
Sinners freed from condemnation,
Through the all-atoning Lamb!
Life receiving—
Through the all-atoning Lamb.

3 Who hath their report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Freely offered by the Lord?
Life immortal,—
Freely offered by the Lord.

4 O ye angels! hovering round us,—
Waiting spirits! speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,—
Rebel-sinners—
Glad the message will obey.

276.

S. M.

The accepted Time.

1 NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise, in his word,
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord! draw reluctant souls,
And melt them by thy love;
Then will the angels speed their way
To bear the news above.

277.

8s and 4.

The Gospel-Trumpet.

1 HARK—hark! the gospel-trumpet sounds
Through the wide earth the echo bounds;
Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood!
Sinners are reconciled to God,
By grace divine.

2 Come, sinners! hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;

Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
T' invite you near.

3 Ye saints in glory! strike the lyre;
Ye mortals! catch the sacred fire;
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim;—
For ever worthy is the Lamb
Of endless praise.

278.

C. M.

The Young exhorted.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm!
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 The soul, that longs to see his face,
Is sure his love to gain;
And they, who early seek his grace,
Shall never seek in vain.

4 What object, Lord! my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys!
Vain tempters of the mind;
'T is here I fix my lasting choice,
For here, true bliss I find.

279.

8s 7s and 4.

Children exhorted.

1 CHILDREN! hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'T is the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?
Oh! receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;

Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They alone are his delight;
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

3 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting,—
Will you not his grace receive?

280.

7s.

Children invited to Christ.

1 CHILDREN! listen to the Lord,
And obey his gracious word;
Seek his face with heart and mind—
Early seek, and you shall find.

2 Sorrowful, your sins confess;
Plead his perfect righteousness;
See the Saviour's bleeding side;—
Come—you will not be denied.

3 For his worship now prepare;
Kneel to him in fervent prayer;
Serve him with a perfect heart;
Never from his ways depart.

PENITENTIAL.

281.

C. M.

Contrition.

1 O THOU! whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?

Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

82.

7s.

Repentance at the Cross of Christ.

1 HEARTS of stone! relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood!
Sinful soul! what hast thou done?
Crucified God's only Son!

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with the bloody spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice,—
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain,—
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again,—
And the shameful cross renew?
No;—with all my sins I 'll part,
Break, Oh! break, my bleeding heart!

283.

L. M. 6 Lines.

Pleading in Jesus' Name.

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love!
Oh! hear an humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,—
Thy throne of glorious majesty;
Oh! deign to hear my mournful voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merit of my own,—
No worth to claim thy gracious smile;
No,—when I come before thy throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Jesus! is my plea,—
Dearest and sweetest name to me.

3 Father of mercies, God of love!
Then hear thine humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty;
One pard'ning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

284.

C. M.

Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it, for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity!—grace unknown!—
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But floods of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord! I give myself away;—
'T is all that I can do.

285.

L. M. 6 Lines.

Backslider's Return through Christ.

1 WEARY of wandering from my God
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow beneath the rod;
To him, with penitence, I mourn:
I have an advocate above,—
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus! full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,—
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in;
Oh! freely my backslidings heal,
And love the dying sinner still.

Ah! give me, Lord! the tender heart,
  That trembles at th' approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
  Implant, and root it deep within;
That I may fear thy gracious power,
And never dare t' offend thee more.

36.

C. M.

Penitence and Hope.

DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall
  The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
  And hide this wretched face.

2 Oh! while I breathe to thee, my Lord!
  The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word,
  With pity in thine eye.

3 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
  Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful own—how kind, how sweet,
  Thy condescending grace.

37.

7s.

Confession and Entreaty.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all!
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, Oh! hear my earnest cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,—
Chief of sinners I have been;
Oft abused thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy righteous dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thine angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.

4 But with thee there 's mercy found,—
Balm to heal my every wound:
Soothe, Oh! soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

288.

C. M.
Penitence.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards, to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Let not thy justice frown me hence;
Oh! stay the vengeful storm;
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow could suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Then justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

289.

C. M.
Pleading for Mercy.

1 LORD! at thy feet, we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With bleeding heart, and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2 Without thy grace, we sink oppressed,
Down to the gates of hell;
Oh! give our troubled spirits rest,
Our gloomy fears dispel.

3 'T is mercy—mercy now we plead;
Let thy compassion move;—
Mercy, that led thee once to bleed,
In tenderness and love.

4 In mercy now, for Jesus' sake,
O God! our sins forgive;
Thy grace our stubborn hearts can break,
And, breaking, bid us live.

290.

11s and 10s.

To the Mercy-Seat.

COME, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever-knowing,
Earth has no sorrow, but heaven can remove.

291.

C. M.

The Friend of Sinners.

1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fulness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation 's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God!
I pray, remember me.

292.

S. M.

Repentance, in View of Christ's Compassion.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep?—
And shall our cheeks be dry?

Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The angels wondering see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept—that we might weep;—
Each sin demands a tear;—
In heaven alone no sin is found,—
There is no weeping there.

293.

C. M.

The Soul casting itself on Christ.

1 APPROACH, my soul! the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—"Thou hast died."

5 Oh! wondrous love,—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

294.

C. M.

In-dwelling Sin lamented.

1 WITH tears of anguish, I lament,
Before thy feet, my God!
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure, there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;

So faithless to its promises,—
So prone to every sin.

3 How long, dear Saviour! shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break, sovereign grace! Oh! break the charm
And set the captive free:
Reveal, great God! thy mighty arm,
And haste to rescue me.

95.

C. M.

Sin bewailed at the Cross.

1 OH! if my soul was formed for wo,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should, like rivers, flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'T was for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,—
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul!—for thee.

3 Oh! how I hate those sins of mine
That shed the Saviour's blood;
That pierced and nailed his sacred flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer! they shall die;
My heart hath so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I 'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

96.

C. M.

Mourning at the Sepulchre.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord!
Cast all your fears away;
Draw near, and, with delight, behold
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;—
'T was love that brought him low;

Thus low in death the Saviour lay,
Who lived and bled for you.

3 If ye have wept at yonder cross,
And still your sorrows rise,
Stoop down and view the vanquished grave,
And wipe your weeping eyes.

4 Your Saviour lives,—for ever lives!—
Raise a triumphant strain;
No powers of hell, nor bars of death,
The conqueror could detain.

5 O'er heaven and earth he now presides,
Though once among the dead;
And to eternity shall reign
Creation's glorious Head.

6 Ye mourning souls! rejoice, while you
His empty tomb survey;
As Christ arose, so you shall rise
To realms of endless day.

297.

C. M.

Returning to Christ.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,—
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord! and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh! take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace! thy healing power,
How glorious—how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine!

5 Thy pard'ning love—so free, so sweet—
Dear Saviour! I adore;
Oh! keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

CONVERSION.

298.

C. P. M.

The New-Birth.

1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:
One solemn truth increased my pain,--
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink to endless wo.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,—
A vast oppressive load:
All creature-aid I saw was vain;—
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell—
How Jesus conquered death and hell
To bring salvation near:
Yet still I found this truth remain,—
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
My bondage to remove:
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

299.

L. M.

God, the Portion of the Soul.

1 FAR from thy fold, O God! my feet
Once moved in error's devious maze;
Nor found religious duties sweet,
Nor sought thy face, nor loved thy ways.

2 With tenderest voice thou bad'st me flee
The paths which thou couldst ne'er approve;
And gently drew my soul to thee,
With cords of sweet eternal love.

3 Now to thy footstool, Lord! I fly,
And low in self-abasement fall;
A vile, a helpless worm, am I
And thou, my God! art all in all.

4 Dearer—far dearer to my heart,
Than all the joys that earth can give;
From fame, from wealth, from friends I 'd part,
Beneath thy countenance to live.

300.

8s and 7s.

Taking up the Cross.

1 JESUS! I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,—
All I 've sought, or hoped, or known!
Yet how rich is my condition,—
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might!
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;—
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Perish, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, life is gain:
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me—
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

301.

8s, 7s and 4.

The Surrender.

1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer!
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord! I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,—
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near:—
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

302.

7s.

Love to the Saints.

1 PEOPLE of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
Oh! receive me into rest.

2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell, shall be my home,
Where you die, shall be my grave:
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,—
Every idol I resign.

303.

C. M.

Subdued by the Cross.

1 IN evil, long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Oh! never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
It plunged me in despair;

I saw, my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,—
I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays,
In all its blackest hue,—
Such is the mystery of grace,—
It seals my pardon too.

304.

8s and 7s.

Redemption.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend!
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I 'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;—
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze:
Love I much?—I 've much forgiven,—
I 'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
Gazing here I 'd spend my breath;
Constant still in faith abiding,—
Life deriving from his death.

5 Lord! in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my heart and eyes on thine,
Till I taste thy whole salvation,
Where, unveiled, thy glories shine.

305.

L. M.

Parting with carnal Joys.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away,—
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair:

And, while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord! I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

306.

S. M.

Rejoicing.

1 NOW let our voices join
To raise a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 See—flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion, spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3 See—Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect, rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way,—
To him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

307.

C. M.

Salvation welcomed.

1 SALVATION! Oh! the joyful sound;
'T is pleasure to our ears;—
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;

But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

308.

7s.

Darkness turned to Light.

1 BOUNDLESS glory, Lord! be thine;
Thou hast made the darkness shine;
Thou hast sent a cheering ray;
Thou hast turned our night to day.

2 Darkness long involved us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound;
Then our darkness fled away,—
Chased by truth's effulgent ray.

3 They are blessed, and none beside,—
They, who in the truth abide;
Clear, the light that marks their way—
Leading to eternal day.

4 Guide us, Saviour! through the road,
Till we reach the saints' abode;
Till we see thee throned above,
As thou art,—the God of love.

309.

C. M.

Returning to Zion.

1 SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord!
Your great Deliverer sing:
Ye pilgrims! now, for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath made;—
How peaceful and how plain!
The simplest traveler need not err,
Nor seek the path in vain.

3 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

4 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;

While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

5 March on, in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
With joyful hope, still fix your eye
On Zion's heavenly hill.

310.

S. M.

Submission to Christ.

1 JESUS! I come to thee,
A sinner doomed to die;
My only refuge is thy cross,—
Here at thy feet I lie.

2 Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God! this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

3 Too long my soul has gone,
Far from my God, astray;
I 've sported on the brink of hell,
In sin's delusive way.

4 But, Lord! my heart is fixed,—
I hope in thee alone;
Break off the chains of sin and death,
And bind me to thy throne.

5 Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears;—
Oh! send thy blessed Spirit down,
To banish all my fears.

6 Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free;
Redeemed from hell and every foe,
I 'll trust alone in thee.

311.

C. M.

Self-Dedication.

1 WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart;
Possess thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake,—
To thee, I all resign;

My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And fill with love divine.

3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide,—
I give it all to thee.

312.

C. M.

Prayer for the Spirit of Adoption.

1 SPIRIT of holiness! look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer;
And, when we tremble at thy frown,
Oh! bring thy comforts near.

2 The terrors thy convictions wrought,
Oh! let thy grace remove;
And may the souls, which thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.

3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before;
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

4 Complete the work thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light,—
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

5 Then, as our wandering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language, we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

313.

C. M.

Old Things passed away.

1 LET earthly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its joys can now no longer please,
Nor e'en content afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed;

So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
Dear Lord! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.

314.

C. M.

The full Purpose.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not,—ye much-loved saints!
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not!—shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
Hinder me not,—come, welcome, death!
I'll gladly go with thee.

315.

8s and 7s.

Redeeming Love.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never-ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;

He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

4 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord! like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

5 Prone to wander,—Lord! I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart, Oh! take and seal it,—
Seal it from thy courts above.

316.

C. M.

Joy over the Penitent.

1 OH! how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sin and error mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below,
In songs, their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well-pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found!" they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

317.

L. M.

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,—
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;

And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their king.

318.

S. M.

The Song of the Saved on Earth.

1 FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound,
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict 's o'er:
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
Nor thirst nor hunger more.

4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
And love in every bosom reigns,—
For God himself is king.

5 We hope to join the throng,
And soon their pleasures share:—
To sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.

6 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We 're journeying through the wilderness,
To our eternal rest.

319.

L. M.

A Youth, seeking heavenly Wisdom.

1 I ASK not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
Nor fleeting pleasures of an hour:
My soul aspires to nobler things
Than all the pride and state of kings.

2 One thing I ask;—Lord! wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear?—
Wisdom, descending from above,
The sweetest token of thy love:—

3 Wisdom, betimes to know the Lord,
To fear his name, and keep his word;

To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide and guard my wandering youth.

4 Then shouldst thou grant a length of days,
My life shall still proclaim thy praise;
Or early death my soul convey
To realms of everlasting day.

320.

H. M.

Renouncing the World.

1 COME, my fond fluttering heart!
Come, struggle to be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets! forbear;
Ye dearest idols! fall;
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all:
'T is bitter pain,—'t is cruel smart,—
But, ah! thou must consent, my heart!

3 Ye fair enchanting throng!
Ye golden dreams! farewell!
Earth has prevailed too long,
And now I break the spell:
Farewell, ye joys of early years!—
Jesus! forgive these parting tears.

4 In Gilead there is balm,
A kind Physician there,
My fevered mind to calm,
And bid me not despair:
Aid me, dear Saviour! set me free;
My all I would resign to thee.

5 Oh! may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,—
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord! compare:
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

CHRISTIAN.

321.

7s.

Rejoicing in Jesus.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise, and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your sinful fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,—
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,—
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals! join the hosts above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of the Lord's redeeming love.

322.

8s and 7s.

Joyful Hope.

1 KNOW, my soul! thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear and care,
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think, what spirit dwells within thee;
Think, what Father's smiles are thine;
Think, what Jesus did to win thee;—
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith, and winged with praye
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,—
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

323.

S. M.

Salvation by Grace.

1 GRACE!—'t is a charming sound,—
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

324.

C. M.

Filial Obedience.

1 GRACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will;
But, with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfill.

3 They find access, at every hour,
To God, within the veil:
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

4 Oh! happy souls!—Oh! glorious state
Of overflowing grace,—
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

5 Lord! I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

6 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say,—"My Father, God!"
With an unwavering tongue.

325.

C. M.

Faith encouraged by ancient Examples.

1 RISE, O my soul! pursue the path,
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord! may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given;
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
That led them safe to heaven.

326.

L. M.

Salvation through Christ.

1 NOW, to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell,—we bless his name,—
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties, or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'T was his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels, doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies,—and, in that dreadful night,
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising—he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

327.

C. M.

The Hope of Heaven.

1 WHEN I can read my title, clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hell's fierce darts be hurled:
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

328.

7s and 6s. Peculiar.

Pilgrim's Song.

1 RISE, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul! and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul, that 's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season,—and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

329.

C. M.

Salvation by Grace.

1 LORD! we confess our numerous faults;
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'T is not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son

4 'T is from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin;
'T is by the water, and the blood,
Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'T is through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down, to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

330.

S. M.

Heavenly Joy on Earth

1 COME, ye who love the Lord!
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

331.

C. M.

Redemption and Protection.

1 ARISE, my soul! my joyful powers!
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice! and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,—
The opening gates of hell;
And fixed my standing more secure,
That 't was before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love,
Beneath my soul he placed;
And on the rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

5 Arise, my soul! awake, my voice!
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

32.

C. M.

Pleasures unseen.

1 OH! could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades.
To those bright worlds, beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!—

2 There, joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord! send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Oh! then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent hope shall rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,
Immortal, in the skies.

33.

C. M.

The Robe of Righteousness.

1 AWAKE, my heart! arise, my tongue!
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'T is he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.

3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments—how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 Strangely, my soul! art thou arrayed
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

334.

L. M.

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake—and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True,—'t is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint;—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love, our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

335.

C. M.

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'T is God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'T is he, whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun:
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet,
We 'll lay our trophies down.

36.

7s.

Rejoicing in Hope.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock! and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There, your seat is now prepared,—
There, your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

37.

L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

1 STAND up, my soul! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain 's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,—
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph, when he rose.

3 Then, let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There, peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious leader's praise.

338.

C. M.

Holy Love.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge,—alas! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

339.

L M

Love to God and Man.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,—
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass—an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,—
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still—I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry—clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;—

4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

340.

L. M.

Who on earth are blessed.

1 BLEST are the humble souls, that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows—
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls, that thirst for grace,—
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well-supplied, and fed,
With living streams and living bread.

341.

L. M.

Who on earth are blessed.

1 BLEST are the men, whose hearts do move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

2 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure, they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

3 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,—
The sons of God, the God of peace.

4 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame, for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,—
Glory and joy are their reward.

342.

C. M.

Brotherly Love.

1 HOW sweet and heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord

In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 Oh! may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action, glow.

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

343.

7s.

Christian Union and Love.

1 JESUS, Lord! we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all strife for ever cease.

2 Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Wholly like our blessed Lord.

3 Let us each for others care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church a pattern give,
Showing how believers live.

4 Let us, then, with joy, remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,—
Showing how believers die.

344.

S. M.

Christian Union.

1 BLEST be the tie, that binds
Our hearts, in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often, for each other, flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage, by the way;
While each, in expectation, lives,
And long to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

345.

S. M.

All, one in Christ.

1 LET party-names no more
The christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew. and bond and free,
Are one, in Christ, their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love abound;—
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

346.

7s.

Parting of Christians.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present friend.

2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer;
Tender shepherd of thy sheep!

Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength, may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Grant, that, if we live, ere-long
We may meet in peace again.

4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Joyful songs to thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.

347.

C. M.

Love to our Neighbor.

1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 Oh! may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo.

3 When the most helpless sons of grief,
In low distress, are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And mid th' embraces of thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And gave his own most precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

348.

C. M.

Compassion and Charity.

1 BLEST is the man, whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain;—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmt
A brother's woes to feel,

And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 He, from the bosom of his God,
Shall present peace receive;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

349.

C. M.

For benevolent Societies.

1 BRIGHT Source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life,
With every cheering ray:
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 When sunk in guilt, our souls approached
The borders of despair,
Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaimed
A free salvation near.

4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord!
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness, worms can yield,
Extendeth not to thee.

5 To tents of wo, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair;
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be fed;
The hungering soul, we 'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.

350.

C. M.

Charitable Appropriations.

1 JESUS, our Lord! how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties—how complete!
How shall we count the wondrous sum,
Or pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light,
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
Since all the world is thine.

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The children of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess,
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them may'st thou be clothed and fed,
Be visited and cheered;
And, in their accents of distress,
The Saviour's voice be heard.

5 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord! at thy feet we lay;
Grace will the humble gift receive
And grace at length repay.

351.

S. M.

Supports of Religion.

1 WHEN gloomy doubts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade;—

2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear gives up its rage
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewildered way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path, her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou blest supporter of the mind!
How powerful is thine aid!

5 Oh! let me feel thy power
And find thy sweet relief,
To cheer my every gloomy hour,
And calm my every grief.

352.

C. M.

Contrition and Prayer.

1 OH! for that tenderness of heart,
That bows before the Lord;
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

2 Oh! for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That sense of guilt, which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour! to me, in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 Oh! fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,—
Thyself to me reveal.

353.

8s, 7s and 4.

Hope encouraged.

1 O MY soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fear begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
Though thy heart is stained with sin,
Jesus lives, he 'll ne'er forget thee,
He will make thee pure within;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he 'll bring thee home to God;
Thou shalt praise him,—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

4 Oh! that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy spirits!
When shall I your chorus join?

354.

C. M.

Strength from Heaven.

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where 's our courage fled?
Have restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty name,
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal powers shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease;
But we, that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive,
Where perfect pleasure is.

355.

H. M.

Spiritual Desertion.

1 WHERE is my Saviour now,
Whose smiles I once possessed?
Till he return, I bow,
By heaviest grief oppressed:
My days of happiness have gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

2 Where can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah! who can soothe his wo,
And give him sweet relief?

Earth cannot heal the wounded breast,
Nor give the troubled sinner rest.

3 Jesus! thy smiles impart;
My dearest Lord! return,
And ease my wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn:
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace and heaven be found in thee.

356.

L. M.

Asking divine Consolation.

1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest!
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast,
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope! and joy sincere!
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope and peace divine!
Oh! make these sacred pleasures mine;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

4 Then should mine eyes, without a tear,
See death with all its terrors near;
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

357.

C. M.

Beatific Vision of Christ.

1 FROM thee, my God! my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure, and in praise.

4 Blest Jesus! every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

5 Haste, my Beloved! fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly—for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour, and my God.

358.

C M.

Heaven on Earth.

1 WHILE through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither, his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here, he kneels in prayer.

3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,—
Where all is perfect love.

4 There too may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth, our conversation be,
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long we, eye to eye, shall see,
And know as we are known.

359.

C. P. M.

Worldliness lamented.

1 THE mind was formed, to mount sublime
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapors dim her sight,
And hang, with cold oppressive weight,
Upon her drooping wings.

2 Bright scenes of bliss,—unclouded skies,
Invite my soul;—Oh! could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below,

I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say, to every tempting snare,—
Heaven calls, and I must go:—

3 Heaven calls,—and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
Ah! wretched lingering heart!
Come, Lord! with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

360.

8s.

Backsliders invited to return.

1 RETURN to the guide of thy youth,—
Thy Maker, thy Father, thy Friend!
Behold him prepared to receive
The child who has dared to offend:
Return—the Redeemer invites;
Full oft he hath sought thee before;
But, lo! with unspeakable grace,
He deigns to entreat thee once more.

2 Return,—and enjoyments are thine,
Too vast for the heart to conceive;—
Enjoyments which only belong
To those who repent and believe;
A love which for ever expands;
Unceasing composure of heart;
A crown of unfading delight;
A kingdom which cannot depart.

361.

C. M.

God, the Author of Mercies and Afflictions.

1 NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are only favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'T is God, who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and—blessed be his name!—
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions! then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent, at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we 'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

362.

8s and 7s.
Eternity.

1 IN this world of sin and sorrow,
Compassed round with every care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope that banishes despair.

2 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour!
In the glass of faith we see,
Oh! assist each faint endeavor,
Raise our earth-born souls to thee.

3 Bring that awful scene, before us,
Of the last tremendous day,
When to life thou wilt restore us;—
Lingering ages! haste away.

4 Then this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on;
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour!
Let thy gracious will be done.

363.

S. M.
Trust in God.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints!
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things—nor things to come
Shall quench this spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then will we trust our gracious God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on thee:—
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord!
Shall thy salvation see.

364.

8s, 7s and 4.

The Gladness of the Righteous.

1 FAR from us be grief and sadness,
Farther still unhallowed mirth:
Zion's sons may sing, with gladness,
Theirs are joys of heavenly birth:
sus owns them,—
Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth.

2 All the worlding's mirth is madness,
All his labor fruitless toil:
'T is the saints that taste of gladness,
Though the world their choice revile:
Sweet their portion:—
Life is in the Saviour's smile.

3 Worlds would seem as nothing to us,
Balanced with a Saviour's love:
Since the Lord in mercy drew us—
Drew our souls to things above,
Earthly objects
Can no longer greatly move.

4 Once the world was all our treasure;
Then the world our hearts possessed;
Now we taste sublimer pleasure,
Since the Lord has made us blest;
We can witness,—
Jesus gives his people rest.

365.

8s and 7s.
Pilgrim.

1 GENTLY, Lord! Oh! gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,—
Suffer not our souls to fear:
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

366.

7s and 6s. Peculiar.
Pleading by the Cross.

1 LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind;—
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on thee;
Every burdened soul release;
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely-justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Can we ever hence depart
Till thou our wants relieve?
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till renewed by holiness,—
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

67.

C. M.

Asking Mercy in Affliction.

1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way!
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here.

2 Oh! grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's alluring gain
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see:
The very hand, that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

368.

C. M.

Confidence in God's Government.

1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh! who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good, when he gives—supremely good;
Nor less, when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God! inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!

369.

11s.

Relying on the Promises.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
s laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said?—
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

2 Fear not, I am with thee, Oh! be not dismayed,
—I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand. [stand,

3 When through the deep waters I cause thee to g
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When thro' fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee,—I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prov
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still, in my bosom, be borne

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake
I 'll never,—no, never,—no, never forsake.

370.

C. M.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

1 MY drowsy powers! why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing 's half so dull.

2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,—
How negligent we live!—

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move:—
We, for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above;—

4 We, for whom God, the Son, came down,
And labored for our good;—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord! shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove! from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,—
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We 'll fly and take the prize.

71.

7s and 6s.

Desire for Heaven.

1 FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die;—
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending,
In infinite delight.

3 'T is true we are but strangers
And pilgrims here below,
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go:
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there 's a rest above;
And onward still we 're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

72.

7s.

In Darkness.

1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little, then, myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins renew,
Now I feel the stormy hour;
Sin has put my joys to flight,—
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour! shine, and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive,

Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away, the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,—
Let me live alone to thee.

373.

L. M.

Inconstant Heart lamented.

1 AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart!
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus, fond of trifles, vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide earth's vanities away:
There 's naught beneath a power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.

3 Jesus! to thee I would return,
And, at thy feet repenting, mourn:
There let me view thy pard'ning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

4 Oh! let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul;
Bid every earthly charm depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

374.

L. M.

Secret Self-Examination.

1 RETURN, my roving heart! return,
And chase those shadowy forms no more.
Now seek, in solitude, to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess;—
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be cleansed and purified.

4 Oh! with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God has fixed his dwelling here

375.

C. M.

The Pilgrimage of the Saints.

1 LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,—
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray:
But the bright world, to which we go,
Is everlasting day.

3 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still,—
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

4 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits
To welcome travelers home.

5 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labors of our feet.

6 Eternal glory to the King,
Who brought us safely through,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

376.

C. M.

Filial Submission.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say—"My Father, God?"
Lord! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father, God!" permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

377.

C. M.

Unfruitfulness.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
But still, how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

378.

S. M.

Ingratitude to divine Goodness.

1 IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace! these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

379.

C. M.

Repentance in View of divine Patience.

1 AND are we, wretches, yet alive?
And do we yet rebel!
'T is boundless—'t is amazing love,—
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threatening vengeance rolls above
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries—"Forbear!"—
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord! we have long abused thy love,—
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts! shall ye command;
No more will we obey:
Stretch out. O God! thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

380.

C. M.

Backslidings and Returns.

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God! my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more, by day,—
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,—
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes, I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait, to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

6 Make haste, my days! to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,—
My God, my Saviour's breast.

381.

C. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, Oh! let me lift mine eyes,
And, hourly, watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
I strive against my foes in vain,—
I sink amid my fears.

3 O Lord! increase my faith and hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4 Oh! keep me in thy heavenly way
And bid the tempter flee;
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and thee.

382.

L. M.

Hardness of Heart lamented.

1 OH! for a glance of heavenly day,
To chase the shades of night away;
To melt, with beams of love divine,
This unrelenting heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The ocean roar, the mountain shake;
All nature feels, and gives the sign;
But not this stubborn heart of mine.

3 Dear Lord! the sorrows, thou hast felt,
Might cause a heart of stone to melt;
Yet, I can read each sacred line,
And nothing melt this heart of mine.

4 But power supreme the soul can move,
And purify, and melt to love;
Come, Holy Spirit! Power divine!
Oh! come, subdue this heart of mine.

383.

S. M.

Dead to Sin by the Cross of Christ.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to the cross,
And bought our liberty.

384.

L. M.

Faith, our Guide.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night,
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abr'am, by divine command,
Left his own home to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

385.

C. M.

Faith of Things unseen.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets times past, in present view,
Brings distant prospects home—
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith, we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word:
Abr'am, to unknown countries led,
By faith, obeyed the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

386.

C. M.

The Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid, in every duty, brings,
And softens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There—there unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

387.

C. M.

Justification; or, Law and Grace.

1 VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built;—
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions, guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!—
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

388.

L. M.

The Value of Christ and his Righteousness.

1 NO more,—my God! I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes,—and I must, and will, esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh! may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

389.

C. M.

Retirement.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,—
From strife and tumult far;

From scenes, where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God.

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life,—
Sweet source of light divine,—
And—all harmonious names in one—
Blest Saviour!—thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
And praise, an endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

390.

7s.

Privileges of Adoption.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;—
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek and mild
Holy, blameless, undefiled:

With them numbered may we be
Here, and in eternity.

4 They are lights upon the earth,—
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity,

391.

C. M.

Hope of Heaven through Christ.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God.
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,—
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet, as the Lord, our Saviour, rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There 's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day;
'T is uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints, by the power of God, are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

392.

S. M.

Adoption.

1 BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2 'T is no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their king,—
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made:

But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

4 A hope, so much divine,
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If, in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves, beneath the throne;
Our faith shall—"Abba, Father!"—cry,
And thou the kindred own.

393.

C. M.

The Fearful encouraged.

1 YE trembling souls! dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy—which, like a river, flows,
In one perpetual stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;—
Those powers will God restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
For his he will provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He 's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Nor death's tremendous sting;
He will, from endless wrath, preserve—
To endless glory bring.

394.

C. M.

Saints in the Hands of Christ.

1 FIRM as the earth, thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust!

If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must for ever rest.

395.

L. M.

Hope in the Covenant.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amid temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

396.

L. M.

Security of the Saints.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?—
'T is God, who justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?—
'T is Christ, who suffered in their stead,
And, the salvation to fulfill,
Behold him, rising from the dead!

3 He lives!—he lives, and reigns above,
For ever interceding there;

Who shall divide us from his love?—
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

397.

8s, 7s and 4.

God, the Pilgrim's Guide

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord! the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises—
I will ever give to thee.

398.

C. M.

Joys departed.

1 SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening-shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening-shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;

And, when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour!—help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,—
Let me that mercy share.

399.

C. M.

Seeking God.

1 OH! that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God;
I 'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I 'd tell him how my sins arise,—
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leave my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I 'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I 'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,—
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul! from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee, to his throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

400.

C. M.

Walking with God.

1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!

But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,—
Whate'er that idol be,—
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

401.

7s.

Love to Christ.

1 HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour—hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
"Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?

2 "I delivered thee, when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;—
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,—
Oh! for grace to love thee more.

402.

C. M.

Love to Christ.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each hateful idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee, from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face,
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

6 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord!
But Oh! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

403.

S. M.

Christian Watchfulness.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And Oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,—

Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

404.

C. M.

Seeking a Rest.

1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.

2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,—
Our Saviour is the Lord.

405.

C. M. Double.

Sinai and Zion.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;—
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke;—
But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will
And spread his love abroad.

2 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!
Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven:
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their every sin forgiven.

3 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake:
In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man who dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

406.

S. M.

The vigilant Servant.

1 YE servants of the Lord!
Each in his office wait;

With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch—'t is your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he 's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh! happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

407.

S. M.

Watching and Praying.

1 MY soul! be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;—
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

408.

C. M.

Desiring the Presence of God.

1 HEAR, gracious God! my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone,
And when my joys arise?

2 My God! Oh! could I make the claim,—
My Father and my friend,—
And call thee mine, by every name,
On which thy saints depend;—

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy mercy-seat.

4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns;—
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord! and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
Oh! smile and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then, shall my drooping spirit rise
And bless the healing rays;
And change these deep, complaining sighs,
To songs of sacred praise.

409.

C. M.

Submission.

1 O LORD! my best desires fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command?
Thy love forbids my fears;
Why tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

3 No,—let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee;
Thou never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Shall be my rich supply;
What more I want, or think I do,
Let wisdom still deny.

410.

S. M.

Restoration to Health.

1 KINDLY the Lord appeared
In nature's trying hour;
His love my sinking spirit cheered;—
I felt his strengthening power.

2 He found me on the bed
Of languishing and pain;
And bade me lean on him my head,
Nor seek his aid in vain.

3 I saw his mighty arm
Stretched o'er the rolling wave;
He snatched my life from threatening harm,
And showed his power to save.

4 How, then, can I refuse
The glad and grateful strain?
The Lord my wasted strength renews,
And makes me well again.

5 Oh! may my future days
My gratitude display;
Nor speak alone, but live thy praise,
Through each revolving day.

411.

C. M.

Sickness and Recovery.

1 MY God! thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head,
On thy dear faithful breast;
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour-God!
Did I my soul resign,
In firm reliance on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor will I ask a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For, in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

412.

7s.

The Mind that was in Christ.

1 FATHER of eternal grace!
Glorify thyself in me;

Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,—
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all-resigned
To thy will:—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord! the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,—
Rise with him, to thee, my God!

413.

L. M.

Holiness and Grace.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel, we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all-divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour-God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord;—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

414.

C. M.

Hope in Affliction.

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

2 'T is not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'T is not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;—

3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path to realms of light,
And longs her eagle-plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that hope with ardor glows
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that harrassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals
And ends her war within.

6 Oh! let me wing my hallowed flight,
From earth-born wo and care,
And soar beyond these realms of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

415.

C. L. M.

Faith struggling in Darkness.

1 OH! let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils the sky;
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in mystery:
I cannot, Lord! thy purpose see,
But all is well since ruled by thee.

2 Thus trusting in thy love, I tread
The path of duty on:
What though some cherished joys are fled,
Some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain;
Why should my spirit then complain?

416.

C. M.

Presence of God in Afflictions.

1 THY gracious presence, O my God!
Can soothe my inward pains:
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,
And gild each scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it, all is night.

3 My Lord! my Life! Oh! cheer my heart,
With thy reviving ray;
Oh! bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day.

4 Oh! happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams arise:

Unclouded beauty to the sight,—
Sweet rapture and surprise!

5 Lord! shall these breathings of my heart
Aspire, in vain, to thee?
Confirm my hope, that, where thou art,
I shall for ever be.

6 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darkest hours away,
And rise, on faith's expanding wing,
To everlasting day.

417.

L. M.

Submission to the Will of God.

1 WAIT, O my soul! thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions! all be still!
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise,—
His ways are just,—his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work,—the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 Wait then, my soul! submissive wait,—
Prostrate before his awful seat:
Mid all the terrors of his rod,
Still trust a wise and gracious God.

418.

C. M.

The christian Soldier.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I 'll bear the toil—endure the pain,—
Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;

They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of vict'ry, through the skies,—
The glory shall be thine.

419.

C. M.

Christian Assurance.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,—
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And, in the New-Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

420.

7s.

The three Mounts.

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,—
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When in ecstacy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here, I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away,

Thou art heaven on earth to me,—
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

421.

8s and 7s.

Hope in God encouraged.

1 WHY, when storms around you gather,
Should your trembling spirit sink?
Look to God, your heavenly Father,
And of his sweet promise think.

2 Fancy will be often painting
Scenes, in dark and fearful shade:
Yet why should thy soul be fainting,
Of prospective woes afraid?

3 Cease that dark anticipation!
Still let love and faith abound;
For the day of tribulation,
Strength sufficient will be found.

4 God is love, and will not leave you,
When you most his kindness need;
God is true—nor can deceive you,—
Though your faith be weak indeed.

422.

8s.

The Promise of God sure.

1 HOW sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near!
The soul that can trust thee is blest,—
Thy smiles bring deliverance from fear:
The Lord has, in kindness, declared,
That those who will trust in his name,
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.

2 This promise shall be, to my soul,
A messenger sent from the skies,—
An anchor when billows shall roll—
A refuge when tempests arise:
O Saviour! the promise fulfill,
Its comfort impart to my mind,
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,—
To the cup of affliction resigned.

423.

C. P. M.

Resignation.

1 O LORD! in sorrow I resign,
And bow to that dear hand of thine,—
While yet the rod appears;
That hand can wipe these streaming eyes,
Or, into smiles of glad surprise,
Transform these falling tears.

2 My sole possession is thy love;
On earth beneath, in heaven above,
I have no other store:
And though, with fervor, now I pray
And importune thee night and day—
I cannot ask for more.

424.

C. L. M.

Submission in Trials.

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—
Bow all resigned beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;—
A joy springs up amid distress,—
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet;
For he will hear my prayer;
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

3 Then, blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

425.

C. M.

Depending on Grace.

1 AMAZING grace!—how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yea—when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

426.

C. M.

Submission in Trials.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness,
In thee, and thee alone.

PRAYER.

427.

C. M.

Habitual Devotion.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,—
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour
Thy love my breast shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,—
That heart shall rest on thee.

428.

7s.

A Blessing humbly requested.

1 LORD! we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;—
Shall we seek thee, Lord! in vain?

2 Lord! on thee our souls depend,
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord! we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message, from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;

Those, who are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant, that all may seek and find
Thee, a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free—
Let us all rejoice in thee.

429.

L. M.

Forgiveness sought.

1 FORGIVE us, Lord! to thee we cry,
Forgive us through thy matchless grace?
On thee alone our souls rely,
Be thou our strength and righteousness.

2 Forgive thou us, as we forgive
The ills we suffer from our foes;
Restore us, Lord! and bid us live;
Oh! let us in thine arms repose.

3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great,
Our wretched souls no merit claim;
For sovereign mercy still we wait,
And ask but in the Saviour's name.

4 Forgive us,—O thou bleeding Lamb!
Thou risen—thou exalted Lord!
Thou great High-Priest! our souls redeem,
And speak the pardon-sealing word.

430.

C. M.

The God of Bethel.

1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led:—

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present,
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh ! spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings, from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,—
Our portion evermore.

431.

7s.

Christ's Presence invoked.

1 LIGHT of life !—seraphic fire !—
Love divine !—thyself impart ;
Every fainting soul inspire ;
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Every mourning sinner cheer ;
Scatter all our guilty gloom :
Saviour—Son of God ! appear ;
To thy living temples come.

3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in .
Fill us with thy glorious power—
Rooting out the love of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less ;
Be thou all our heart's desire,—
All our joy and all our peace.

432.

C. M.

The Nature of Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,—
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;—
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry,—"Behold he prays!"

6 O Thou! by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:—
Lord! teach us how to pray.

433.

7s.

Sin bewailed.

1 COME, my soul! thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray;
Rise, and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin;—
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy sovereign right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my guide, my guard, my friend;—
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Shew me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

434.

C. M.

Prayer for needed Grace.

1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted, at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give us a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make us live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope, that we are thine,
Our life and death attend;
Thy presence through our journey shine,
And crown our journey's end."

435.

C. M.

Seeking God.

1 AUTHOR of good! to thee we turn;
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,—
Thy hand alone supply.

2 Oh! let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,—
That fear, all fears beside.

3 Not what we wish—but what we want,
Let mercy still supply;
The good we ask not, Father! grant;
The ill we ask—deny.

436.

C. M.

Prayer for Wisdom.

1 ALMIGHTY God! in humble prayer,
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth,
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below:—

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray:—

4 We ask for wisdom;—Lord! impart
The knowledge how to live:
A wise and understanding heart,
To all thy servants give;—

5 The young—remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days!
The old—be guided by thy truth,
In wisdom's pleasant ways!

437.

C. M.

Prayer for Sincerity.

1 LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh! may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;—
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray, from thee,
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
Oh! let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts—'t is goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

438.

S. M.

Christ will hear Prayer.

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer,
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

439.

L. M.

The Presence of Christ implored.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;—

2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
To bless the little company ;—
There, to unveil his smiling face,
And bid his glories fill the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord !
Relying on thy faithful word ;
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

440.

L. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER, adored in worlds above !
Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;
Thy kingdom come, with power and love ;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 Lord ! make our daily wants thy care,
Forgive the sins that we forsake ;
Oh ! let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour ;—
Thy kind protection we implore :
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,—
Be thine the glory evermore.

441.

S. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR heavenly Father ! hear
The prayer we offer now ;—
“ Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow !

2 “ Thy kingdom come :—Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 “Our daily bread supply,
While, by thy word, we live :

The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 "From dark temptation's power,—
From Satan's wiles defend:
Deliver, in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 "Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine:
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine."

6 Thus humbly taught to pray,
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,—
"All for his sake be done!"

442.

S. M.

Coming boldly to the Throne of Grace

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 Thine image, Lord! bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
We ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

4 Teach us to live by faith,
Conform our will to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And, then, in glory shine.

5 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt our portion be,
All worldly joys we 'll cheerful leave
And find our heaven in thee.

443.

7s.

Pleading with God.

1 LORD! I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;

Do not turn away thy face,
Mine 's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once, a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free,—
Lord! that mercy came to me.

3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;—
Who could hold me up but thou?

4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'T is thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

REVIVAL.

444.
L. M.
The Sun of Righteousness.

1 O SUN of righteousness! arise,
With gentle beams on Zion shine;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.

2 On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers;
That we may call our God our friend,—
That we may hail salvation ours.

445.
C. M.
Prayer for a Revival.

1 O LORD! thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour;
And let our dying graces live,
By thy restoring power.

2 Oh! let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;

Their solemn vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak,
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry;
Oh! come, and bring salvation near;—
Our souls on thee rely.

446.

L. M.

Weeping over Sinners.

1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts! arise;
Dissolve in grief, my streaming eyes!
And thou, my heart! with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandal poured on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded, through the Son,
The world abused,—the soul undone!

3 See the short course of vain delight,
Closing in everlasting night,
In flames that no abatement know,
Though bitter tears for ever flow!

4 My God! I feel the mournful scene,
And yearn with grief o'er dying men;
While fain my pity would reclaim
Souls that may perish in the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep, where most it loves
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

447.

H. M.

The Jubilee proclaimed.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet!—blow,—
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,—
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,—
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell!
Your liberty receive:
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

4 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace:
Ye happy souls! draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

5 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits! rest,
Ye mourning souls! be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

448.

L. M.

Hope in Times of Darkness.

1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,—
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

2 "Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and power;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 "Take down thy long-neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer,
The winter-season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord! I obey,—my hopes revive;
Come, join with me, ye saints! and sing:
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

449.

L. M.

The Vision of dry Bones.

1 LOOK down, O Lord! with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie:
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these dead awake and live?
And can these perished bones revive?
That, mighty God! to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain,
In vain they call, in vain they cry,—
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death,
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice,—
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

450.

H. M.

Rejoicing in a Revival.

1 O ZION! tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round,
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new,
Divinely crowned.

3 In honour to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love,
In worlds above,
The glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And, with his radiance, fill
Those fairer, purer skies:
While, round his throne,
Ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres,
His influence own.

451.

8s and 7s.

Prayer for a Revival.

1 SAVIOUR! visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord! a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;—
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

452.

8s and 7s.

Future Peace and Glory of Zion.

1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken;—
"O my people! faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,—
Fair abodes I build for you:
Scenes of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:

You shall name your walls—Salvation,—
And your gates shall all be praise."

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures, without end, shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression—
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns declining,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God will rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, will be your glory,—
God your everlasting light.

453.

7s.

Winning Souls.

1 WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him how the streams did glide,
From his hands, his feet, his side,—
How his head, with thorns, was crowned,
And his heart in sorrow drowned:—

3 How he yielded up his breath,
How he agonized in death,
How he lives to intercede,—
Christ, our advocate and head.

4 Tell him,—it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face;
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

5 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

454.

8s, 7s and 4.

Fountain of Life.

1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow!
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below:
They are blessed,
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels, flowing
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O ye nations!
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes;
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,—
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are saved from mourning,
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound;
Fair their portion!—
Endless life, with glory crowned.

ORDINANCES.

455.

C. M.

Christ receiving Children.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord! in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock! with pleasure hear,—
Ye children! seek his face;
And fly, with transports, to receive
The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;—
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

456.

L. M.

Infant Baptism.

1 O LORD! encouraged by thy grace,
We bring our infant to thy throne;
Give it within thy heart a place,
Let it be thine, and thine alone.

2 Wash it from every stain of guilt,
And let this child be sanctified;
Lord! thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt,
And all its native evils hide.

3 We ask not, for it, earthly bliss,
Or earthly honors, wealth or fame:
The sum of our request is this—
That it may love and fear thy name.

4 This infant, we by faith commit
To thy kind love and guardian care;
We lay it at the Saviour's feet,
He will not let it perish there.

457.

C. M.

The promise to Abraham.

1 HOW large the promise—how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love,
From age to age. endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our forefathers given;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God,—how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor, from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

458.

S. M.

Christ blessing Children.

1 THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He holds them in his gracious arms;—
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,—
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord!
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

459.

C. M.

The Saviour blessing Children.

1 WHEN Jesus left the throne of God,
He chose an humble birth;
A man of grief, like, us he trod
A lonely path on earth.

2 Like him, may we be found below,
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge. grow,
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him pressed;
Their infants. in his arms, he took,
And on his bosom blessed.

4 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy, they plucked the palms, and strewed
Their garments on the ground.

5 "Hosanna!"—our glad voices raise—
"Hosanna to our King!"
Could we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

460.

C. M.

Infants, living or dying, in the Arms of Christ.

1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord!
With transport all-divine;
Thine image trace, in every word,
Thy love, in every line.

2 With joy, I see a thousand charms,
Spread o'er thy lovely face;
While infants in thy tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them on my breast;
Protection they shall find in me—
In me, be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can 't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise
And mould with heavenly skill;
I 'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

6 His words, ye happy parents! hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
Dear Saviour! all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

461.

S. M.

The Spirit in Baptism.

1 GREAT God! now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh! what a pure delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love!
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

462.

L. M.

Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

1 COME, Holy Ghost! come from on high
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2 Exert thy gracious power divine,
And sprinkle thou th' atoning blood,
May Father, Son, and Spirit, join
To seal this child, a child of God.

463.

L. M.

The Baptism of a Household.

1 UNITED prayers ascend to thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind!
Smile on this waiting family;
Thy blessing let thy servants find.

2 Let the dear pledges of their love,
Like tender plants, around them grow.
Thy present grace, and joys above,
Upon their little ones bestow.

3 Receive, at their believing hand,
The charge which they devote as thine,
Obedient to their Lord's command;
And seal, with power, the rite divine.

4 To every member of their house.
Thy grace impart, thy love extend;
Grant every good that time allows,
With heavenly joys that never end.

464.

S. M.

Prayer for the Sanctification of Children.

1 O GOD of Abra'm! hear
The parents' humble cry;
In covenant-mercy now appear,
While in the dust we lie.

2 These children of our love,
In mercy thou hast given,

That we through grace may faithful prove,
In training them for heaven.

3 Oh! grant thy Spirit, Lord!
Their hearts to sanctify;
Remember now thy gracious word;—
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere
And fix their hopes on high.

5 These children now are thine,—
We give them back to thee;
Oh! lead them by thy grace divine,
Along the heavenly way.

465.

C. M.

The Condescension of Christ.

1 BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings, he extends
The riches of his grace!

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord! into thine arms,—
Thine may they ever be.

466.

L. M.

Entering into Covenant.

1 OH! happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh! happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!

Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.—

3 'T is done—the great transaction 's done;—
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed, shall daily hear;
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

467.

L. M.

A Welcome to christian Fellowship.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord!
Oh! come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee, with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We 'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We 'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We 'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more, our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh! may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above.

468.

L. M.

Entire Consecration.

1 NOW I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his ways will I depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 Oh! be his service all my joy!—
Around let my example shine,

Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And, in his kind commands, rejoice.

4 Oh! may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

469.

L. M.

Self-Dedication to God.

1 LORD! I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant me, in mercy, now a place,
Among the children of thy grace,—
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thee, my new master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord! let me live and die to thee,—
Be thine through all eternity.

470.

C. M.

The Young entering into Covenant.

1 COME, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent prayer.

3 Come, let us seal, without delay,
The covenant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its mem'ry e'er efface.

4 Thus may our young companions haste
To seek their fathers' God;

Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their fathers' feet have trod.

471.

C. M.

Public Profession.

1 YE men and angels! witness now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break;—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor, from his cause will we depart,
Nor ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
A needful aid supply.

4 Oh! guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

472.

L. M.

On receiving new Members.

1 KINDRED in Christ! for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he, by whose kind care, we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4 We 'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us, here below;—
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he 's doing for us now.

5 Thus,—as the moments pass away,—
We 'll love, and wonder, and adore;

And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

473.

L. M.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

1 'T WAS on that dark—that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes :—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed and brake :
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !

3 "This is my body, broke for sin :
Receive and eat the living food :"—
Then took the cup and blessed the wine,—
"'T is the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend;
Meet, at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus ! thy feast we celebrate ;
We show thy death, we sing thy name—
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

474.

C. M

The new Covenant sealed.

1 THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good :
He said—and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name ;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath ;
'T was purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

4 The light and strength, the pard'ning grace
And glory shall be mine :

My life and soul—my heart and flesh,—
  And all my powers are thine.

475.

7s.

Sacramental Emblems.

1 BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed,
With the true and living bread;
Day by day, with strength supplied,
Through the life of him that died.

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'T is thy wounds, my healing give;
To thy cross I look and live:
Thou, my life! Oh! let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee

476.

L. M.

The Memorials of Grace.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
  Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
  To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
  Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
  These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
  And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
  And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
  'T is to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
  And live for ever near his face.

477.

S. M.

Communion with Christ and with Saints.

1 JESUS invites his saints
  To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
  Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

4 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise:
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

478.

L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord!
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one who died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And cast their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

479.

C. M.

The Love of Christ.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

3 This was compassion, like a God,
That when the Saviour knew—
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

480.

L. M.

The Day of Espousals.

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute that we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord! to thee;—
Like the dear hour, when, from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day—
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Each foll'wing minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

481.

C. M.

Humble Communion with Christ.

1 LORD! at thy table, we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire, that we
Should find a welcome-place.

2 We, who were all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God;—
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood;—

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room?
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts above!
Join all your sacred powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,—
No Saviour is like ours.

482.

C. M.

The triumphal Feast.

1 COME, let us lift our voices high,—
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, our God, invites us here,
To this triumphal feast;
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.

3 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favors so divine?
We would devote our hearts away,
To be for ever thine.

4 We give thee, Lord! our highest praise—
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes, so infinite as these,
Exceed our noblest songs.

483.

C. M

The Gospel-Feast.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors—
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast;
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,—
"Lord! why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there 's room—
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in ;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God !
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

484.

C. M.

Remembering Christ.

1 IF human kindness meets return
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh ;—

2 Oh ! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died, our fears to quell—
Our more than orphan's wo !

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
"Meet and remember me !"

4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share !—
O mem'ry ! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

485.

L. M.

The Presence of Christ desired.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world ! be gone,
Let my religious hours alone :
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see ;—
I wait a visit, Lord ! from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire :
Come, my dear Jesus ! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare—
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

486.

C. M.

Remembering Christ.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,—
In meek humility,—
This will I do, my dying Lord!
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,—
Thine agony and bloody sweat,—
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me!—
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee;
When, in thy kingdom, thou shalt come—
Jesus! remember me.

SABBATH.

487.

7s.

The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;—
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord! a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners—comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

488.

S. M.

The Lord's Day and public Worship.

1 WELCOME—sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The king himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,

Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,—
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

489.

H. M.
Sabbath-Morning.

1 WELCOME—delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return;—
Lord! make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the king descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord! extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

490.

C. M.
Dawn of the Sabbath.

1 AGAIN, the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh! what a night was that which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
Oh! what a sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart.
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings, from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

491.

H. M.

Morning of the Lord's Day.

1 AWAKE, ye saints! awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath blessed,—
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;—
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years, to live and reign!"

4 Great King! gird on thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, power and love
Maintain the glorious war:
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

492.

L. M.

The Morning of the Lord's Day.

1 HAIL! morning known among the blest,—
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,—
Of heavenly peace, and holy rest,
Pledge of the endless rest above!

2 Blest be the Father of our Lord,
Who, from the dead, hath brought his Son;
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Scarce morning-twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day.

4 Mercy looked down, with smiling eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked his bright ascent on high,
And hope, with gladness, raised her head.

5 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord!
Thy fire to every bosom bring;
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

493.

C. M.

The Resurrection-Morn.

1 BLEST morning! whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb,
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain:
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord!
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation, and immortal praise,
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

494.

L. M.

The Rest of the Sabbath.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

2 Oh! that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw, from heaven, that sweet repose
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest—
Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,—
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

495.

L. M.

The earthly and heavenly Sabbath.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight-shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Soon shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond this world of death and sin;
Soon shall our voices join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

496.

7s.

The holy Day of Rest.

1 WELCOME—sacred day of rest!
Sweet repose from worldly care;—
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare;—
Day when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell:
Thus he vanquished all our foes;—
Let our lips his glory tell.

2 Gracious Lord! we love this day,
When we hear thy holy word;
When we sing thy praise, and pray;—
Earth can no such joys afford:
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths,—happier days,
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,—
Endless joys, and endless praise.

497.

C. M.

A Sabbath in the House of God.

1 HERE cares and angry passions cease,
For saints together meet
To spend an hour of prayer and peace,
At their Redeemer's feet.

2 No sculptured wonders meet the sight,—
Nor pictured saints appear,
Nor storied window's gorgeous light,
For God himself is here.

3 And here are comrades in the war
With Satan and with sin,
Who now in God's own favor share,
And soon their heaven will win.

4 Glory to God! who deigns to bless
This consecrated day,
Unfolds his wondrous promises,
And makes it sweet to pray.

5 Glory to God! who deigns to hear
The humblest sigh we raise,
And answers every heart-felt prayer,
And hears our hymn of praise.

498.

C. M.

The first Day of the Week.

1 AND now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day he rose, who bore our sins,—
For so his word records.

2 Hark, how the angels sweetly sing!—
Their voices fill the sky;
They hail their great victorious king,
And welcome him on high.

3 We 'll catch the note of lofty praise;
May we their rapture feel;
Our thankful song with theirs we 'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.

4 Come, then, ye saints! and grateful sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord,—
Of Christ, the everlasting king,—
Of Christ, th' incarnate word.

5 Hail, mighty Saviour! thee we hail!
High on thy throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We 'll sing thy matchless love.

499.

C. M.

The first Sabbath.

1 HOW bright a day was that, which saw
Creation's work complete!
All nature owned her Maker's law,
And worshiped at his feet.

2 The world, arranged by power divine,
In perfect order stood;
And, resting from his great design,
God saw that all was good.

3 Not such a Sabbath now appears,
For sin has ruined all;
No longer man with pleasure hears
A gracious Father's call.

4 Yet, Lord! bring back the reign of peace,
Let brighter days begin;
And teach vain creatures how to cease
From folly and from sin.

5 Let sinners be again made thine,
Though once with vengeance cursed;
And let a second Sabbath shine,
As glorious as the first.

500.

C M

The Resurrection of Christ.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest:
And joyful, in harmonious lays,
Employ this day of rest.

2 Lord! may we still remember thee,
And more in knowledge grow;
Oh! may we more of glory see,
While waiting here below.

3 On this blest day, a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, th' eternal word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who our souls hath bought
With blood, and grief, and pain:
'T was great—to speak the world from nought,—
'T was greater—to redeem.

501.

L. M.

The Lord's Day.

1 THIS day the Lord hath called his own;—
Oh! let us then his praise declare,
Fix our desires on him alone,
And seek his face, with fervent prayer.

2 Lord! in thy love, would we rejoice,
That bids the burdened soul be free;
And, with united heart and voice,
Devote these sacred hours to thee.

3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our groveling thoughts employ
But faith be taught to stretch her wings,
In search of heaven's unfailing joy.

4 Oh! let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord!
Be to our lasting welfare blest;
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for eternal rest.

502.

10s.

The Sabbath, a holy Rest.

1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear when fervently we raise
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,—
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

503.

C. M.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites—what honors shall he pay?
How spread his praise abroad?

2 From marble-domes and gilded spires
Shall clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man!—creation's Lord
Thine offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart—and thou shalt find,
That God will hear thy prayer.

504.

7s and 6s.

Sabbath-Contemplations.

1 LORD of the vast creation,
Support of worlds unknown,
Desire of every nation!—
Behold us at thy throne;
We come for mercy crying,
Through thine atoning blood;
And on thy grace relying,
We seek each promised good.

2 We bless the condescension
That brought thee down to earth;
Of which the seers made mention,
Who prophesied thy birth:
We celebrate the glory,
That marked thy wondrous way,
And own the joyful story,
That claims this hallowed day.

3 Oh! when shall thy salvation
Be known through every land,
And men, in every station,
Obey thy great command?

In God's own Son believing,
From sin may they be free;
And gospel-grace receiving,
Find life and peace in thee.

505.

L. M.

The Close of the Sabbath.

1 ANOTHER day has passed along,
And we are nearer to the tomb,—
Nearer to join the heavenly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.

2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath-eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there:
For these blest hours, the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

3 The time how lovely and how still;
Peace shines and smiles on all below,—
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,—
All fair with evening's setting glow.

4 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love,—
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

5 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,—
The endless Sabbath of our God.

506.

C. M.

Evening of the Lord's Day.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord! forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord! our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end:—

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine:—

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

507.

C. M.

Lord's Day-Evening.

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus! when shall I
Behold thee all-serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Spare me, my God! Oh! spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

4 Thy Spirit, O my Father! give
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys—
Where Sabbaths never end.

SANCTUARY.

508.

S. M.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer-God
Unveils the glories of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold thee sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To thee, our prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
Oh! listen to our broken sighs,
And grant us all our wants.

5 Give us, O Lord! a place,
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,—
The servants of our God.

509.

C. M.

The Glory of Zion.

1 HOW honorable is the place,
Where we adoring stand;
Zion!—the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our king!

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,—
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace!

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength, in the Lord Jehovah, dwells,
Eternal as his years.

510.

L. M.

The Church, the Palace of God.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace!
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God!

2 Thy walls are strength,—and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage—
Against thy throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

511.

H. M.

The House of Prayer.

1 GREAT Father of mankind!
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find,
Within thy courts, a place:
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne,
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own
Strangers no more,
To thee we come;
We find our home,
And rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name:
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim;
Our Father-King!
Thy covenant-grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

4 Let all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows,

Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir,
On Zion's hill.

512.

7s.

The House of Prayer and Praise.

1 LORD of hosts! to thee we raise,
Here, a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's heart prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed,
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here, to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall girt the land;
Here, reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise, till time shall end.

513.

L. M.

On opening a House of Worship.

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God!
We build this earthly house for thee,
Oh! make it now thy fixed abode,
And keep it, Lord! from error free.

2 When here thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord! forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim,
The blessed gospel of thy Son:
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,—
Hosanna to their heavenly King;
Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong—
"Hosanna!" let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign,
Here to abide,—no transient guest?
Here, will our great Redeemer reign,
And here, the Holy Spirit rest?—

6 Thy glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord! this house alone;
Thy kingdom come, in every heart,—
In every bosom, fix thy throne.

514.

C. M.

Prayer on opening a Church-Edifice.

1 WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God!
In glorious majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy choicest blessings here.

2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, with thy word, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
With power divine, reach every heart.

3 Here, let the blind their sight obtain,
Here, give the broken spirit rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,—
Enthroned in every yielding breast.

4 Here, let the voice of sacred joy
And humble supplication rise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms of bliss, beyond the skies.

515.

C M.

Dedication of a Church.

1 GOD of the universe! to thee
This sacred fane we rear,
And now, with songs and bended knee,
Invoke thy presence here.

2 Long may this echoing dome resound
The praises of thy name,—
These hallowed walls to all around
The Triune God proclaim.

3 Here, let thy love—thy presence dwell,—
Thy glory here make known;
Thy people's home, Oh! come, and fill,
And seal it as thine own.

4 When sad with care—by sin oppressed,—
Here may the burdened soul,
Beneath thy sheltering wing, find rest;
Here, make the wounded whole.

5 And when the last long Sabbath-morn,
Upon the just. shall rise,
May all, who own thee here, be borne
To mansions in the skies.

MINISTRY.

516.

S. M.

The Heralds of Christ.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!—
"Zion! behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

17.

L. M.

The great Commission.

1 "GO, preach my gospel!"—saith the Lord,—
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word;
He shall be damned who don't believe

2 "I 'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands,—
I 'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake—and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud, to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

18.

C. M.

Ministers watch for Souls.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.

2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart;—
It filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;—
For souls, that must for ever live,
In raptures, or in wo.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord! how should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

519.

L. M.

Meeting of Ministers.

1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within thy temple where we stand,
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour! like stars, in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be!

3 Wisdom and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our hearts,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:—

4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope, our charge resign:
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine.

520.

C. M.

The Death of a Minister.

1 NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry:
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief
That view a Saviour nigh?

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,—
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye, in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—

3 Th' eternal shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us—and his voice
Still animates our heart.

4 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;"
The Lord will ne'er forsake his own
Who in his love confide.

5 Through every scene of life and death,
His promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

521.

S. M.

The Pastor's Death.

1 REST from thy labor, rest;—
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be!

2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love,—prompt to act, and quick to feel,—
Marked thee, till life's last hour.

3 Now,—toil and conflict o'er,—
Go, take with saints thy place:
But go—as each hath gone before,—
A sinner saved by grace.

4 Lord Jesus! to thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait thine own commands;—
We were not his, but thine.

5 Thou art thy church's head;
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead:—
To thee we lift our eye.

6 On thee our hopes depend;
We gather round our Rock;
Send whom thou wilt; but condescend
Thyself to feed thy flock.

522.

S. M.

The Death of an aged Minister.

1 "SERVANT of God! well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought,—the vict'ry won,—
Enter thy Master's joy."

2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,

A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past,—
Labor and sorrow cease ;
And, life's long warfare closed at last
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ ! well-done !
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy !

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

523.

7s.

Inquiring of a Watchman.

1 WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are ?
Traveler ! o'er yon mountain's height'
See that glory-beaming star :
Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveler ! yes ;—it brings the day,—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman ! tell us of the night ;—
Higher yet that star ascends ;
Traveler ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends
Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveler ! ages are its own,
See ! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn ;
Traveler ! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn :
Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease
Hie thee to thy quiet home ;
Traveler ! lo ! the Prince of peace,—
Lo ! the Son of God is come !

524.

H. M.

Christian Effort.

1 RISE, gracious God! and shine
In all thy saving might:
And prosper each design,
To spread thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

2 Put forth thy glorious power!
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born of thee:
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

525.

8s and 7s.

The Heathen crying for Help.

1 HARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'T is the cry of heathen nations,—
"Come and help us or we die!"

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining,
Christians! hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die.

526.

7s and 6s.

The Gospel-Banner.

1 NOW be the gospel-banner,
In every land, unfurled;
And be the shout.—"Hosanna!"—
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What, though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,—
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes,—thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and vallies greeting,
The song responsive raise.

527.

L. M.

Missionary Meeting.

1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King! we stand:
The voice, that marshalled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands, to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise,
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound
To spread the spacious earth around.

528.

L. M.

The Heralds pointing out the Way.

1 NOW let our faith with joy survey
The glories of the latter day:
Its dawn already seems begun,—
Sure earnest of the rising sun.

2 The friends of truth assembled stand,—
A chosen consecrated band,
The emblem of the cross display,
And cry aloud,—"Behold the way!"

3 Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell:
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own.

4 "Behold the way!" ye heralds! cry,
Spare not, but lift your voices high:

Convey the sound from shore to shore,
And bid the captive sigh no more.

5 Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray,
With joy, we view, and hail the day:
Thou Sun! arise, supremely bright,
And fill the world with purest light.

529.

L. M.

The Heralds of Christ.

1 CAPTAIN of thine exalted host!
Display thy glorious banner high;
The summons send, from coast to coast,
And call a numerous army nigh.

2 A solemn jubilee proclaim,—
Proclaim the great sabbatic day;
Assert the glories of thy name;
Spoil Satan of his wished-for prey.

3 Oh! bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign;
And when they speak of sprinkled blood,
The mystery to the heart explain.

530.

S. M.

Missionaries encouraged

1 YE messengers of Christ!
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Go, spread the Saviour's name;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation, full and free,
To Adam's guilty race.

4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's—and will prevail
In spite of all his foes.

531.

8s, 7s and 4.

Departure of Missionaries.

1 MEN of God! go take your stations;
Darkness reigns o'er all the earth

Go, proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings—
Tidings of the Saviour's worth.

2 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend:
Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

532.

7s and 6s.

Departure of Missionaries.

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy,
To every vale of wo:
Arise, ye gales! and waft them,
Safe to their destined shore;
That men may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,—
Deliver them from harm:
Thy presence still be with them
Wherever they may be;
Though far from those who love them,
Let them be nigh to thee.

533.

8s, 7s and 4.

The Heralds of Salvation.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;—
Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance—
Zion's king will quickly send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

534.

7s.

The Messengers of God.

1 GO—ye messengers of God!
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the Banner-Cross on high.

2 Where the towering minaret
Gleams along the morning-skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

3 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And th' oppressed for ever weep.

4 O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,—
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

5 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
Wide the bleeding cross display,—
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

6 Circumnavigate the ball,
Visit every soil and sea:
Preach the cross of Christ to all,—
Christ, whose love is full and free.

535.

C. M.

Promised Aid.

1 GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim
Ye favored men of God!

Go, publish, through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What though your arduous path-way lie
Through regions dark as death?
What though, your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path?—

3 Yet, with determined courage, go,
And armed with power divine:
Your God will needful strength bestow,
And on your labors shine.

4 He, who has called you to the war,
Will recompense your pains:
Before Messiah's conquering car,
Shall mountains sink to plains.

5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes
Shall bow before his cross.

536.

C. M.

Designation of a Missionary.

1 FATHER of mercies! condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother we commend
To thy paternal care.

2 Before him set an open door;
His various efforts bless;
On him thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.

3 Endow him with a heavenly mind;
Supply his every need;
Make him in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him, by thy grace;
And guard him, by thy mighty power,
Till he shall end his race.

5 Then, followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may he obtain,
From his Redeemer's hands.

537.

L. M.

Commission to the Gentiles.

1 GO—messenger of peace and love!
To nations plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 Go, to the hungry food impart;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide,
And lead the thirsty, panting heart,
Where streams of living waters glide.

3 Go, bid the bright and morning-star,
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

4 To India's various castes, proclaim
The gospel's soft, but powerful voice;
And, at the blest Redeemer's name,
Let ocean's lonely isles rejoice.

5 From north to south, from east to west,
Messiah yet shall reign supreme;
His name, by every tongue, confessed,—
His praise—the universal theme.

538.

S. M.

Prayer for Israel.

1 LORD! send thy servants forth
To call the Hebrews home;
From east, and west, and south, and north,
Let all the wanderers come.

2 Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

3 An offering to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
Sprinkled with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.

4 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet;
And show the mystery fulfilled,—
Thy family complete.

539.

8s, 7s and 4.

The Missionary's Farewell.

1 YES,—my native land! I love thee;
All thy scenes I love them well;—
Friends, connexions, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you.
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home!—thy joys are passing lovely,—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell;
Happy home!—'t is sure I love thee!
Can I—can I say—Farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows! bear me:
Lovely native land!—farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean!
Let the winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land!—Farewell!—Farewell!

540.

L. M.

Missionaries remembered.

1 MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,—

That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And warm with faith each bosom glow.

2 E'en now the hallowed scenes appear;
E'en now unfolds the promised year:
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace.

3 Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord! mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.

4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

541.

L. M.

Prayer for the Millennium.

1 JESUS! we bow before thy throne,
We lift our eyes to seek thy face;
To bleeding hearts thy love make known,
On contrite souls bestow thy grace.

2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelmed in guilt and tears,
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears!

3 Lord! arm thy truth with power divine,
Its conquests spread from shore to shore,
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.

4 Oh! rise, ye ransomed captives! rise,
Peal the loud anthem here below;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heaven with new-born rapture glow.

542.

C. M.

Returning to Zion.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;

Again in thy Redeemer trust,—
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,—
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,—
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth:
Say to the south,—"Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!"

4 They come, they come;—thine exiled bands
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs, thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

543.

S. M.

The Gospel-Trumpet.

1 YE trembling captives! hear;
The gospel-trumpet sounds;
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

2 'T is not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims,
And earth, the jubilee's release,
With eager rapture claims.

4 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread;
And Jesus all his willing bands,
In glorious triumph, lead.

544.

C. M.

Prayer for Success.

1 O LORD, our God! arise,
The cause of truth maintain;

And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life! arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
Expand thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth! arise,
To God, the Saviour, sing,
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

545.

L. M.

The Time to favor Zion.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power,
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning-star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
And claim the nations for thy own.

3 Speak—and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak,—and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

546.

C. M.

Millennial Days.

1 LORD! send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden green and fruits arrayed—
A blooming paradise.

3 Peace, with her olive-crown shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;

The nations of the earth shall hear
The sound of war no more.

4 Lord! for those days we wait;—those days
Are in thy word foretold:
Fly swifter, sun and stars! and bring
This promised age of gold.

5 Amen!—with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry:
Amen!—with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

547.

S. M.

Prayer for all Lands.

1 O GOD of sovereign grace!
We bow before thy throne;
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord!
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands, with joy, record
The great Redeemer's praise.

548.

7s.

Jesus shall reign.

1 HARK!—the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,—
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore,—
"Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent, shall reign!"
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 "Hallelujah!"—hark!—the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword! he speaks—'t is done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:

He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah!—Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

549.

L. M.

Prayer for Zion.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies!
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?
Till thine own power shall stand confessed,
And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 Look down, O God! with pitying eye,
And view the desolations round;
See, what wide realms in darkness lie,
What scenes of wo and crime abound!

4 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

550.

C. M.

Prayer for the Reign of Christ.

1 JESUS, immortal King! arise;
Rise and assert thy sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror! ride,
Till all thy foes submit;
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
This spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored;

And earth, with all her millions, shout,—
Hosannas to the Lord.

551.

7s and 6s.

The State of the Heathen.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness.
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!—
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds! his story,
And you, ye waters! roll,—
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

552.

L. M.

Zion encouraged.

1 ZION! awake, thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let th' admiring world behold
The king's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2 Church of our God! arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine:
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too;—
Shall come, like clouds across the sky,
Or doves that to their windows fly.

553.

C. M.

Prayer for Missionaries.

1 GREAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, from nature's birth,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord! thy greater love hath sent
Thy gospel to our race;
Unveiling thy divine intent
Of rich redeeming grace.

3 Soon may these gracious tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 Then, to her sable sons conveyed,
Shall Afric learn thy word,
And vassals, long-enslaved, become
The freemen of the Lord.

5 When shall the scattered wanderers meet,
That now in darkness rove,
And gathered round Immanuel's feet,
Sing of his saving love?

6 O Lord! each faithful effort own,
To spread the gospel-rays;
And rear, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

554.

H. M.

Prophecy fulfilled.

1 ALL hail! incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold;

Still doth thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 Oh! haste, victorious Prince!
That glorious happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
Oh! may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

3 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations wait
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

555.

L. M.

Triumph of the Gospel.

1 ARM of the Lord! awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,—
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every land of every name;
Let Zion's time of favor come;
Oh! bring the tribes of Israel home.

4 Arm of the Lord! awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake;
Let hostile powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—Lord of all.

556.

8s, 7s and 4.

The Day-Spring.

1 CHRISTIAN! see—the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! th' expected day is dawning—
Glorious day-spring from on high:
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

2 Heathen at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;
Precious offerings they are bringing—
First-fruits of more perfect praise:
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

3 Zion's Sun!—salvation beaming,—
Gilding now the radiant hills,—
Rise and shine, till brighter gleamings
All the world thy glory fills:
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

4 Lord of every tribe and nation!
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul:
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

557.

L. M.

Christ's Coming to reign.

1 JESUS! thy church with longing eyes
For thine expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam on Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption 's nigh.

3 Oh! come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,—
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

558.

L. M.

The coming Reign of Christ.

1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty King!
And spread thy glories all abroad;

Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,—
Let humble mourners seek thy face;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh! let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,—
Be thou through heaven and earth adored

559.

7s and 6s.

The final Victory of Christ.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

560.

C. M.

The New-Creation.

1 SPIRIT of power and might! behold
A world by sin destroyed:
Creator-Spirit!—as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word;—that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife;
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning-stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,

What strains shall angel-harps employ;
When thou shalt all renew?

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came?

5 So every kindred, tongue and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new-creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

561.

S. M.

Rejoicing in Christ's Reign.

1 NOW living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.

2 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again:
Jesus, Jehovah, be our king,
And o'er the nations reign.

3 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his word;
By one blest name shall he be known—
The universal Lord.

562.

L. M.

Prayer for the World's Conversion.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
A sinful world their God to meet.

Breathe thou abroad, like morning-air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him—Lord.

563.

8s, 7s and 4.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sins bewildering maze;—
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth!

2 Light of them who sit in error!
Rise and shine—thy blessings bring;
Light—to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness,
Let all kings and nations come.

3 Let the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshiping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

4 Thou! to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command,
Let the company of heralds
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord! be with them,
Always till time's latest end.

564.

L. M.

Spread of the Gospel.

1 THY people, Lord! who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 Hast thou not said—thine only Son
Shall be a light to Gentile lands,

To open the benighted eyes,
And loose the wretched pris'ners' bands?—

3 From land to land, from sea to sea,
That his dominion shall extend!—
That every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend?

4 Now let the happy time appear—
The time to favor Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
And call the wandering exiles home.

565.

8s, 7s and 4.

Success of the Gospel among the Heathen.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around.

566.

7s.

Triumphs of the Gospel.

1 WHO are these that come from far
Led by Jacob's rising star?
Strangers now to Zion come,
There to seek a peaceful home.

2 Lo! they gather like a cloud,
Or as doves their windows crowd:
Zion wonders at the sight,—
Zion feels a strange delight.

3 Zion now no more shall sigh,
God will raise her glory high;
He will send a large increase,—
He will give his people peace.

4 Sons of Zion! sing aloud:
See her sun, without a cloud!
God will make her joy complete—
Zion's sun shall never set.

567.

C. M.

Kingdom of Christ among Men.

1 LO! what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away.
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,—
That holy, happy place,—
The New-Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory, down to men,
Removes his blessed abode;—
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye:
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour! Oh! how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

568.

11s.

Zion encouraged.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness;
Awake,—for thy foes shall oppress thee no more:
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise,—for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power, that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be:
Shout,—for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

569.

C. M

Universal Praise.

1 O CITY of the Lord! begin
The universal song:
And let the scattered villages
The joyful notes prolong.

2 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
In accent rude rejoice.

3 Oh! from the streams of distant lands
To our Jehovah sing;
And joyful, from the mountain-tops,
Shout to the Lord, the king.

4 Let all combined, with one accord,
The Saviour's glories raise,
Till, in the earth's remotest bounds,
The nations sound his praise.

570.

8s, 7s and 4.

Dawning of the Latter-Day.

1 LOOK, ye saints! the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land;
Day advances,—
Darkness flies, at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious!
Let thy people see thy power;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world for evermore;
Then shall idols
Perish, while thy saints adore.

571.

L. M.

Success anticipated.

1 BEHOLD th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear.
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom!

2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

572.

C. M.

The Victories of Christ.

1 HOSANNA to our conquering King!
All hail! incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

2 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame,
Through the wide world, shall run;
And everlasting ages sing
The triumph thou hast won.

573.

H. M.

The general Jubilee.

1 FAIR shines the morning-star;
The silver trumpets sound,
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around:
Joy to the earth—the earth is free;
It is the year of jubilee.

2 Pris'ners of hope, in gloom
And silence, left to die!
With Christ's unfolding tomb,
Your portals open fly:
Rise with your Lord—he sets you free;
It is the year of jubilee.

3 Ye who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,
Ransomed—but not with gold!
He gave himself for you:
The blood of Christ hath made you free;
It is the year of jubilee.

4 Captives of sin and shame!
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year:
Let Jacob rise—be Israel free;
It is the year of jubilee.

574.

L. M.

The Reign of Christ established.

1 SHOUT,—for the great Redeemer reigns,
Through distant lands his triumphs spread;
Sinners, now freed from Satan's chains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.

2 Oh! may his conquests still increase;
Let every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
Saints shall his rising glories show.

3 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb.
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs, exalt his name,—
In songs as lasting as his love.

575.

7s.

The Reign of Christ.

1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now hath come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

2 All ye nations! join and sing,—
"Christ, of lords and kings, is King!"
Let it sound from shore to shore,—
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,—
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

576.

7s.

The triumphant Reign of Christ.

1 SEE the ransomed millions stand,—
Palms of conquest in their hands!
This before the throne their strain,—
"Hell is vanquished—death is slain!—

2 "Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before him fall,—
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

3 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power;
Still thy foes are unsubdued—
Nature sighs to be renewed:

4 Time has nearly reached its sum;
All things with the bride, say, "Come!"
Jesus! whom all worlds adore,
Come,—and reign for evermore.

MORNING.

577.

7s.

Morning.

1 IN this calm impressive hour,
  Let my prayer ascend on high,
God of mercy! God of power!
  Hear me, when to thee I cry:
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ, thy Son.

2 With the morning's early ray,
  While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
  Joy and gladness to my heart:
Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.

3 Oh! what joy that word affords,—
"Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth;"
King of kings, and Lord of lords!
Send thy gospel-heralds forth:
Now begin thy boundless sway,
Usher in the glorious day.

578.

S. M.

Prayer for spiritual Light.

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-Star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet, cheers both earth and sky.

2 Oh! let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy love
Come, like the morning-light.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!—
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve
To mourn for errors past;
And live, this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

579.

7s.

Morning-Thanks.

1 THOU that dost my life prolong!
Kindly aid my morning-song;
Thankful, from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Thou didst hear my evening-cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

3 Thou hast kept me through the night,—
'T was thy hand restored the light;
Lord! thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous, as the morning-dew.

4 Still my feet are prone to stray,—
Oh! preserve me through the day;
Dangers every where abound,
Sins and snares beset me round.

5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul, thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

580

S. M.

Morning-Prayer-Meeting.

1 HOW sweet the melting lay,
That breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer!

2 The breezes waft their cries,
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their bursting sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning-light;
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down,
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And makes his people one.

581.

S. M.

Morning-Meditations.

1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul!
These airy visions chase;
Awake, my active powers renewed!
To run the heavenly race.

2 See—how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray!

3 Thus would my rising soul
Her heavenly parent sing;
And to her great original
Her humble tribute bring.

4 Serene, I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and woke; and still I found
My kind preserver near.

5 Dear Saviour! to thy cross,
I bring my sacrifice;
Tinged with thy blood, it shall ascend,
With fragrance to the skies.

582.

C. M.

A Morning-Song.

1 ONCE more, my soul! the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice! thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame,—
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame
And yet his wrath delays.

4 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun;
And yet he lengthens out my thread,—
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God! let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

583.

L. M.

Morning-Gratitude.

1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,—
I drink again the morning-light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God! to thee.

3 Oh! guide me through the various maze,
My doubtful feet may this day tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade will soon impend,—
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet, then thy strength shall still defend,—
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love—the rapture of the skies.

584.

L. M.

Praise to the God of the Morning.

1 GOD of the morning! at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice,
To run his journey through the skies;—

2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth, he flies and shines.

3 Oh! like the sun may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way

4 Lord! thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint, and cold, compared with this.

EVENING.

585.

L. M.

An Evening-Sacrifice.

1 GREAT God! to thee my evening-song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh! let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus ;—his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance, at thy throne.

4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

586.

7s

Evening-Contemplation.

1 SOFTLY, now, the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord! I would commune with thee.

2 Soon for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord! to dwell with thee.

587.

C. M.

Evening-Prayer and Praise.

1 INDULGENT Father! by whose care,
I 've passed another day,—
Let me, this night, thy mercy share;—
Oh! teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord! to Christ alone
And save me by thy grace.

3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And, every hour, thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

4 And when, on earth, I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me, to heaven and glory, rise,
To see thy smiling face.

588.

8s and 7s. **Peculiar.**

An Evening-Offering.

1 THROUGH the day thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus! thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,—
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms, let us repose,
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee, in heaven, at last.

589.

7s.

Repose and Devotion.

1 NOW from labor and from care,
Evening-shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with thee:
Oh! behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice:
Lord! forgive—thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,—
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh! accept my song of praise.

590.

C. M.

An Evening-Song.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening-song,
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;

And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But, Oh! how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll!

5 Lord! with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,—
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

591.

C. M.

Evening-Prayer and Praise.

1 INDULGENT God! whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,—
Oh! let my grateful praise and prayer
Arise before thy throne.

2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness—my breast.

3 Now may soft slumber close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.

4 Thus bless each future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er;
And then, to realms of endless light,
Oh! let my spirit soar.

592.

C. M.

Secret Prayer at Twilight.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away,
From every cumbering care,

And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
My cares and sorrows all to cast,
On him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 And, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm, as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

593.

C. M

Evening-Worship in the Family.

1 O LORD! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt!—for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus! thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

4 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

5 Thus cleansed from sin and wholly thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.

6 Oh! still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

594.

L. M.

An Evening-Hymn.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,—
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

595.

L. M. 6 Lines.

For such as keep Saturday-Evening.

1 SWEET is the last, the parting ray,
Which ushers placid evening in;
When, with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin:
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest!

2 Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease,—
While soft the vesper-breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace:
Delightful season! kindly given
To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.

3 Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord! raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings;

Till the last gleam of life decay,
In one eternal Sabbath-day.

596.

S. M.

Saturday-Evening.

1 THE hours of evening close;
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath-dawn.

2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care;
Nor thought for "many things" assail
The still retreat of prayer.

3 Our guardian Shepherd near
His watchful eye will keep;
And, safe from violence and fear,
Will fold his flock to sleep.

4 So may a holier light,
Than earth's, our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

MORNING, OR EVENING.

597.

L. M.

A Song for Morning and Evening.

1 MY God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning-mercies from above,
Gently distill, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

598.

C. M.

Morning or Evening-Worship.

1 ON thee, each morning, O my God!
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening-slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety, I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

4 My spirit in his hand, serene,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord! art with me still.

599.

C. M.

Morning and Evening-Offering.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power
That raised us with a word;
And, every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The rising morn cannot assure,—
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To hurry us away.

4 Our life is forfeited, by sin,
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King!
In every breath we draw.

5 God is our sun—whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frame lies safe, at night.
Beneath his shady wings.

600.

L. M. 6 Lines.

Morning and Evening.

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning-light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine!
On me, with beams of mercy, shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour! while I rest;
And, as each morning-sun shall rise,
Oh! lead me onward to the skies.

3 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus! thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying-bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

THE YEAR.

601.

11s and 5s.

The New-Year.

1 COME let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown—
The moment is gone—
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here!

3 Oh! that each in the day
Of his coming may say,—
"I have fought my way through—
I have finished the work which thou gav'st me to do!"
Oh! that each, from his Lord,
May receive the glad word,—
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

602.

L. M.

The changing Seasons.

1 GREAT God! let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves our circling hours,—
Thy hand from which our being came.

2 Seasons and moons still rolling round,
In beauteous order speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 To thee we raise the annual song,
To thee the grateful tribute give;
Our God doth still our years prolong,
And, midst unnumbered deaths, we live.

4 Our life, our health, our friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

5 Thus will we sing, till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more,
And, after death, thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years, adore.

603.

C. M.

New-Year:—Providential Goodness.

1 GOD of our lives! thy various praise
Our voices shall resound:
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend!
Whose constant mercies, from the skies,
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see:
And, constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear;
And let the same companions deign
To bless the opening year.

5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God;
In our affliction, we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

604.

L. M.

New-Year:—God, our Helper.

1 OUR helper, God! we bless thy name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

605.

C M.

New-Year:—Prayer for a Blessing.

1 NOW, gracious Lord! thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free;
And let this year, we now begin.
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And, when, before thee, we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

606.

L. M.

A Song for the opening Year.

1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows,—
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night—at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy—and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

607.

7s.

The opening Year.

1 BLESS, O Lord! the opening year
To the souls assembled here;
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

2 When thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

3 Bless us all both old and young,—
Call forth praise from every tongue:
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love.

608.

7s and 6s.

A Winter's Day.

1 TIME is winging us away,
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that 's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy—
Secure in Jesus' love.

609.

C. M. Double.

Spring of the Year.

1 WHILE beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray;
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!
Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!
'T is nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

2 How kind the influence of the skies,
While showers, with blessing fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance, rise,
And fix the roving thought!
Oh! let my wandering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
Each smiling field and grove.

3 That hand, in this hard heart of mine,
Can bid each virtue live;

While gentle showers of grace divine,
Life, beauty, fragrance give:
O God of nature, God of grace!
Thy heavenly gifts impart,
And bid sweet meditation trace
Spring blooming in my heart.

610.

S. M. D.

The Spring.

1 SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year:
But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.

2 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh:
But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
Before the light of truth.

3 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain's tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view,
With pearly glittering drops:
But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distill.

611.

7s.

Spring, natural and spiritual

1 PLEASING spring again is here;
Trees and fields in bloom appear;
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise.

2 Lord! afford a spring to me;
Let me feel like what I see:
Ah! my winter has been long,—
Chilled my hopes, suppressed my song.

3 How the soul in winter mourns,
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns!
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again!

4 O beloved Saviour! haste,
Tell me—all the storms are past:
Speak, and by thy gracious voice,
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

612.

L. M.

The Year crowned with Goodness.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,—
While, in thy temple, we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 While,—as the wheels of nature roll,—
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness, when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer-rays, with vigor, shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning-light and evening-shade.

613.

C. M.

Summer and Harvest.

1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul! wake all thy powers:
He calls—and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest-hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue! his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time—
The harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well-pleased the husbandmen behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God! to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and, with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

614.

C. M.

Seed-time and Harvest.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!
How rich thy bounties are;
The changing seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When, in the bosom of the earth,
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord! was thine—
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft refreshing dew.

4 These varied mercies, from above,
Matured the swelling grain:
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway—
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

615.

C. M.

Fruitful Seasons from God.

1 O THOU who givest all their food!—
Causing thy sun to shine
Upon the evil and the good.—
Earth's teeming stores are thine.

2 Thy covenant to man secures
The harvest of his toil:
Thy faithful word, while earth endures,
With plenty clothes the soil.

3 The wintry frost, the flowery prime,
Alike thy laws obey:

Each herb and blossom knows its time,
And feels the quickening ray.

4 Revolving seasons still proclaim
Thine all-sustaining word:
Seed-time and harvest speak thy name,—
The promise-keeping Lord.

616.

C. M.

Close of the Year.

1 AWAKE, ye saints! and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature! speed your course
Ye mortal powers! decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

617.

C. M.

Time short—Man frail.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're traveling to the grave.

3 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

4 Infinite joy, or endless wo,
Attends on every breath,—
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And, if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

DEATH.

618.

L. M.

Death and Burial of Saints.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds;—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed!
Rest here, blest saint!—till, from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust;—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

619.

8s and 7s.

Mourners Comforted.

1 CEASE, ye mourners! cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round th' immortal spirit's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving,
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die.

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there, no more can come;
There, no fear of wo, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

5 Now, ye mourners! cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

620.

C. M.

Dying in the Lord.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;—
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping-bed.

2 "They die in Jesus, and are blessed,—
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings, and from sins, released,
And freed from every snare.

3 "Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

621.

C. M.

Mourning with Hope.

1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of wo,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past—their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say,—"Thy will be done!"

622.

C. M.

Prayer in view of Death.

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God! at thy command;—

2 When every long-loved scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart;—

3 O thou great Source of joy supreme!
Whose arm alone can save,—
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

4 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And, with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed.

5 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May I resign my breath,
And in thy fond embraces lose
"The bitterness of death."

623.

S. M.

Reflections on past Generations.

1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers!—where are they,
With all they called their own?—
Their joys and griefs—and hopes and cares
And wealth and honor—gone!

3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

4 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

5 God of our fathers! hear,—
Thou everlasting friend!—
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

624.

L. M.

Death of the Righteous.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies,—
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears!
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world! farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,—
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

625.

8s and 7s.

The dying Saint comforted.

1 HAPPY soul! thy days are ending,—
All thy mourning days below:
Go, the angel-guards attending—
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the fulness of his merit—
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die—to live a life of glory;
Suffer—with thy Lord to reign:
Struggle, through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,—
To his uttermost salvation,—
To his everlasting rest.

626.

7s and 4.

Support in Death.

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,—
Faint and cold this mortal clay,—
Kind Forerunner! soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way;
Break the shadows,—
Usher in eternal day.

2 Upward from this dying state,
Bid my waiting soul aspire;
Open thou the chrystal gate;
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Then, triumphant,—
I will join th' immortal choir.

3 When the mighty trumpet blown,
Shall the judgment-dawn proclaim;
From the central, burning throne,
Mid creation's final flame;
With the ransomed,—
Thou wilt own my worthless name.

627.

C. M.

Mourning with Hope.

1 THAT once-loved form, now cold and dead
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

2 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,—
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

3 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears,
Religion points on high;

There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

628.

L. M.

Death of an Infant.

1 SO fades the lovely, blooming flower,—
Frail smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind,—no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace! be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Bid gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope shall live again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye
And faith points upward to the sky.

629.

C. M.

The Grave peaceful.

1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
Where,—life's vain tumults past,—
Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last!

2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 All, leveled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God, in judgment, call them forth
To meet their final doom.

630.

C. M.

Prospect of Death.

1 MY soul! come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, my eyes! look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.

3 Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder, why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away,
To their eternal home.

631.

8s and 7s.

The Spirit of a dying Christian.

1 PARTING soul! the flood awaits thee,
And the billows round thee roar;
Yet rejoice,—the holy city
Stands on yon celestial shore.

2 There are crowns and thrones of glory,
There the living waters glide;
There the just in shining raiment,
Standing by Immanuel's side.

3 Linger not,—the stream is narrow,
Though its cold dark waters rise;
He, who passed the flood before thee,
Guides thy path to yonder skies.

632.

L. M.

Death disarmed.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste
Fly fearless through death's iron gate—
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

633.

C. M.

Comfort in the Death of Friends.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

634.

S. M.

Silent Submission.

1 PEACE! 't is the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our dust.

2 'T is he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'T is he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant-God and Father he,
In Christ, our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart,
With one reviving word.

5 Silent we own Jehovah's name,—
We kiss thy chastening hand;
And yield our comforts and our life,
To thy supreme command.

635.

C. M.

Triumph over Death.

1 GREAT God! I own the sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong, immortal eyes;
And feast upon thine unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

636.

12s and 11s.

A Funeral Hymn.

1 THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave—and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

637.

C. M.

Victory over Death.

1 OH! for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,—
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
O death! where is thy sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid;—
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living head.

638.

C. M.

The Death of Children.

1 YE mourning saints! whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,—
Say not in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While, cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy, and reverence, view
A heavenly parent nigh.

3 Though—your young branches torn away,—
Like withered trunks ye stand;
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touched by th' Almighty's hand.

4 "I 'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place;
No names of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give;
In endless honor and delight,
My children all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord! those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see; [hearts,
And bless those wounds which, through our
Prepare a way for thee.

639.

L. M.

The Christian's parting Hour.

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene;
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,—
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Strengthens and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,—
That smile, upon his wasted cheek!
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language which no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die, like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless;
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness!

640.

C. M.

The Christian's Farewell.

1 YE golden lamps of heaven! farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon!
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day!
In brighter flames arrayed,—
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall see my God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix.
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

641.

C. M.

The Moment after Death.

1 IN vain the fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,—
The glories that surround a saint,
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh the fetters breaks;
We scarce can say,—He 's gone!—
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives—but all its efforts fail,—
To trace the spirit's flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

4 Thus much—and 't is enough to know—
Saints are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold, they praise his name,
And see him face to face:
Oh! let us catch the heavenly flame,
And live in his embrace.

642.

C. M.

The earthly and heavenly House.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit, waiting, stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'T is he, by his almighty grace,
Who forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Hath his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.

5 'T is pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord! with thee.

643.

C. M.

A Voice from the Tomb.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
My ears! attend the cry—

"Ye living men! come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes! this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We 'll rise above the sky.

644.

S. M.

Death and the Resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?—
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,—
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 Dear Lord! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs:
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

645.

S. L. M.

The Death-Bed of the Righteous.

1 THIS place is holy ground;
World! with thy cares, away!

Silence and darkness reign around;
But lo! the break of day!
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears!

2 Behold the bed of death,—
This pale and lovely clay!
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eyes' last ray?—
No!—life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

3 Could tears revive the dead,
Rivers should swell our eyes;
Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
We would not quench our sighs,
Till love relumed this altered mien,
And all th' embodied soul were seen.

4 Bury the dead,—and weep,
In stillness, o'er the loss;
Bury the dead,—in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth his cross,
And, from the grave, their dust shall rise
In his own image to the skies.

646.

C. M.

Funeral.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,—
Above us, is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril—every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend, in sudden night,
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal! turn; thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

6 Turn, Christian! turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The forms, which underneath thee lie,
Shall live, for hell, or heaven.

647.

C. M.

Death and Eternity.

1 STOOP down, my thoughts! that used to rise;
Converse a while with death;
Think—how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few;
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu!

3 But Oh! the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay:
Ye thoughts! pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way:—

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts, triumphant there;—
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must this body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh! for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus! to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

648.

L. M.

Prayer for the dying Christian.

1 GENTLY, my Saviour! let me down,
To slumber in the arms of death:
I rest my soul on thee alone,
E'en till my last expiring breath.

2 Soon will the storm of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless rest:
There I shall live to sin no more,
And bless thy name for ever blest.

3 Bid me possess sweet peace within;
Let childlike patience keep my heart;
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,
Before my spirit hence depart.

4 Hasten thy chariot, God of love!
And fetch me from this world of wo;
I long to reach those joys above,
And bid farewell to all below.

5 There shall my raptured spirit raise
Still louder notes than angels sing,—
High glories to Immanuel's grace,—
My God, my Saviour, and my King!

649.

L. M.

Mourning with Submission.

1 THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,—
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious, murm'ring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever-living Friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Our Father-God! to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion and our Friend;
And on thy covenant-love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

650.

C. M.

The Death of a Youth.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatcthed away,
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
That pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh! may this truth, impressed
With awful power,—"I too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,—
To-morrow death may come.

4 Oh! let us fly—to Jesus fly—
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

5 Great God! thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart,
For death's surprising hour.

651.

C. M.

Death and the Resurrection.

1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured king,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For, o'er life's wreck, that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too,—this little dust,—
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew, o'er every eye,
Shall shed its mildest rays,

And the long-silent dust shall burst,
With shouts of endless praise.

652.

C. M.

Death dreadful or delightful.

1 DEATH!—'t is a melancholy day,
To those who have no God,—
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain, to heaven she lifts her eyes,—
But guilt a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of wo!
Let stubborn sinners fear;
Why will ye sink to flames below,
And dwell for ever there?

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul! look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

653.

C. M.

Death and Judgment appointed to all.

1 HEAVEN has confirmed the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die;
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men! the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral-knell!

3 Once you must die—and once for all,—
The solemn purport weigh;
For know, that heaven and hell are hung
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 Oh! may I, in the Judge, behold
My Saviour and my Friend;
And, far above the reach of death,
With all thy saints ascend.

JUDGMENT.

654.

7s.

Christ coming to save his People.

1 HARK—that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes—and, through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark!—the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land:
Let his people now rejoice,
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See!—the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise, ye saints! he comes for you,—
Rise, to meet him in the sky.

4 Go and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love,
Ever blessing, ever blest.

655.

C. M.

God, the awful Judge.

1 SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts!
And thou, O earth! adore;
Let death and hell, through all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his power.

2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne:
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.

3 Think, O my soul! the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And send his wrath abroad.

4 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defied the Lord;
But he shall dread the thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

5 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel-worm,
And beat upon his naked soul,
In one eternal storm.

656.

8s, 7s and 4.

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 LO! he comes, in clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah;—
Jesus shall for ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought, and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,—
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven, and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment,—come away.

4 Now the Saviour, long-expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!—
See the day of God appear.

657.

8s, 7s and 4.

The Judgment welcomed.

1 LO! he cometh.—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted Head:
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear:
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear;
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!

3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father!
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

658.

C. M.

Everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,—
When I must stand before my judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys!
Thou Sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound—Depart!

3 Oh! wretched state of deep despair—
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus! I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

659.

C. M.

The Judgment anticipated.

1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,—
Oh! how shall I appear?

2 If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;—

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,—
Oh! how shall I appear?

4 Then see my sorrows, gracious Lord!
Let mercy set me free;
While, in the confidence of prayer,
My heart takes hold of thee.

5 For never shall my soul despair
Thy mercy to procure;
Since thy beloved Son has died
To make that mercy sure.

660.

8s, 7s and 4.

The Judgment-Trumpet.

1 HARK!—the judgment-trumpet sounding
Rends the skies and shakes the poles;
Lo! the day, with wrath abounding,
Breaks upon astonished souls:
Every creature
Now the awful Judge beholds.

2 Jesus, captain of salvation,
Leads his armies down the skies,
Every kindred, tribe and nation,
From the sleep of death, arise:
Heaven's loud summons
Fills the world with dread surprise.

3 Zion's king, his throne ascending,
Calls his saints before his face;
Crowns, with glory never-ending,
All the children of his grace:
Heaven shall echo;—
Songs of triumph fill the place.

4 Look beneath, where hell is burning!
There the sons of darkness lie;
Hope to black despair is turning;
There the worm shall never die:
Careless sinner!—
Oh! to Jesus quickly fly.

661.

L. M.

The Judgment-Scene.

1 THE Lord shall come,—the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come,—but not the same
As once, in lowliness, he came,—
A silent lamb before his foes,—
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come,—a dreadful form,
With rainbow-wreath, and robes of storm,
On cherub-wings and wings of wind,—
Appointed judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be he, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the Crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,—
"Rocks,—hide us!—mountains! on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing,—"The Lord is come!"

662.

8s, 7s and 4.

Saints and Sinners judged.

1 DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say,—"This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken,
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say,—"Come near, ye blessed!
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

663.

8s and 7s. Irregular.
Christ, coming to Judgment.

1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear?—
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds—the graves restore
The dead which they contained before!—
Prepare, my soul! to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding.
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day,
On those prepared to meet him.

3 Great God? what do I see and hear?—
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at his cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

664.

S. M.
The Judgment in Prospect.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,

Hark !—from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread !

4 Ye sinners ! seek his grace,—
His wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled ;
And the last awful day shall pou.
His blessings on your head.

665.

C. P. M.

The Saint at Christ's right Hand.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge ! shalt come
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand ?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?

2 Blest Saviour ! grant it by thy grace ;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day ;
Thy pard'ning voice, Oh ! let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

3 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound
To see thy smiling face ;
Then filled with rapture shall I sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

666.

8s, 7s and 4.

The Sinner's Doom.

1 SEE th' eternal Judge descending,
View him seated on his throne !
Now. poor sinner ! now lamenting,
Stand and hear thine awful doom ;—
Trumpets call thee !—
Stand and hear thine awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain ;

While in anguish thus lamenting,
That he ne'er was born again!
Greatly mourning,—
That he ne'er was born again!—

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh! that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move!
Golden moments,—
When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers! look and wonder;
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound,—"Depart!"
Lost forever,—
Hear the dreadful sound,—"Depart!"

667.

L. M.

The Day of Wrath.

1 THAT day of wrath!—that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!—
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day,—

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet—and yet more dread,—
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 Oh! on that day—that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,—
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

668.

S. M.

The Lord, coming to Judgment.

1 BEHOLD! the day is come,
The righteous Judge is near;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 Angels, in bright attire,
Conduct him through the skies;
Darkness and tempests, smoke and fire,
Attend him as he flies.

3 How awful is the sight!
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

4 The whole creation groans,
But saints arise and sing;
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

HEAVEN.

669.

C. M

The cheering Prospect of Heaven.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea:
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

670.

L. M.

The Worship of Heaven.

1 OH! for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,—
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns.

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles,—and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand, thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the foll'wers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
Oh! may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

671.

7s.

The Songs and Bliss of Heaven.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy wo.

2 Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love:
Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,—

Lulled to rest, the aching head,
Soothed, the anguish of the mind.

3 All is tranquil and serene,—
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows:
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

672.

S. M.

Rest for the weary Soul.

1 OH! where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

673.

C. M.

Freedom from Sin and Sorrow.

1 HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.

2 "Worthy the Lamb," aloud they cry,
"That brought us near to God:"
In ceaseless hymns of praise, they shout
The virtue of his blood.

3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honors of the Lamb.

4 With wondering joy, they recollect,
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

5 Lord! let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise given;
And I, with them, will shout thy praise,
Through all the courts of heaven.

674.

8s and 6s. Irregular.

Things temporal and eternal.

1 OH! weep not for the joys that fade,
Like evening-lights away,—
For hopes, that, like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day;
For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
Amid the bowers of heaven.

2 Oh! weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonely grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave;
For though thy pleasures may depart,
And mournful days be given,
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heaven.

675.

C. M.

Heaven anticipated.

1 COME, Lord! and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue,
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Then to the shining realms of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of paradise
Our raptured thoughts explore.

3 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

4 Lord! tune our hearts to praise and love,—
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heavenly choir.

676.

8s and 6s. Irregular.

Heaven anticipated.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given:
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'T is found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening-shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom;—
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

677.

C. M.

The Peace and Repose of Heaven.

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorr'wing tears shall cease
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'T is then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;

The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore.

4 There, purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There, they, who oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

678.

C. M.

Heaven unseen and immortal.

1 HOW far beyond our mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

2 Oh! could my longing spirit rise
On strong, immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!—

3 There, thousands worship at thy feet,
And there—divine employ—
Thy love triumphant they repeat
In songs of endless joy.

4 Thy presence beams eternal day,
O'er all the blissful place:
Who would not leave this house of clay
And fly to thine embrace?

679.

C. M.

Union of Saints in Heaven and on Earth.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle-wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one:—

3 One family,—we dwell in him;
One church,—above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;

Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die!

6 Dear Saviour! be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

680.

L M

Rising to God.

1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge!
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God—to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

681.

C. M.

The Heavenly City.

1 JERUSALEM!—my happy home!
Name ever dear to me,—
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?

Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh! when, thou city of my God!
Shall I thy courts ascend?—
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

4 Why should I shrink at pain or wo,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
Jerusalem I soon shall view,
In realms of endless day.

5 Redeemed saints and angels, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ, below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem!—my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

682.

S. L. M.

The Perpetuity of Heaven.

1 FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all have passed away;

As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

683.

C. M.

Heaven:—for Sunday-Schools.

1 THERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky;
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark!—amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.

5 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must pass from earth away.

6 Great God! impress the serious thought,
This day, on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest.

684.

C. M.

The Joys unseen.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared,
For those who love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come:
The beams of glory, in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lip, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

685.

L. M.

Heaven alone unfading.

1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening-cloud, the morning-dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we 're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

686.

C. L M.

The everlasting Bliss of Heaven.

1 HEAVEN is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;—
The blissful clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more;
And not the shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

2 Heaven is the place where Jesus lives
To plead his dying blood;
While, to his prayers, his Father gives
An unknown multitude, [days,
Whose harps and tongues, through endless
Shall crown his head with songs of praise.

3 Heaven is the dwelling-place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die
And ransomed souls above
Enjoy, before th' eternal throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

687.

C. M.

The unseen and blessed World.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

4 Oh! may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord! by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

688.

8s and 6s. Irregular.

Nothing like Heaven.

1 THIS world is poor from shore to shore,
And, like a baseless vision,
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns, are vain and poor;—
There's nothing rich but heaven.

2 Empires decay and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal blooms in ruin lie,
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky;—
There's nothing sure but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven,—
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball;—
There's nothing firm but heaven.

4 A stranger, lonely here I roam,
From place to place am driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
This earth is all a dismal tomb;—
I have no home but heaven.

5 The clouds disperse—the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven.
Triumphant grace hath quelled my fears;—
Roll on, thou sun! fly swift, my years!
I'm on my way to heaven.

689.

C. M.

Heaven in Prospect.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh! the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There, God, the Son, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds—no pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,—
Fearless I'd launch away.

690.

8s and 7s.

The Christian's Flight to Heaven.

1 WHAT is life? 't is but a vapor;
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is but a dying taper;
O my soul! why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly,
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory—how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns—the King of saints:—
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praises sounding
Filling all the courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go, and share his people's glory,
Mid the ransomed crowd appear;—
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear:
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

691.

C. M.

The blessed Society in Heaven.

1 RAISE thee, my soul! fly up, and run
Through every heavenly street;
And say,—there 's nought below the sun,
That 's worthy of thy feet.

2 There, on a high majestic throne,
Th' almighty Father reigns;
And sheds his glorious goodness down,
On all the blissful plains.

3 Bright, like the sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon:
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

4 Amid those ever-shining skies,
Behold the sacred Dove!
While, banished sin, with sorrow, flies
From all the realms of love.

5 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

6 Jesus!—and when shall that dear day,—
That joyful hour, appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell among them there!

692.

C. M.

The everlasting Song.

1 EARTH has engrossed my love too long;
'T is time, I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father! to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There, the blest man, my Saviour, sits;—
The God!—how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs,—
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount, and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart! my hand! my ear! my tongue!
Here 's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;—
Oh! for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

693.

C. M.

Victory through the Lamb.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above,—how great their joys,—
How bright their glories be.

2 I ask them,—whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to his death.

3 They marked the footsteps he had trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given,—
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

694.

C. M.

The Worship of Earth and Heaven.

1 FATHER! I long, I faint, to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 't is a pleasing sight;
But, to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

5 Then at thy feet with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal All.

6 Father! I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts to be
For ever with my God.

695.

11s.

Longing for Heaven.

1 I WOULD not live always—I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are followed by gloom, and beclouded by fear.

2 I would not live always—no,—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who—who would live always—away from his God;—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages, in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

696.

C. M.

The Martyrs glorified.

1 "THESE glorious minds,—how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 From torturing pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode;
And strangely washed their raiment white,
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps, and sacred songs,
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveiled glories of his face
Among his saints reside,
While the rich treasures of his grace
See all their wants supplied.

5 Hunger and thirst for ever flee—
Their joys for ever last:
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

697.

7s.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion, every hour!"

2 These through fiery trials trod.—
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispel all fears,
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tears.

698.

9s and 6s.

Prospect of Heaven.

1 COME away to the skies—
My beloved! arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wert born,

On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And, with singing, to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love,
With our treasure, above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of the Lord—
We remember his word,
And, with singing, to paradise go.

3 For thy glory we were
First created, to share
Both thy nature and kingdom divine;
Now created again,
That our souls may remain,
Both in time and eternity, thine.

4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath joined us in Christ's precious name;
So united in heart
That we never can part—
We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.

5 There. Oh! there, at his feet,
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted, in body, no more;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour, in glory, adore.

6 "Hallelujah!"—we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain,
"Hallelujah!"—again—
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

699.

8s.

Longing to be with Christ.

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim! up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour! whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;—

3 Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant-chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
Arrayed in thy glories I 'll shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

700.

7s.

The Victory of the Saints.

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,—
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Vict'ry through his cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying as they strike the chords,—
"Take the kingdom—it is thine,—
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

4 Round the altar, priests confess,—
If their robes are white as snow,
'T was their Saviour's righteousness
And his blood that made them so.

5 Who were these?—On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,—
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us:—
Ah! when we like them shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

701.

C. M.

The New-Song before the Throne.

1 WHAT blissful harmonies above,
In vocal thunders swell?
The perfecting of joy and love,
What raptured legions tell?

2 The glorious apostolic band,—
Do they in triumph sing?
Do prophets from the holy land
Their inspiration bring?

3 Or from the noble army breaks
The deep, adoring strain,
Who won their way from fiery stakes,
And were for conscience slain?

4 Is it the patriarchal race
That breathe the sacred song?
Or to the heirs of gospel-grace
Do the full choirs belong?

5 For each, for all, the Word is found
Almighty to atone:
All,—all in shining hosts surround
The bright celestial throne.

6 Peoples, and languages, and tongues
The choral anthem raise:
To every voice and speech belongs
The work of heavenly praise.

702.

C. M.

Earthly and heavenly Good.

1 HOW vain a thought is bliss below!
'T is all an airy dream;
How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream!

2 Oh! let my nobler wishes soar
Beyond these realms of night;
In heaven substantial bliss explore,
And permanent delight.

3 No fleeting landscape cheers the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles;
But everlasting bliss displays
Her undissembled smiles.

4 Adieu to all below the skies!
Celestial Guardian! come;
On thy kind wing, my soul would rise
To her celestial home.

DISMISSIONS AND DOXOLOGIES.

703.

L. M.
Dismission.

1 DISMISS us, with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;—
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

704.

L. M.
Praise to the co-equal Three.

1 BLESSING and honor, praise and love
Co-equal, Co-eternal Three!
In earth below, in heaven above,
By all thy works, be paid to thee.

2 Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is;
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

705.

L. M.
Praise from all Creatures.

1 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

706.

L. M.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 TO God, the Father—God, the Son,—
And God, the Spirit—three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

707.

L. P. M.

The sacred Three.

1 NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal praise and glory given—
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

708.

C. M.

The Trinity adored.

1 LET God,—the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit,—be adored,
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

709.

C. M.

A grateful Song to the Trinity.

1 IN hope to join th' angelic host
And all the ransomed throng,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We raise the grateful song.

710.

C. M. D.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit all-divine,—
The one in three, and three in one,—
Let saints and angels join.

711.

C. P. M.

The Source of all Blessings.

1 TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

712.

S. M.

Ascriptions of Angels and Saints.

1 YE angels round the throne!
And saints that dwell below!
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

713.

H. M.

Honor, Glory, and Praise.

1 TO God the Father's throne,
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God, the Son,—
To God, the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers,
Eternal King!
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

714.

8s and 7s.

A Benediction implored.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
Let us thus abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

715.

8s and 7s.

Praise to the Three in One.

1 PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love:
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,—
Priest and King enthroned above:

Praise the Fountain of salvation,—
Him by whom our Spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

716.

8s and 7s.

Praise to the Lamb.

1 GLORY, honor, praise and power
To the Lamb be ever paid;
Let new blessings, every hour,
Rest on his adored head.

717.

7s.

Eternal Praises to the Trinity.

1 SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him—all ye heavenly host!
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

718.

8s, 7s and 4.

A parting Blessing implored.

1 LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh! refresh us—
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
Let the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave this cumbrous clay,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

719.

8s, 7s and 4

The Trinity enthroned.

1 GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God, the Father—God, the Son—

God, the Spirit—joined in glory,
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

720.

7s and 6s.

Endless Praises.

1 WE 'LL praise thy name for ever,—
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We 'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

721.

5s and 6s.

Praise from Angels and Saints

1 BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed
To God in three persons,—
One God ever-blessed:
As hath been, and now is,
And always shall be.

722.

6s and 4s.

Boundless Praise.

1 TO God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—three in one,
All praise be given!
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
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On earth—in heaven.

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